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June 1919

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A New Serial

Linda Condon

By Joseph Hergesheimer

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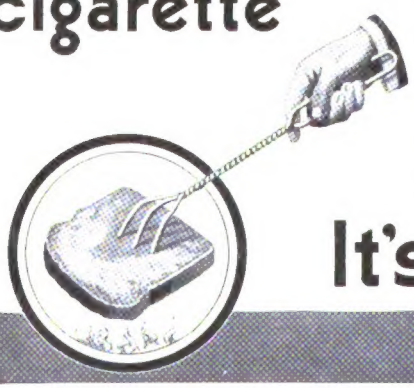

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He went to the woman and looked at her. Yes, she was Alice.

Illustration by Walter Louderback for "A Trailing Destroyer," page 24.

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Everybody's Magazine
NUMBER SIX JUNE 1919 VOLUME XL

Linda Condon

By Joseph Hergesheimer

Author of "Java Head," "The Three Black Pennys," etc.

Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele

I

A BLACK bang was, but not ultimately, the most notable feature of her uncommon personality—straight and severe and dense across her clear pale brow and eyes. Her eyes were the last thing to remember and wonder about; in shade blue, they had a velvet richness, a poignant intensity of lovely color, that surprised the heart. Aside from that she was slim, perhaps ten years old, and graver than gay.

Her mother was gay for them both, and, therefore, for the entire family. No father was in evidence; he was dead and never spoken of, and Linda was the only child. Linda's dresses, those significant trivialities, plainly showed two tendencies—the gaiety of her mother and her own always formal gravity. If Linda appeared at dinner, in the massive Renaissance materialism of the hotel dining-room, with a preposterous magenta hair-ribbon on her shapely head, her mother had succeeded in expressing her sense of the decorative appropriate; but if Linda wore an unornamented, but equally "unsuitable," frock of dark velvet, she, in her turn, had been vindicated.

Again, but far more rarely, the child's selection was evident on the woman. As a rule Mrs. Condon garbed her flamboyant body in large and expensive patterns or extremely tailored suits; and of the two, the evening satins and powdered arms barely retaining an admissible line, and the suits, the latter were the most, well—spectacular.

She was not dark in color but brightly golden; a gold, it must be said in all honesty, her own; a metallic gold crisply and solidly marcelled; hazel-brown eyes, and a mouth which, set against her daughter's deep-blue gaze, was her particular attraction. It was rouged to a nicety, the under lip a little full and never quite against the upper. If Linda's effect was cool and remote, Mrs. Condon, thanks to her mouth, was reassuringly imminent. She was, too, friendly; she talked to women—in her not infrequent opportunities—in a rapid, warm, inaccurate confession of almost everything they desired to hear. The women, of course, were continually hampered by the unfortunate fact that the questions nearest

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their hearts, or curiosity, were entirely inadmissible.

Viewed objectively, they all, with the exception of Linda, seemed alike. Maybe that was due to their common impressive setting. The Boscombe, in its way, was as lavish as Mrs. Condon's dresses. The main place of congregation, for instance, was a great space of white marble columns, Turkey-red carpet and growing palms. It was lighted at night indirectly by alabaster bowls hanging on gilded chains—a soft bright flood of radiance falling on the seated or slowly promenading women with bare shoulders.

Usually they were going with a restrained sharp eagerness toward the dining-room or leaving it in a more languid, flushed repletion. There were, among them, men; but somehow the men never seemed to be of the least account. It was a woman's paradise. The glow from above always emphasized the gowns, the gowns like orchids and tea-roses and the leaves of magnolias. It sparkled in the red and green and crystal jewels like exotic dew scattered over the exotic human flowers. Very occasionally there was a complacent or irritable masculine utterance, and then it was immediately lost in the dominant feminine sibilance.

Other children than Linda sped in the manner of brilliant fretful tops literally on the elaborate outskirts of the throng; but they as different from her as she was from the elders. Although Linda resembled the latter, rather than her proper age, remarkably. She had an air of responsibility, sometimes expressed in a troubled frown, and again by the way she hurried sedately through drifting figures toward a definite purpose and end.

Usually it was in the service of one of her mother's small innumerable requests or necessities; if the latter was sitting with a gentleman on the open hotel promenade that overlooked the sea and needed a heavier wrap, Linda returned immediately with a furred cloak on her arm; if the elder, going out after dinner, had brought down the wrong gloves, Linda knew the exact wanted pair in the long perfumed box; while countless trifles were needed from the convenient drug-store.

The latter was a place of white mosaic floor and glittering glass, with a marble counter heaped with vivid fruit and silver-covered bowls of sirups and creams with chopped nuts. Linda often found time to stop here for a delectable glass of assorted sweet compounds. She was on terms of intimacy with the colored man in a crisp linen coat who presided over the refreshments, and he invariably gave her an extra spoonful of the marron paste she preferred. When at lunch, it might be, she cared for very little, her mother would complain absently:

"You must stop eating those sickening mixtures. They'd ruin any skin." At this she would find the diminutive mirror in the bag on her lap and glance at her own slightly improved color. The burden of the feminine conversations in which Mrs. Condon was privileged to join, Linda discovered, was directed toward these overwhelming considerations of appearance. And their importance, communicated to her, resulted in a struggle between the desire to preserve her skin from ruin and the seductions of marron paste and maple chocolates.

Now, with an uncomfortable sense of impending disaster, she would hastily consume one or the other; again, supported by a beginning, self-imposed inflexibility, she would turn steadily away from temptation. In the end the latter triumphed; and her normal appetite, always moderate, was unimpaired.

This spirit of resolution, it sometimes happened, was a cause or humorous dismay to her mother. "I declare, Linda," she would observe with an air of helplessness, "you make me feel like the giddy one and as if you were mama. It's the way you look—so disapproving. I have to remind myself you're only—just how old are you? I keep forgetting." Linda would inform her exactly, and the other would sigh.

"The years slip around disgustingly. It seems only yesterday I was at my first party." Usually, in spite of Linda's eagerness to hear of that time when her mother was a girl, the elder would stop abruptly. On rare occasions solitary facts emerged; it had all occurred in a small town in the country. There were such details as buggy-riding and prayer-meetings and excursions to a Boiling Springs where the dancing-floor, open among the trees, was splendid. At these memories, Mrs. Condon had been known to cry.

But she would recover shortly. Her emotions were like that—easily roused, highly colored and soon forgotten. She forgot, Linda realized leniently, a great deal. It wasn't safe to rely on her promises. However, if she neglected a particular desire of Linda's, she continually brought back unexpected gifts of candy, boxes of silk stockings, or lovely, half-wilted flowers.

The flowers, they discovered, although they stayed fresh for a long while pinned to Linda's slim waist, died almost at once worn by her mother. "It must be my warm nature," the latter proclaimed to her daughter; "while you are a little refrigerator. I will say it's wonderful how you keep your clothes the same. Neat as a pin." Somehow, with this commendation, she managed to include a slight uncomplimentary impatience. Linda didn't specially want to resemble a pin, a disagreeable object with a sharp point. She considered this in the long periods when, partly by preference, she was alone.

Seated, perhaps, in the elaborate marble and deep red of the Boscombe's reception-rooms, isolated in the brilliant, expensive throng, she would speculate over what passed in the light of her own special problems. But nothing, really, came out to her satisfaction. There was, notably, no one she might ask. Her mother, approached seriously, declared that Linda gave her the creeps; while others made it plain that it was their duty to repress the forwardness inevitable to the scandalous neglect of her upbringing.

They, the women of the Boscombe, glancing at their finger-nails stained and buffed to a shining pale vermilion, lightly rubbing their rings on the dry palm of a hand, wondered within Linda's hearing what could come out of such an association. That term, she vaguely gathered, referred to her mother. The latter evidently interested them tremendously; because, she explained, they had no affairs of their own to attend to. This was perfectly clear to Linda until Mrs. Condon further characterized them as "busy."

The women, stopped by conventions from really satisfactory investigation at the source, drew her on occasion into a laboriously light inquisition. How long would Linda and her mama stay at the Boscombe? Had they closed their apartment? Where was it? Hadn't Mrs. Condon mentioned Cleveland? Wasn't Linda lonely with her mama out so much—they even said late—in rolling chairs? Had she seen Mr. Jasper before his arrival last week?

No, of course she hadn't.

Here they exchanged skeptical glances beneath relentlessly pulled eyebrows. He was really very nice, Mr. Jasper. Linda in a matter-of-fact voice replied that he had given her a twenty-dollar gold piece. Mr. Jasper was very generous. But perhaps he had rewarded her for being a good little girl and not—not bothering or hanging about. "Why should he?" was Linda's just perceptibly, impatient response. Then they told her to be quiet because they wanted to listen to the music.

This consisted in studying, through suspended glasses in chased platinum, a discreet program. At the end of a selection they either applauded condescendingly or told each other that they hadn't cared for that last—really too peculiar. Whichever happened, the leader of the small orchestra, an extravagant Italian with a supple waist, turned and bowed repeatedly with a grimacing smile. The music was usually muted, Viennese and emotional; its strains blended perfectly with the floating scents of the women and the faintly perceptible pungent odors of dinner. Every little while a specially insinuating melody would, apparently, get tangled in the women's breathing, and their breasts, cunningly draped and caressed in tulle, be disturbed.

Mrs. Condon applauded more uproariously than was sanctioned by the others' necessity for elegance; the frank clapping of her pink palms never failed to betray a battery of affected and significant surprise from eyes like polished cold agates. Linda, seated beside her parent, could be seen to lay a hand, narrow and blanched and marked by an emerald, on the elder's knee. Her pale fine lips moved rapidly with the shadow of trouble beneath the intense black bang.

"I wish you wouldn't do it so loudly, mother," was what she whispered.

II

THE jealously guarded truth was that, by her daughter at least, Mrs. Condon was adored. Linda observed that she was not like an ordinary mother, but more nearly resembled a youthful companion. Mrs. Condon's gaiety was as genuine as her fair hair. Not kept for formal occasion, it got out of bed with her, remained through the considerable difficulties of dressing with no maid but Linda, and if the other was not asleep, called a cheerful or funny good night.

Their rooms were separated by a bath, but Linda was scarcely ever in her own—her mother's lovely things acted like a magnet and constantly drew her to their arrangement in the drawers. When the laundry came up, crisp and fragile webs heaped on the bed, Linda laid it away in a sort of ritual. Even with these publicly invisible garments a difference of choice

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Linda.

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existed between the two: Mrs. Condon's preference was for insertions, and Linda's fine shell edges and shadow embroidery. Mrs. Condon, shaking into position a foam of ribbon and lace, would say, with her gurgle of amusement, "I want to be ready when I fall down; if I followed your advice they'd take me for a nun."

This brought out Linda's low clear laugh, the expression of her extreme happiness. It sounded, for an instant, like a chime of small silver bells; then died away, leaving the faintest perceptible flush on her healthy pallor. At other times her mother's humor made her vaguely uncomfortable, usually after wine or other drinks that left the elder's breath thick and spiced. Linda failed completely to grasp the allusions of this wit, but a sharp uneasiness would always respond like the lingering stale memory of a bad dream.

Once, at the Boscombe, her mother had been too silly for words: she had giggled and embraced her sweet little girl, torn an expensive veil to shreds and dropped a French model hat into the tub. After a distressing sickness she had gone to sleep fully dressed, and Linda, unable to move or wake her, had sat long beyond dinner, into the night, fearful of the entrance of the chambermaid.

The next day Mrs. Condon had been humble with remorse. Men, she said, were too beastly for description. This was not an unusual opinion. Linda observed that she was always condemning men in general and dressing for them in particular. She offered Linda endless advice in an abstracted manner:

"They're all liars, Lin, and stingy where everything but their pleasure is concerned. Women are different, but men are all alike. You get sick to death of them— Never bother them when they are smoking a cigar—cigarettes don't matter. Leave the cigarette-smokers alone, anyhow; they're not as dependable as the others. A man with a good cigar—you must know the good from the bad—is always discreet. I ought to bring you up different, but, Lord, life's too short. Besides, you will learn more useful things right with mama, whose eyes are open, than anywhere else.

"Powder my back, darling; I can't reach. If I'm a little late to-night, go to sleep like a duck. You think Mr. Jasper's nice, don't you? So does mother. But you mustn't let him give you any more money. It'll make him conceited."

Linda wondered what she meant by the last phrase. How could it make Mr. Jasper conceited to give her a gold piece? However, she decided that she would not ask.

It was like that with a great many of her mother's mysterious remarks—Linda had an instinctive feeling of drawing away. The other kissed her warmly and left a print of vivid red on her cheek.

She examined the mark in the mirror when her mother had gone; it was, she decided, the kiss made visible. Then she laid away the things scattered by Mrs. Condon's hasty dressing about the room. Her own belongings were always in precise order. A sudden hesitation seized her at the thought of going down to the crowd at the music. The women made her uncomfortable.

It wasn't what they said, but the way they said it, and the endless questions wearied her. Then she was continually bothered by her inability to impress upon them how splendid her mother was. Some of them, she was certain, did not appreciate her. Mrs. Condon at once admitted and was entertained by this, but it disturbed Linda. She understood the reason—when any nice men came along they always liked her mother best. This made the women mad.

The world, she gathered, was a place where women played a game of men with each other. It was very difficult; she couldn't comprehend the rules or reason. But Linda was afraid that she would be unsuccessful and never have the perfect time her mother wanted for her. In the first place, she was too thin, and then she knew that she would never talk like her dearest. Perhaps after she had had some wine it would be different.

She decided, after all, to go down to the assemblage; and, by one of the white marble pillars, Mrs. Randall captured her. "Why, here's Linda-all-alone!" Mrs. Randall said. "Mama out again?" Linda replied stoutly, "She has a dreadful lot of invitations."

Mrs. Randall wore much brighter clothes than her mother, and the latter called her an old buzzard. She was very old, Linda could see, with perfectly useless staring patches of paint on her wrinkled cheeks, and eyes that looked as though they might come right out of her head. Her frizzled hair had a dead false twist with a glittering diamond pin, and her soft cold hands were loaded with jewels. She frightened Linda, really, although she could not say why. Mrs. Randall was a great deal like the witch in a fairy-story, but that wasn't it. Linda hadn't the belief in witches necessary for dread. It might be her scratching voice; or the way she turned her head, without any chin at all, like a turtle; or her dresses, which led you to expect a person very different from an old buzzard.

"Of course she does," said Mrs. Randall, "any number of invitations, and why shouldn't she? Your mother is very pleasant, to be sure." She nodded wisely to the woman beside her, Miss Skillern.

Miss Skillern was short and broad and, in the evening, always wore curled ostrich plumes on tightly filled gray puffs. She reminded Linda of a wadded chair. Mrs. Randall, after the other's slight stiff assent, continued:

"Your mama would never be lonely, not she. All I wonder is she doesn't get married again—with that hair of hers. Wouldn't you rather have one papa than, in a way of speaking, a different one at every hotel?"

Linda, completely at a loss for answer, studied Mrs. Randall with her direct deep-blue gaze. Miss Skillern again inclined her plumes. The rest of her immobile, she was surprisingly like one of those fat china figures with a nodding head. The familiar bewildered feeling assaulted Linda of not understanding what was said and, at the same time, passionately resenting it from an inner sensitive recognition of something wrong.

"How could I have that?" she finally asked.

"How?" repeated Miss Skillern, breathing loudly.

"Yes, how?" Mrs. Randall echoed. "You can ask your mama. You really can. And you may say that, as a matter of fact, the question came from us," she included her companion.

"From you," Miss Skillern exactly corrected her.

"Indeed," the other cried heatedly, "from me! I think not. Didn't you ask? Answer me that, if you please. I heard you with my own ears say, 'How?' While now, before my face, you try to deny it." It was plain to Linda that Miss Skillern was totally unmoved by the charge. She moved her lorgnette up, gazing stolidly at the musical program. "From you," she said again, after a little. Mrs. Randall suddenly regained her equilibrium.

"If the ladies of this hotel are afraid to face that creature, I—I—am not. I'll tell her in a minute what a respectable person thinks of her goings-on. More than that, I shall complain to Mr. Rennert. 'Mr. Rennert,' I'll say, 'either she leaves or I. Choose as you will. The reputation of your hotel—' " she spluttered and paused.

"Proof," Miss Skillern pronounced judicially; "proof. We know, but that's not proof."

"He has a wife," Mrs. Randall replied in a shrill whisper; "a wife who is an invalid. Mrs. Zooch, she who had St. Vitus's dance and left yesterday, heard it direct. George A. Jasper, woolen mills, Frankford, Pennsylvania. Mr. Rennert would thank me for that information."

They had forgotten Linda. She stood rigid and cold—they were blaming her mother for going out in a rolling chair with Mr. Jasper because he was married. But she didn't know that; probably Mr. Jasper had not thought of it. She was at the point of making this clear, when it seemed to her that it might be better to say that her mother knew everything there was about Mr. Jasper's wife; she could even add that they were all friends.

Linda would have to tell her mother the second she came in, and then, of course, she'd stop going with Mr. Jasper. Men were too beastly for description. She thought in the elder's phrase.

"After all," Mrs. Randall was addressing her again, "you needn't say anything at all to your mama. It might make her cross so that she'd spank you."

"Mother never spanks me," Linda replied with dignity.

"If you were my little girl," said Miss Skillern, with rolling lips, "I'd put you over my knee with your skirts up and paddle you."

Never, Linda thought, had she heard anything worse; she was profoundly shocked. The vision of Miss Skillern performing such an operation as she had described cut its horror on her mind. There was a sinking of her heart and a misty threat of tears.

III

TO AVERT this she walked slowly away. It was hardly past nine o'clock; her mother wouldn't be back for a long while, and she was too restless and unhappy to sit quietly above. Instead, she continued down to the floor where there were various games in the corridor leading to the billiard-room. The hall was dull, no one was clicking the balls about the green tables, and a solitary sick-looking man, with inky shadows under fixed eyes, was smoking a cigarette in the chair across from the cigar-stand.

He looked over a thick magazine in a

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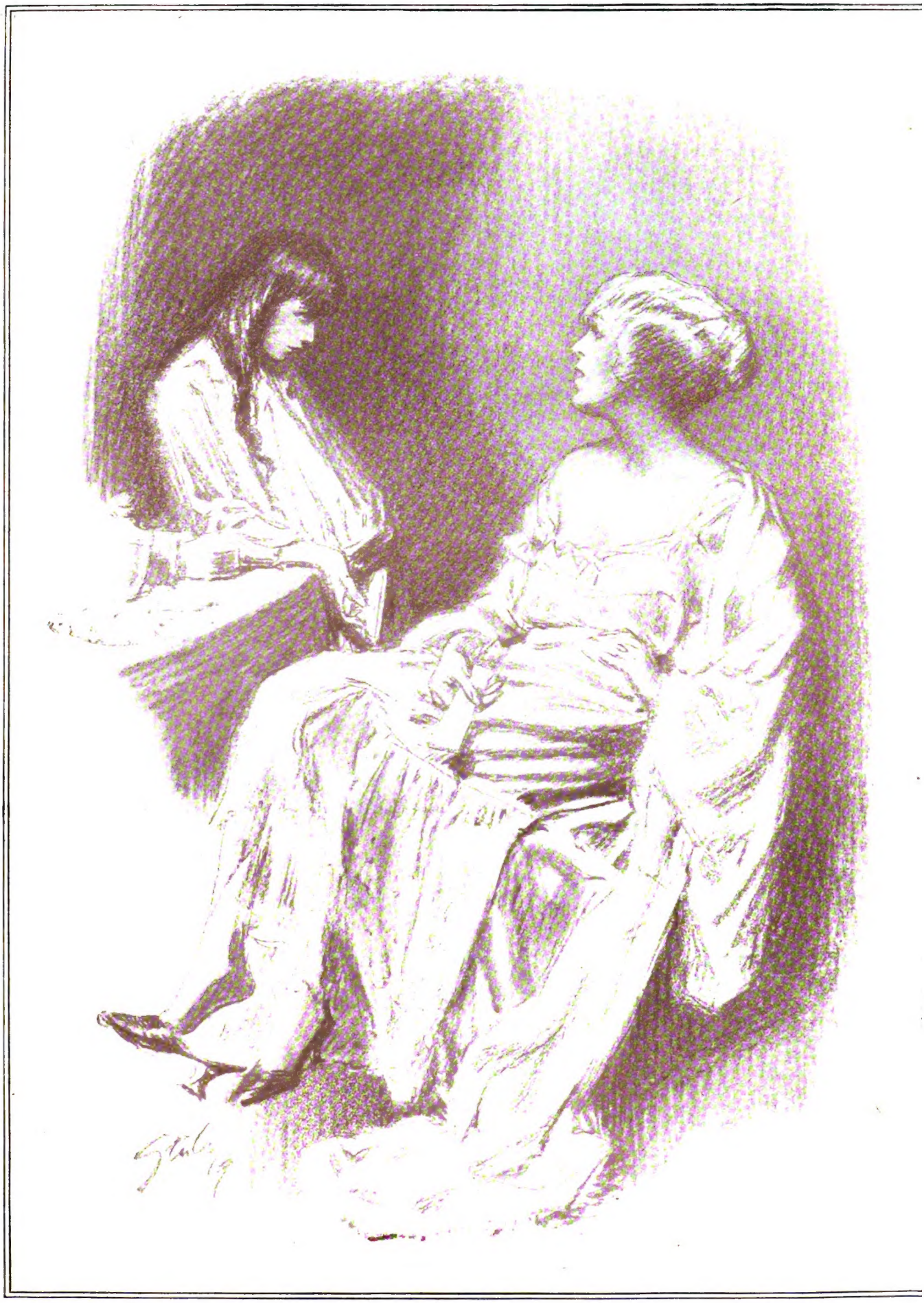

"I ought to bring you up different, but, Lord, life's too short. Besides you will learn more useful things right with mama, whose eyes are open, than anywhere else."

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chocolate cover, his gaze arrested by her irresolute passage. "Hello, Bellina," he said. She stopped. "Linda," she corrected him, "Linda Condon." Obeying a sudden impulse, she dropped, with a sigh, into a place beside him. "You're bored," he went on, the magazine put away. "So am I, but my term is short."

She wondered, principally, what he was doing, among so many women, at the Boscombe. He was different from Mr. Jasper, or the other men with fat stomachs, the old men with dragging feet. It embarrassed her to meet his gaze, it was so—so investigating. She guessed he was by the sea because he felt as badly as he looked.

"Why," he asked surprisingly, "are you here?"

"On account of my mother," she explained. "But it doesn't matter much where I am. Places are all alike," she continued conversationally. "We're mostly in hotels—Florida in winter and Lake George in summer. This is kind of between."

"Oh!" he said; and she was sure, from that short single exclamation he understood everything.

"Like all true beauty," he added, "it's plain that you are durable."

"I don't like the seashore," she went on easily; "I'd rather be in a garden with piles of flowers and a big hedge."

"Have you ever lived in a garden—close?"

"No," she admitted; "it's just an idea. I told mother and she laughed at me—she said a roof-garden was her choice."

"Some day you'll have the place you describe," he assured her. "It is written all over you. I would like to see you, Bellina, in a space of emerald sod and geraniums." She decided to accept without further protest his name for her. "You are right, too, about the hedge—the highest and thickest in creation. I would recommend a pseudo-classic house, Georgian, rather small, a white façade against the grass. A Jacobean dining-room, dark, certainly, the French windows open on dipping candle flames. You'd wear white, with your hair low and the midnight bang as it is now." She, in turn, sighed.

"That would be awfully nice," she replied vaguely.

"But a very light drawing-room!" he cried. "White panels and arches and Canton-blue rugs—pure Hepplewhite. A fluted mantel, McIntire's, and a brass hod. Curiously enough, I always see you in the evening—at a piano. I'm not so bored, now." Little flames of red burned in either thin cheek. "What nonsense!" Suddenly he was tired. "This is a practical and earnest world," his voice grew thin and hurt her. "Beauty is immoral. You'll have your garden, but I shouldn't be surprised at difficulties first."

"It won't be so hard to get," she declared confidently. "I mean to choose the right man. Mother says that's the answer. Women, she says, won't use their sense."

"Ah."

Linda began to think this was a most unpleasant monosyllable.

"So that's the lay! Has she succeeded?"

"She has a splendid time. She's out tonight with Mr. Jasper in a rolling chair, and he has loads and loads of money. It makes all the other women cross."

"Here you are, then, till she gets back?"

"There's no one else."

"Yet, as a parent, infinitely preferable to the righteous," he murmured. "And you——"

"I think mother's perfect," she answered simply. He shook his head.

"You won't succeed at it, though. Your mother, for example, isn't dark."

"The loveliest gold hair," she said ecstatically. "She's much, much prettier than I'll ever be."

"Prettier, yes. The trouble is, you are lovely, magical. You will stay for a lifetime in the memory. The merest touch of you will be more potent than any duty or fidelity. A man's only salvation will be his blindness. But, after all, the majority are blind—and safe."

IV

ALTHOUGH she didn't understand a word of this, Linda liked to hear him; he was talking as though she were grown up, and in response to the flattery she was magnetic and eager. "One time," he said, "very long ago, beauty was worshiped. Men, you see, know better now. They want their dollar's worth. The world was altogether different then—there were high adventurous forests, green and leafy, with holy chapels in the combe for an orison, and hermits rising to Paradise on the *Te Deum Laudamus* of the angels and archangels; there were black castles, and in the skirting meadows, silk tents with pegs of ivory and poles of gold.

"There was great wickedness under the trees, perhaps in the loveliest of women riding a snow-white mule with a saddle-cloth of red samite, or wrapped in her shining hair, on a leopard with green eyes. She'd lure you to a pavilion strewn with flowers and rushes and magical herbs, and a shameful ending. Or a silver doe would weep and beg you to pierce her with your sword. When you did, before you knelt the daughter of the King of Wales.

"But I started to tell you about the worship of beauty. Plato started it, but Cardinal Pietro Bembo was responsible for the creed. He lived in Italy, in an age like a lily. It developed mostly at Florence in the Platonic Academy of Cosomo and Pico della Mirandola. Love was the supreme force, and its greatest expression a desire beyond the body."

He gazed at Linda with a quizzical light in his eyes deep in shadow.

"Love," he said again, and then paused. "One set of words will do as well as another. You will understand, or not, with something far different from intellectual comprehension. The endless service of beauty. Of course, a woman—but never the animal; the spirit always. Born in the spirit, served in the spirit, ending in the spirit. A direct contradiction, you see, to nature, common sense, frugality, and the sacred symbol of the dollar.

"It would not please your Mr. Jasper, with his heaps and heaps of money. Mr. Jasper would consider himself sold.

"But Novalis, not so very long ago, understood . . . a dead girl more real than all earth. You mustn't suppose it to be mere mysticism."

Linda said, "Very well, I won't."

He nodded. "No one could call Michelangelo hysterical. Some time in the history of man, of salt solution, this divinity has touched them. Touched them hopefully, and perhaps gone—banished by the other destination. Or I can comprehend nature killing it relentlessly, since it didn't lead to propagation. Then, too, as much as was useful was turned into a dogma for politics and priests.

"You saw a woman against the arras in the rushlight, there was a humming of viola d'amore from the musicians' balcony, she smiled at you, lingering, and then a whisper of brocade de Lyons on a sanded floor. Nothing else but a soft white glove, eternally fragrant, in your habergeon, an eternally fragrant memory, the dim vision, in stone streets and green coppice. It might be a word, a message, sent across a world of steel at death. And then, in the last flicker of vision, the arras and the clear insistent strings, the whispering brocade de Lyons on the landing.

"The philosophy of it," he said in a different tone, "is exact, even a scientific truth. But men have been more concerned with turning lead into gold; naturally the spirit has been neglected. The science of love has been incredibly soiled.

"The old gesture toward the stars, the bridge of perfection, the escape from the fatality of flesh. Yet it was a service of the body made incredibly lovely in actuality and still never to be grasped. Never to be won. It ought to be clear to you that realized it would diminish into quite a different thing—

"'*La figlia della sua mente, l'amorosa idea.*'"

His voice grew so faint that Linda could scarcely distinguish articulate sounds. All that he said, without meaning for her, stirred her heart. She was used to elder enigmas of speech; her normal response was instinctively emotional, and nothing detracted from the gravity of her attention.

"Not in pious men," he continued, more uncertain; "nor in seminaries of virtue. They had their reward. But in men whose bitterness of longing grew out of hideous fault . . . the distinction of beauty—not a payment for prayers or chastity. The distinction of love . . . above chests of linen and a banker's talent and patents of nobility . . . divine need. Idiotic. But what else, what better, offers?"

He was, she saw, terribly sick. His hands clenched and his entire being was strained and rigid, as though he were trying to do something tremendously difficult. At last, with infinite pain, he succeeded.

"I must get away now," he articulated.

Linda was surprised at the effort necessary for this slight accomplishment when he had said the most bewildering things with complete ease. Well, the elevators were right in front of him. He rose slowly, and with Linda standing at his side, dug a sharp hand into her shoulders. It hurt, but instinctively she supported it and, partly, him; moving forward. She pressed the bell that signaled for the elevator, and, almost immediately, it sank into view. "Hurry," he said harshly to the colored operator in a green uniform; and quite suddenly, leaving a sense of mystery, he disappeared.

V

LINDA decided that he had told her a rather stupid fairy-story. She was too old for such ridiculous things as ladies in their shining hair on a leopard. She remembered clearly seeing one of the latter at a

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"One time," he said, "very long ago, beauty was worshiped . . . The world was altogether different then."

zoological garden. It had green eyes, but no one would care to ride on it. Her mother, she was certain, knew more about love than any man. His words faded quickly from her memory, but a confused rich sense stirred her heart, a feeling such as she recalled after an unusually bright dream—white gloves and music and Mr. Jasper displeased.

A clock chimed ten, and she proceeded to her mother's room, where she must wait up with her information about Mr. Jasper's wife. She was furious at him for pretending that had brought her mother such unfavorable criticism. She had put everything away before going down, and there was nothing for her to do. The time dragged tediously. The hands of the traveling-clock in purple leather on the dressing-table moved deliberately around to eleven. A ringing of ice in one of the metal pitchers carried by the bell-boys sounded from the corridor. There was the faint wail of a baby.

Suddenly and acutely Linda was lonely —a new kind of loneliness that had nothing to do with the fact that she was by herself. It was a strange cold unhappiness, pressing over her like a cloud and, at the same time, it was nothing at all. That is, there was no reason for it. The room was brightly lighted—she wasn't afraid of "things." She thought that any minute she must cry, like that baby. After a little she felt better; rather the unhappiness changed to wanting. What she wanted was a puzzle; but nothing else would satisfy her. It might be a necklace of little pearls, but it wasn't. It might be — Now it was twelve o'clock. Dear, dear, why didn't she come back!

Music, awfully faint, and a whisper, like a dress, across the floor. Her emotion changed again, to an extraordinary happiness, a glow like that which filled her at the expression of her adoration for her mother, but infinitely greater. She was seated, and she lifted her head with her eyes closed and hands clasped. The clock pointed to one and her mother came into the room.

"Linda!" she exclaimed crossly. "Whatever are you doing up? A bad little girl. I told you to be asleep hours before this."

"There is something you had to know right away," Linda informed her solemnly. "I only just heard it from Mrs. Randall and Miss Skillern." Her mother's flushed face hardened. "Mr. Jasper is married," Linda said.

Mrs. Condon dropped with an angry flounce into a chair. Her broad scarf of sealskin slipped from one shoulder. Her hat was crooked and her hair disarranged. "So that's it," she said bitterly; "and they went to you. The dam' old foxes. They went to you, nothing more than a child."

Linda put in, "They didn't mean to; it just sort of came out. I knew you'd stop as soon as you heard. Wasn't it horrid of him?"

"And this," Mrs. Condon declared, "is what I get for being—yes—proper.

"I said to-night, 'George,' I said, 'go right back home. It's the only thing. They have a right to you.' I told him that only

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to-night. And, 'No, I must consider my little Linda.' If I had held up my finger," she held up a finger to show the smallness of the act necessary, "where would we have all been?

"But this is what I get. You'd think the world would support a woman's best efforts. No, they all try to crowd her and see her slip. If they don't watch out I'll skid, all right, and with some one they least expect. I have opportunities."

Linda realized, with a sense of confusion, that her mother had known of Mr. Jasper's marriage all the while. But she had nobly tried to save him from something, just what, Linda couldn't make out. The other's breath was heavy with drinking.

"You go to bed, Lin," she continued; "and thank you for taking care of mama. I hope to goodness you'll learn from all this—pick out what you want and make for it. Don't bother with the antique frumps, the disappointed old tabbies. Have your fun. There's nothing else. If you like a man, be on the level with him—give and take. Men are not saints and we're better for it; we don't live in a heaven. You've got a sweet little figure. Always remember mama telling you that the most expensive corsets are the cheapest in the end."

Linda undressed slowly and methodically, her mother's words ringing in her head. Always remember—but of course she would have the nicest things possible . . . a keepsake and faint music. She thought, privately, that she was too thin; she'd rather be her mother, with shoulders like bunches of smooth pink roses. In bed, just as she was falling asleep, a sound disturbed her from the corridor above—the slow tramping of heavy feet, like a number of men carefully bearing an awkward object. She listened with suspended breath while they passed. The footfalls seemed to pound on her heart. Slowly, slowly they went—unnatural and measured. They were gone now, but she still heard them. The crushing of her mother into bed followed with a deep sigh. The long fall of a wave on the shore was audible. Two things contended in her stilled brain—the mysterious feeling of desire and her mother's advice. They were separate and fought, yet they were strangely, incomprehensibly joined.

VI

IN THE morning Mrs. Condon, with a very late breakfast-tray in bed, had regained her usual cheerful manner. "The truth is," she told Linda, "I'm glad that Jasper man has gone. He had no idea of discretion—tired of them, anyhow." Linda radiated happiness. This was the mother she loved above all others. Her mind turned a little to the man who had talked to her the night before. She wondered if he were better. His thin blanched face, his eyes gleaming uncomfortably in smudges, recurred to her. Perhaps he'd be down by the cigar-stand again. She went, presently, to see, but the row of chairs was empty.

However, the neglected thick brown-covered magazine had been laid on a large ledge by which he had been sitting. There was a name on it, and while, ordinarily, she couldn't read handwriting, this was so clear and regular, but minutely small, that she was able to spell it out—Howard Welles.

It disappointed her not to find him; at lunch she marked nearly every one present; but still he was lost. He wasn't listening to the music after dinner, nor below. A deep sense of disappointment grew within her. Linda wanted to see him, hear him talk; at times a sharp hurt in the shoulder he had clasped brought him back vividly. The next day it was the same, and finally, diffidently, she approached the hotel desk. A clerk she knew, Mr. Fiske, was rapidly sorting mail, and she waited politely until he had finished.

"Well?" he asked.

"I found this down-stairs," she said, giving him the magazine. "Perhaps he'll want it." Mr. Fiske looked at the written name; then he glanced sharply at her. "No," he told her bruskly, "he won't want it." He turned away with the magazine and left Linda standing irresolutely. She wanted to ask if Mr. Welles was still at the Boscombe; if the latter didn't want the magazine, she'd love to have it. Linda couldn't tell why. But the clerk went into the treasurer's office and she was forced to move away.

Later, lingering inexplicably about the spot where she had heard of the leopard with green eyes, a very different man spoke to her. He, Linda observed, was smoking a cigar, a good one, she was certain. He was smallish and had a short bristling mustache and partly bald head. His shoes were very shiny and, altogether, he had a look of prosperity. "Hello, cutie!" he cried, capturing her arm. She responded listlessly. The other produced a crisp dollar bill. "Do you see the chocolates in that case?" he said, indicating the cigar-stand. "Well, get the best. If they cost more, let me know. Our financial rating is number one." Linda answered that she didn't think she cared for any. "All right," the man agreed; "sink the note in the First National Ladies' Bank, if you know where that is."

He engineered her unwillingly on to a knee. "How's papa?" he demanded. "I suppose he will be here Saturday to take his family through the stores?" She replied with dignity, "There is only my mother and me." At this information he exclaimed, "Ah!" He brushed his mustache with a diminutive gold-backed brush from a leather case. "That's more than I have," he confided to her; "there is only myself. Isn't that sad? You must be sorry for the lonely old boy."

She wasn't. Probably he, too, had a wife somewhere; men were beastly. "I guess your mother wants a little company at times herself?"

Linda replied, straining away from him, "Oh, dear, no; there are just packs of gentlemen whenever she likes. But she is tired of them all." She escaped and he settled his waistcoat.

"You mustn't run away," he admonished her; "nice children don't. Your mother didn't bring you up like that, I'm sure. She wouldn't like it."

Linda hesitated, plainly conveying the fact that, if she were to wait, he would have to say something really important.

"Just you two," he deliberated; "Miss and Mrs. Jones."

"Not at all," Linda asserted shortly; "our name is Condon."

"I wonder if you'd tell her this," he went on: "a gentleman's here, named Bardwell, by himself, who has seen her and admires her a whole lot. Tell her he's no young sprig, but he likes a good time all the better. Dependable, too. Remember that, cutie. And he wouldn't presume if he had a short pocket. He knows class when he sees it."

"It won't do any good," Linda assured him in her gravest manner. "She said only this morning she was sick of it."

"That was before dinner," he replied cheerfully. "Things look different later in the day. You do what I tell you."

All this Linda dutifully repeated. Her mother was at the dressing-table, rubbing cream into her cheeks, and she paused, surveying her reflection in the mirror. "He was smoking a big cigar," Linda added. The other laughed. "What a sharp little thing you are!" she exclaimed. "A body ought to be careful what they tell you." She wiped off the cream and rubbed a soft pinkish powder into her skin.

"He saw me, did he?" she apparently addressed the glass. "Admired me a whole lot. Was he nice, Linda?" she turned. "Were his clothes right? You must point him out to me to-night. But do it carefully, darling. No one should notice. Your mother isn't on the shelf yet; she can hold her own, even in the Boscombe, against the entire barnyard."

Linda, at the entrance to the dining-room, whispered, "There he is." But immediately Mr. Bardwell was smiling and speaking to them.

"I had a delightful conversation with your little girl to-day," he told Mrs. Condon; "such a pretty child and well brought up."

"And good, too," the mother replied; "not a minute's trouble. The common sense of the grown; you'd never believe it."

"Why shouldn't I?" he protested gallantly. "Every reason to." Mrs. Condon blushed becomingly. "She had to make up for a lot," she sighed. An hour or more afterward Mrs. Randall stopped Linda in the hall beyond the music. "Mama out?" she inquired brightly. "I thought Mr. Jasper left this morning?"

Linda told her that Mr. Jasper had gone; she added nothing else. "I must look at the register," Mrs. Randall continued; "I really must." Obeying an uncontrollable impulse, Linda half cried, "I'd like to see you riding on a leopard!" A flood of misery enveloped her, and she hurried up to the silence of her mother's deserted room.

*The next instalment of "**Linda Condon**" will appear in the July issue.*

In the same number Irving Bacheller begins his serial story about Lincoln—"A Man for the Ages."

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The Sweetest Girl—A Paramount Picture.

Lila Lee, only sweet sixteen, hasn't been a really truly bride.

"Nearly Married"—Goldwyn.

But Madge Kennedy, that amusing person, is Mrs. Bolster.

"Three Men and a Girl"—A Paramount Picture.

And Marguerite Clark, you know, is a Mrs. Williams.

The Service Star—Goldwyn.

While Geraldine Farrar, after saying she never would, did.

Speaking of Brides——

Lila Lee, who is of course much too young to be one, has the most to say on the subject of matrimony. "My future husband must be young, good-looking and intelligent," says Miss Lee. "I myself am not yet intelligent, but I intend to be." Madge Kennedy got married a while ago very quietly and up to date has expressed no "views" on the subject. Little Marguerite Clark didn't tell anybody, except, we suppose, the bridegroom, that she was going to marry last fall; and her only statement afterward was: "I had decided never to marry, but after I met Mr. Williams I changed my mind." Let us hope that all their romances will last as long as Mrs. Lou Tellegen's train which apparently goes on into infinity.

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Lest We Forget

By

Captain Archibald Roosevelt, 26th Infantry, 1st Division, A. E. F.

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE presents in the following pages the conclusion of Captain Roosevelt's story of his war experiences, begun in the last number. It is not easy reading, nor pleasant reading, this story of a man who speaks from personal experience and observation, and whose patriotic purpose can no more be questioned than can his full measure of service for his country. But it is necessary that it be told now, in the hope that it may not have to be told again.

Before the war *Everybody's* was the first national magazine to warn the country against the things that are here revealed, and to make a determined stand for that principle by which alone they might have been and can be for the future avoided—the principle of universal military training. We have seen nothing, since Emory Upton with fine courage laid open the real facts of the Revolution and the Civil War, that has carried so strong an argument for universal training as does this narrative. In the light of it *Everybody's* again maintains that this nation should adopt immediately a system of universal physical and military training as a democratic, common-sense means not only of elevating the grade of American manhood, but of insuring that position of dignity and power that must go with America's new place of leadership among the free peoples of the earth; of guaranteeing, without another ghastly conflict, the observance by all nations of those things which we have shed blood to establish as right and just and human.

AFTER our first trip to the trenches, in October, 1917, we were sent back to the little town of Boviolles to continue our training. Here, while our men were being insufficiently supplied with food, clothing, shoes and equipment, and it seemed as though the Government at home had completely forgotten us, and was prepared to offer us up as another bloody sacrifice to inefficiency, we got to know and understand and love our men.

Volunteers in the earliest part of the war, they came from every state in the Union, and from every walk of life. Although many of us were of foreign extraction, we were American clean through, knew what we were fighting for, and were ready to shed our last drop of blood for the national flag and our rights. There was no divided allegiance in our minds. We who have been at the firing-line know the need of order and resolute loyalty to the flag and nation.

Our battalion, the first battalion of the Twenty-sixth Regular Infantry of the First Division, was a regular cross-section of the whole United States. It was commanded (I am speaking of the battalion when it went into the line in March, 1918) by my brother. Under my brother came the four company commanders, the senior of whom was Captain Frye. At the outbreak of the war, Frye was first sergeant in a Regular infantry company, and had been in the Army, I should judge, at least twenty years. By birth he was a German-Swiss and spoke with a distinct German accent. But no more loyal American, lovable companion or splendid officer existed. I can hear him now disciplining a man at a drill, with his short, sharp, clear-cut language: "If you ton't shtop dot, I'll shtop you dom quick!" He was loved by his brother officers and idolized by his men. At Cantigny he was killed by German machine-gun bullets while leading a counter-attack. May we all show ourselves as valiant in dying as he was.

The author in hospital.

The commander of Company D, Lieutenant Fremmle, was just as fine a man as Captain Frye. Like Frye, he had been commissioned from the Regular Army, where he had been a sergeant for many years. A true American, yet he had come to the United States a humble immigrant from German Austria, and he gave his life at Cantigny as a pledge of his loyalty to the United States and fell in a successful raid against the Germans. He has left behind, in the States, an invalid wife, whose name was always on his lips. Yet he claimed no exemptions on account of being married or on account of his age. He sought no safe positions, but went into the line with a fighting unit.

To Fremmle our battalion must always give thanks for the fact that he trained and organized the company as required by the new tables of army organization. Four weeks before going into the line, he received some two hundred men who had never even fired a service rifle. Yet he set to work, and with the aid of a few experienced noncoms and men given him from the other companies, made a company of men whose personal courage and devotion to its leaders was unexcelled.

Lieutenant Gillian, commander of Company C, was of Irish extraction, though born in America. He also had been with the old Regular Army as a first sergeant, and had been given a company on the declaration of war. He was wounded at Soissons, and is worthy to be associated with Frye and Fremmle. It was Frye, Fremmle and Gillian who introduced tobacco-chewing among the officers of our battalion. I shall always remember Fremmle's smiling face with one cheek continually swollen with a "thumping quid" and his hand outstretched to offer his friends a "chew." My brother and I were the only men in the battalion not strong enough to chew tobacco. And Gillian still says that, had I not been wounded so early, I stood a good show of learning to chew tobacco.

In the company I commanded, my officers were just as mixed in blood, and just as loyal Americans. In the early part of the winter there was Dube, of French-Canadian birth. Later in the winter, in common with the rest of the battalion, we were detailed some very fine Reserve officers. They had been at the training-camps in the United States, and were sent over to get some extra education from the English, finally being assigned to the line regiments.

What gallant lads the three officers with

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me were! My senior lieutenant was Christian R. Holmes. His father is a well-known physician of Cincinnati, I think of Swedish birth, and his mother is, I believe, one of the Fleischmans. Holmes is one of those men who always joke and tell how frightened they are, and then do deeds of cold-blooded daring—almost too daring, in fact. He was one of the first in our battalion to get the War Cross, for leading a small silent raid into the German lines and killing or capturing all the Germans they encountered. The men in his platoon were always better equipped than the rest of the men in the company because he had money of his own and, when the Government gave us no equipment, was not afraid to spend it on the men.

columns of the American papers for the 1st Battalion of the 26th Infantry, and when the usual insufficient quantity of rations which was doled out to us the winter of 1917 came in, it was Lieutenant Gustafson who procured, mostly with his own money, such delicacies as could be found in the wretched little town in which we were then billeted. It was at Cantigny that he died, of the poison gas invented by the Germans for the furtherance of what they considered culture.

These three lieutenants, all of them Reserve officers, are the type of splendid officers in our battalion.

Among our enlisted men we had just as much pure Americanism, and yet just as curious a blend of foreign extractions.

Sergeant Rose, an old-timer in the Army, was another gallant old fellow. When affairs at the front had been particularly hot, he used to send a note which would run something like this: "Send four stout men to replace auto-rifle squad." He always wanted "stout" men, and stout men were needed to follow such a man. He was presented with the French *Médaille Militaire* after the Soissons counter-offensive.

Woods, Burns, Brady and my Supply Sergeant Gregory were all the same splendid type. "Turk" O'Rourke, killed at Cantigny, was another splendid type of a soldier. So was Sergeant Dobbs; wounded, at Toul, so badly that he will be permanently disabled, yet he wrote continu-

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The morning wash-up. American soldiers in France.
Drawn on the spot by Captain Wallace Morgan, A. E. F.

Lieutenant Floden was of straight Swedish parentage, and so resembled the Huns in physique, being tall and blond, and able to converse so perfectly in German, that he was once arrested by the French officials as a German spy. I have seen him really lose his temper only once. And that was when he had his finger blown off and was told that he could never return to the firing-line.

Lieutenant Gustafson, another man of Swedish parentage, came from Illinois, and being junior lieutenant was placed in charge of the feeding of the company officers and men. He had been obliged to work his own way through college and had only the rank and pay of a second lieutenant, yet he found it possible to supply his men out of his own pocket with many little extra comforts. And when Christmas, 1917, dawned, and the famous Christmas dinner of turkey and cranberries proved to exist only in the

For instance, my best first sergeant was named Smith. Murphy, as his name proclaims, was an Irishman. He was decorated for gallantry with Lieutenant Holmes. Barton, of English descent, was from Pennsylvania. Ross, also possessor of the War Cross, one of the most beautiful athletic types I have ever seen, was of mixed origin, one of his parents being a Pole and the other a Swede. Donnelly, in spite of his name a teetotaler, haled from the Emerald Isle; his mother, to whom he was devoted, still lived there.

All my officers and men seemed oblivious to the dangers of war, and were quaintly humorous about the discomforts. I remember, once, trudging behind the column, I asked Sergeant Masonis (of Polish origin, though born in America) what his occupation had been before the war. "Coal-miner, in Wilkes-Barre, sir." And then, absolutely seriously: "I gave it up. Coal-mining is too dangerous, so I enlisted."

ally to get a chance to return to the front line. Men like these are the reasons that the United States went through this great war without flinching.

From the names and descriptions of my sergeants, it can be seen that they had been born in America (with the exception of Donnelly), and, like my officers, as a general rule their families had lived in the United States for at least one generation. Assuredly the education due to our schools and to American ideas enabled these men to be such splendid officers and non-coms.

With my corporals and privates every race was represented. Many were not able even to speak English when they joined the army. But they all learned to use it as their own language and professed the same ideas that all true Americans have; one of their firmest ideas being that they were in France to smash a people—not only the leaders of a people—who had deliberately practised evil.

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American troops resting
Drawn on the spot by Captain

One of my most gallant corporals, of a grenade squad, was of Jewish extraction—named Schwartz. Holmes, on whose platoon he was, always called him "the corporal with a smile." The men, having seen Captain Bairnsfather's cartoons of the war, called him "old Bill," whom he certainly did resemble strikingly. Indeed, he used to tell the boys that the only girl he could ever make love him was blind! His passion was cleanliness, which he satisfied even in midwinter, by bathing in any stream of which he could break the ice. Schwartz gave his life to the nation at Cantigny.

Corporal Chaban, a huge blond Austrian Pole, was another very fine soldier. Though he could speak little English when he joined us, he learned enough to handle a squad against the enemies of the country.

Italy gave us two excellent Americans in our company: Corporal Samere, of an automatic-rifle squad, and Private Rano, in Corporal Schwartz's squad. Samere was on the raid with Lieutenant Holmes and Sergeant Murphy, at Toul.

Corporal Schwartz's squad is quite typical of our whole regiment. As I remember, it consisted of Schwartz, of German-Jewish origin; Rano, of Italian birth; Brown, Jewish; Lepinsky, of Polish origin and the best shot in the company; Griffin, whose family had long ago settled in the States, and Hanzuerados, a Greek. Another Greek in the company was Socrates Davias, the officers' cook. He was killed at Cantigny.

My striker (soldier slang for orderly), by name Benjamin Brenner, was of Russian-Jewish parentage from East Lynn, Massachusetts. He was wounded the same day I was, recovered and returned to the line, only to be wounded again at Cantigny and the Argonne.

Before I had Brenner as my striker I had a dark-eyed, silent little lad seventeen years old, who could speak French like a native, being of French-Canadian extraction, although born in Massachusetts. I did not know at first that Le Bœuf, his name, meant "the bull" in French; and you can imagine my surprise when one of the Frenchwomen in our billets complained to me that "*le bœuf*" was roaring and had refused to drink any water. It took a great deal of explanation to get me to understand that by "*le bœuf*" she meant, not my striker, but a young bull calf she owned!

Two of our company cooks were of straight American descent, another was German-born. And rain or shine, under all circumstances these men always saw to it that Company B of the Twenty-sixth Infantry, in spite of the shortage of rations, was supplied with better meals than any other American company in France.

One of the most famous men of the company was "Scotty" Leonard. Why the men called him Scotty, I don't know, for if any one ever had Ireland written over his features Scotty was that man. He was a very short little man, with a bristling mustache, always ready for a fight or a frolic, and always with a joke on his tongue. His propensity for a frolic made his officers look forward to pay-day with apprehension as to what new escapade he would be in trouble for; but his quips and jests have made bearable many a weary march and have lightened many a black situation. His fearlessness and ferocity in battle were unexcelled.

One of our best was Private John F. Fennessy, of Rochester, New York. A member of the Rochester Seminary for training young men for the priesthood, Fennessy believed in "peace with a sword." The purity of his life and his cheerful acceptance of all inconveniences and hardships made him an inspiration alike to officers and men. In his death some congregation lost a pastor who was a living example of the great principles of Christianity. He was killed at Cantigny, and cited in the general orders because of his

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after a long march.
Wallace Morgan, A. E. F.

gallantry. Though mortally wounded and in great pain, his only concern was that Lieutenant Holmes should know that the same shell which had killed him had put his automatic rifle out of action, and that to hold the line another auto rifle and crew were needed at once.

Great men were my comrades! Truly, Fennessy himself summed us all up most accurately. Said he:

"Our outfit may be a little rough. Few of us would ever vote for prohibition. The Y. M. C. A. secretaries consider our language to be more picturesque than proper. But when Gabriel blows assembly and the great fighting archangel Michael musters our battered and war-scarred veterans, he will know that beneath our hard exteriors and rough ways, we have souls of fire. And if he needs an outfit to lead over the top against the legions of Satan, he need look no further than the men of Company B of the 26th Infantry."

In describing the combination of wretched leadership and marvelous courage amid grinding and unnecessary hardships and dangers, it must be kept in mind that the incompetency and mismanagement was not so much the fault of the generals—especially true of most of the generals of the A. E. F.—as it was the fault of the system and their training under the system. The blundering work of the winter training, so demoralizing for the line officers and men, was needed to train the generals and their staffs. No book ever written can teach officers how to keep control, even under peace-time conditions, of large bodies of men. They must learn from practical experience and from their own blunders. But the blunders should be made in peace times, spread out over a considerable period. Blunders made during war time cause death in the firing-line, and during the intensive training back of the line are one of the great causes of lowered morale and of sickness.

By facts I wish to prove to those who happen to read this article that there is but one way to avoid fearful waste of American lives in the future. We must be willing to adopt some system of universal obligation for universal service and training for such service.

Before we set ourselves to the grind of the winter training, back in Boviolles, I had the opportunity of seeing a little more of the firing-line than most of the officers in my battalion. I was chosen to lead one of three large fighting patrols into "no man's land." As these were the first patrols of this sort sent out under American officers, we were all entirely ignorant as to what was needed in the way of equipment and preparation. For the first time, with actual fighting ahead of us, the lack of equipment and training was glaringly apparent to all of us directly responsible for the lives of the men under us.

A raiding patrol of absolutely green men, before going into action, should be carefully drilled and maneuvered over ground resembling that over which the raid is later to be led. They must be carefully chosen and perfectly equipped. To choose capable men was very easy in the 26th Infantry. We struck the real trouble when we tried to lay our hands on clothing and equipment. We had our own rifles and bayonets and had been issued French gas masks and grenades and English helmets, but the clothing question was a difficult matter.

To make an expedition into hostile lines and to lie on the half-frozen, half-muddy ground for several hours during a cold November night, men must be comfortably clothed and well shod. In my records I find no allusion to an issue of clothing to our company (except a few French socks) from August, 1917, to November, and during that time we had been through a long period of hard maneuvers and front-line work in the trenches—work ruinous to clothing and footwear. Leggings, suits and shoes were almost entirely worn out,

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and we had never been issued any gloves at all. So out of second-lieutenant's pay I was forced to advance to the men enough money to buy their leggings and gloves from the French shops; and the quality of our men may be judged when I say that, without obligation of any sort, every man paid me back from his own pocket after the paymaster came around on one of his rare visits. The richest nation in the world made men who had offered their lives for its service pay from their own pockets for the clothes to keep them from freezing to death in the firing-line.

To find shoes was more difficult. The combined funds of the men and their lieutenant would have been insufficient to purchase shoes for even a small proportion of forty-five men. So at last we hit on the scheme of examining all the shoes in the company and taking the best-conditioned shoes for the men of the raiding party. That had the added advantage of making all those left behind wish for our speedy and safe return with our borrowed finery.

I regret to state that the patrol went through its sector without seeing a German. The only incident enlivening the proceeding occurred when Sergeant "Turk" O'Rourke swallowed his chewing tobacco, and was taken with a dangerously noisy coughing fit right in the German barbed wire. Sergeant Murphy also had an adventure. He was sent out on the flank, and told to remain there until his watch said 2 A.M., then return to the lines. He never got in until six o'clock. His answer to our major's demand for explanation as to his absence was: "Sorr, me watch stopped at 11 P.M."

I mention the raid only to show the fearful shortages in clothing and supplies in our regiment at that time. That winter was an unusually severe one, and the climatic differences between the two countries would have made it difficult for even well-clad, well-fed men to withstand the French winter. Just imagine our situation with insufficient food and clothing. There was scarcely one day from the fifteenth of November up to the twenty-fifth of January that any of our companies drew their full quota of rations. Many a time have our animals gone entirely without rations for several days. I can well remember when Le Bœuf and I dragged between us a huge sack of stolen oats up an enormous hill and over a shell-swept area, so that our mules might have strength enough to drag our rolling kitchen and our provision wagons.

One of the great necessities for men in a cold climate is meat and plenty of it. Yet many a day we went without meat and, as Sergeant Owens, my mess sergeant, pathetically remarked to me: "Captain, we get almost no beef except the front quarters. Do you think that all the cattle in the United States have ceased growing hind quarters?"

Ask a butcher the difference in weight and quality between the front quarter and the hind quarter of beef, and you will see why we were continually demanding to be given our ration of one hind quarter for two hundred and fifty men at least every other day.

For emergency reserve rations we were issued bacon, coffee, hard bread, sugar. The emergency ration is supposed to be a compact, serviceable, nourishing ration, and must be always on the men's backs and used only on the express order of an officer when no other food can be obtained. The hard bread in our ration was excellent. But it was put up in paper packages, thus being singularly susceptible to the sharp teeth of the rats, and to rain and dampness. Foreign armies had their hard bread done up in light metal boxes—a method we later adopted.

Our bacon and bacon cans were entirely impractical for the warfare in which we were engaged. Uncooked bacon is inedible, and besides, not being put up in air-tight tins, it became moldy and disgusting in a very short time, and after the men had been through a gas attack was permeated with the poison.

Sergeant Murphy of the 26th Infantry being decorated for gallantry in action.

For the above reasons the company commanders soon adopted canned beef—known by the men under the names of "corned willy," "canned bill," or "monkey meat." It is palatable uncooked and, being done up in air-tight tins, it never becomes moldy and can not be poisoned by gas. The bacon cans and bacon we had to save for the periodical inspection by certain inspectors who could not understand why methods used in the Civil and Indian Wars were not practical under present conditions. Before the Cantigny assault, I believe, bacon cans and bacon were abandoned by Division Order. So the truth about emergency rations was discovered about six months after the line officers had painfully adapted themselves to the conditions of modern warfare.

It is curious how the deficiencies of our rations were glossed over and how any little luxury was extolled to the skies. The pitiless publicity ceased when it came to dealing with the shortages. The fact that our Army was issued white bread—an article absent from the French army and civilian ration—was widely advertised in both France and America. One man of draft age safely ensconced in a civilian job in Paris actually ventured to criticize the sinful luxury of our men's having white bread. Would that such as he and those who advertised the fact could have served with our forces!

A chronic deficiency in our rations existed in our division unbrokenly from the time we landed in France until the time we actually got up to the trenches in February, 1918. After that time the deficiency was sporadic and due mainly to lack of transportation and the unavoidable delays always to be found on the battle-field.

In spite of the lack of rations, the work at Boviolles was the hardest I have ever done or seen, for it was General Pershing's very laudable desire not to send our troops into the lines before they had been properly trained. The idea was splendid, but the execution of the idea was impossible, for we had no one to train us. We needed an experienced staff and experienced generals, accustomed to handling large bodies of men. We had neither. Only a few of the very best and most experienced of our generals had seen the equivalent of a modern war-strength division gathered together at one time for maneuvers. By far the greater number of our generals considered themselves lucky if they had seen a peace-strength regiment of eight hundred men, and many had never done more than command companies of sixty men. Of course none of them had seen and employed the weapons developed by modern warfare. None of them knew the maneuvers of modern warfare, but drilled us for the most part in what was called by the young officers and the men "Indian warfare"—i. e., based on the 1912 infantry drill books.

The first intimation to the younger officers of our battalion that the General Staff was attempting to put back the hands of the clock was when Lieutenant Andrews and I were sent down as judges to some maneuvers for the 2nd Brigade.

During this maneuver insufficiently shod and clad men deployed in front of each other in positions impossible in any modern battle where an opposing force had a few machine guns or automatic rifles. In such impossible positions, in a damp snow, those wretchedly clad men lay all night.

An hour would have extracted all the good possible for the men and junior officers. But the health and morale of the troops had to be sacrificed to teach the staff what it should have learned in time of peace.

In reporting this maneuver to our battalion commander we were able to state that the consensus of opinion of the line officers of the maneuvering regiments was that those ordering and those in charge of the maneuver had no idea of the modern weapons and tactics.

Beginning with this, we spent the rest of the winter in one severe maneuver after another. We would rise before daybreak, be out after dark, and often spend most of the night maneuvering or walking to and from maneuver grounds.

One very severe maneuver I remember at Mauvages, where we walked miles to the grounds and then stood all day in half-dug or "simulated" trenches in a bitter cold sleet. Again the junior officers and men derived little benefit, for so little did the higher officers know of modern warfare that they were unable to advance

(Continued on page 90)

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At the Carusos'

By Anne Herendeen

Dorothy Caruso's sense of fun rose triumphant over even her husband's staggering income tax. She drew this from life.

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Mrs. Caruso insists that an artist is a delightful sort to be married to. Hers, she says, is tidy, tranquil and essentially home-loving.

Caruso, drawn for EVERYBODY'S by himself. He says: "Make them guess where my pencil began."

IF NEW YORK has a heart, I suppose it is located at the corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street. So I think it's safe to say that the Carusos live in the heart of New York—Enrico Caruso and his delightful young bride, she who was Dorothy Benjamin.

Mr. Caruso doesn't manufacture anything, which seems rather a pity, for he has a very good head for business. He just sings. Back in Naples Mr. Caruso, Senior, disinherited him at the age of eleven for this very reason. But Enrico shrugged his shoulders and continued singing in the church of Santa Anna at twenty cents a Sunday. I asked Mrs. Caruso about this. She said that she *likes* having him sing and that with her managing they can make out very well on the five thousand dollars a week he gets during the season from the Metropolitan Opera House, eked out with an occasional two hundred thousand dollars for acting in a movie and a yearly consideration of one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars from the phonograph people. Then, too, there are concerts.

Mrs. Caruso said that she thought the most important thing about life was living it. She went even further. She said: "We do have a dandy time all the time. In the mornings—I am afraid we don't get up very early—my husband reads his mail and I—oh, just attend to things in *my* part of the house. (There are a dozen rooms in the suite at the Knickerbocker.) If there is anything particularly amusing in the mail, I go in and hear it. A man the other day wrote that he had spent in all three hundred and fifty dollars in hearing Enrico sing and that now he had lost all his money and would Mr. Caruso please send him back his three hundred and fifty dollars!

"After lunch we take the car and go way out into the country and then get out and take a good walk, but of course we can't play all the afternoon, because Enrico couldn't skip his two hours' practising. We have dinner about half-past seven in our cunning little own dining-room."

It is all of that. In one corner is, I suppose, the most beautiful music-box in the world—a wedding-present. It is all scarlet Chinese lacquer and gold dragons, and imbedded in the inside of the cover is a golden replica of the very first record Caruso ever made, an aria from "Rigoletto."

"In the evening, if Enrico is singing, I go with him," said Mrs. Caruso, "and hear him from my box. I know the operas so intimately now that the slightest variation is as exciting as an earthquake. It is such fun talking it all over afterward, and I tell him just what I think about his performance. When he isn't singing, we go to a play, to a little party with some of our friends, or just stay at home with the dog and the bird."

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Around the Metropolitan they explain that Caruso had to be built on a broad scale to accommodate his so very big heart.

Of course there are things that perhaps belong in a description of the Carusos, such as the fact that they are both good Catholics and give enormous sums of money to charity and raised enormous bits for all the Liberty Loans. But the thing that makes them different from most married couples, and far more delightful, is their talent for taking themselves lightly.

To the horror of his two valets, Caruso prefers to fold and pack his costumes himself, and he worries his devoted secretary by pasting up his own scrapbooks. Mrs. Caruso laughs about this Montessori trait and draws the most absurd caricatures of him "fussing around." For his part, Mr. Caruso teases her about her temperamental bobbed hair and her struggles with the Italian language she has married into.

In a minute or so they are sailing away to Italy for the summer—the world's greatest tenor and his American bride.

Buon' viaggio e presto ritorno, Signor e signora!

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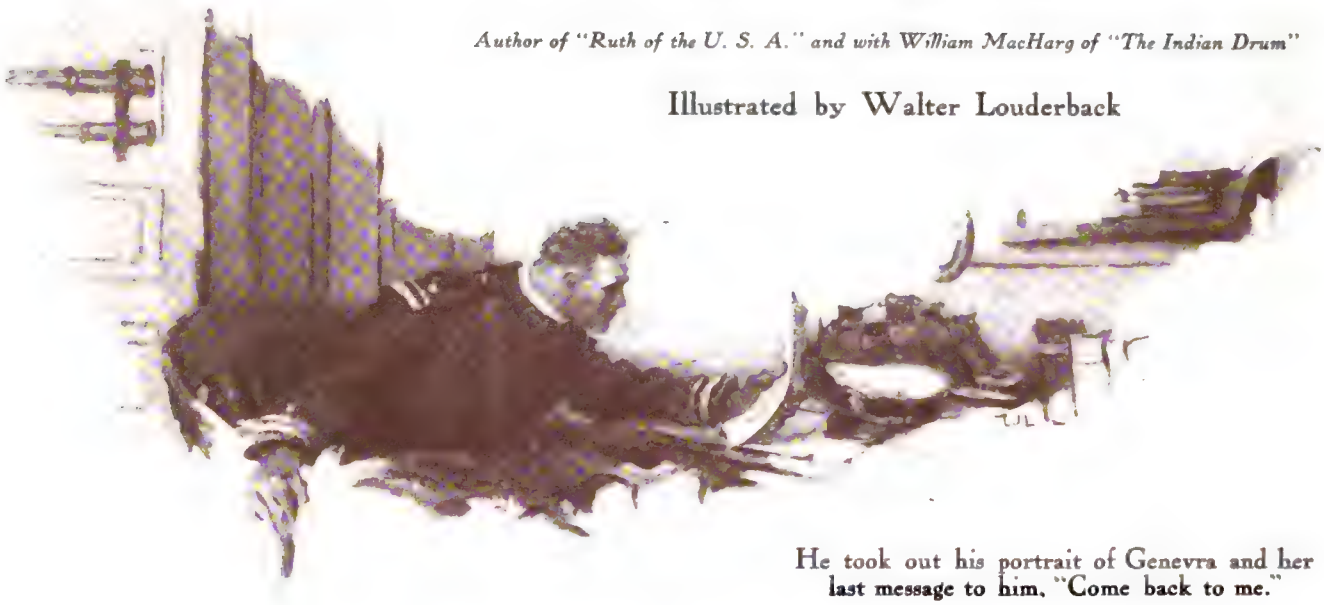
A Trailing Destroyer

By Edwin Balmer

Author of "Ruth of the U. S. A." and with William MacHarg of "The Indian Drum"

Illustrated by Walter Louderback



He took out his portrait of Genevra and her last message to him, "Come back to me."

NATHAN BENNET was going to spend the week-end at Lord Holles's. It was to be his first visit with a lord. "And if I were you, Nathe," said Jim Keedan, "I'd be a bit impressed about it."

"That's why Lord Holles didn't ask you—or me," Walter Gregg explained, "and did Nathe."

"Lord nothing," Jim objected; "his wife did the asking. That affair's no stag. Genevra Hartridge's with Lady Holles, I hear. Rotten hard luck for you, eh, Nathe, old longlegs?" And Jim kicked the long legs affectionately and a bit proudly, too, for when Nathe was dressed to leave the ship, he was about as good-looking as a man may be, and he never seemed to be aware of it.

Nathan made no reply as he moved about his tiny cabin on the destroyer *Ewen* into which Jim and Walt had crowded. The three of them had just come in from sea duty which had been a little more arduous and dangerous than usual. They had stuck Billy Darrow with staying by the *Ewen* while essential repairs were being made. Walt and Jim were going to run up to London for the week-end; but Nathan was going to Deeming Hall.

Of course lords and ladies—as well as sirs and honorables of lower rank—had entertained him at luncheon and teas and dinners, for he had been almost a year in England, or in English waters on convoy duty with the *Ewen*.

But the earlier entertainments had been official; all American officers in port at the time had been invited. This invitation to Deeming Hall was entirely different.

In the first place, Lord and Lady Holles really lived there and didn't use it just to entertain as they employed Granton-Downs, and secondly, no other American officer was invited. The other men would be English officers from the British destroyers or on leave from the Grand Fleet; and the girls would be English except Genevra Hartridge, whose family had lived in England so long, and who had so many friends there, that no one thought of her as an outsider at all. Deeming Hall was in Devon, and the *Ewen* was being repaired at Devonport; it was altogether most convenient. Nathan dressed on the destroyer, packed his week-end bag; he went over to Plymouth and picked up a couple of books for Lady Holles and for Genevra and caught the afternoon train from Millbay. He happened upon an empty compartment, where he could lounge back and daydream a bit. The afternoon was mild and sunny and warm for October even in Devon.

The war, as every one at last was beginning to feel, had only a few more weeks to run; victory was in sight. American armies on the Continent were fighting on a large part of the front and hitting hard and continuously; they had wiped out the St. Mihiel salient and were advancing upon the Meuse; fresh men by the thousand were arriving daily from overseas. And the American naval forces were working so well with the British that—though ships were being sunk—the transports were getting through. Altogether, everything was going well; and Nathan whistled a little to himself as he lounged back and gazed out at the neat English fields.

Nathan was twenty-seven in years, in rank, lieutenant, junior grade, U. S. N., by birth of no greater estate than the son of a poor farmer who rented a scant eighty acres of sandy soil, half in second-growth timber, in northern Michigan. Now he had in his pocket an invitation from an English earl to whose family home he was going—especially to entertain Genevra Hartridge, the daughter of Cornelius Hartridge of New York and London. The alteration in his fortunes stupefied him at times and made his memory suddenly summon up comparisons. He had not to go back to his birth, he had only to return ten years—to when he was seventeen—to undergo a sensation of himself as a ragged youth treading barefoot behind the plow or the harrow or the bean-planter on the sandy, stony hillside looking down upon the little city of Charlevoix on Lake Michigan.

It was in Charlevoix that he worked in winter as helper at a feed-store to earn his keep while he attended the high school. There had been a girl in Charlevoix, and in his room at the high school—Alice, by name.

She was about a year younger than he—a rather slight girl, with shy but friendly manner. She had quiet, blue eyes which Nathan gazed into sometimes when he looked up at her suddenly—thoughtful, beautiful eyes which made you want exceedingly to know what she had been thinking about you.

She colored warmly when he caught her thus—the flush staining first her smooth, fair cheeks and creeping to her temples and her forehead, which was smooth, too, and well shaped. She had brown eyebrows, a little darker than her hair, which was abundant and lustrous and a bit wavy. She had the most beautiful hair he had ever seen and nice, slender hands, soft to touch, but with always a little pressure in their grasp when she shook hands with him.

She was the sort which didn't look very strong, but she was. She could dance every number in the barn dances at the d'Ooges or in town in winter, she skated and ice-boated with the best on Pine Lake, and she could keep right at the top of her class in high school, too. She was about

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the most popular girl in Charlevoix, and all the boys of Nathan's age, and a good many older ones, were crazy about her, and she was a friend of all of them, but she was a particular friend—every one recognized—of his.

A lot of people said that it showed what a nice girl Alice Elston was—that she gave so much time to Nathan Bennet who was poor as Job's turkey and had nothing to spend on a girl, and who had absolutely no prospects. Her father was Captain Elston, skipper and part owner of the package freighter *E. C. Cummings;* and the Elstons had a mighty comfortable little home, cozy and bright on cold winter nights. Many and many an evening, when the thermometer was 'way below zero and Nathan's room was so cold that he couldn't study, he'd go over to the Elstons' and find them waiting for him. Then pretty soon the captain and his wife would go out and leave Alice and Nathan on either side of the sitting-room lamp, studying; and then—well, Nathan would look up and she'd still be studying or pretending to; he'd look up again and find her gazing at him with that wondering, thoughtful shyness.

Oh, that first time he held her in his arms and her eyes looked into his while he kissed her! He made her promise to marry him. They were engaged that winter. Every one knew that. But for the wreck of the *Elmira* they would have been married long ago.

The *Elmira* was a Cleveland boat which, originally, had nothing whatever to do with Nathan. She merely got herself pounded in a December gale and sank in about five fathoms off Washington Island. She had no business in Lake Michigan so late in the year; but her skipper had been taking a chance on the ice not closing the Straits, and, losing, he lost his life and his ship and all but five of the crew and a son of one of the owners who was a passenger. These six went up in the foremast, which stood after the *Elmira* sank, and bound themselves there, then the spray from the waves froze over them—and there they were, helpless and freezing, when Captain Elston, who had been taking the *Cummings* to lay her up at Manistee and who had heard that the *Elmira* was in trouble, came by and took a look.

He saw that a little boat could not live a minute in the surf breaking over the wreck; he saw that, even if ropes could be flung to the men in the mast, they could not catch them. So he did the only thing which could possibly save these men; he brought his vessel up beside the mast above the breaking waves and he brought it up without striking the mast, and snapping it off or crushing the men frozen to it and yet so close that his crew reached the men from his taffrail. Twice he had to come in, for they got only four men the first time.

CHAMBERS of commerce of cities about the lakes gave him the customary medal and watch, but the ship-owner whose son was the fifth man taken off the mast, insisted upon doing something more. He had friends in Congress, and just at that time he could see to the appointment to Annapolis of a young man from Michigan. Didn't Captain Elston have a son or nephew who would like the navy? He had not, but he came home and put it up to Nathan.

They talked it over—Nathan and Alice and Captain Elston and his wife—almost all night, and in the morning Captain Elston wired he would like the appointment of Nathan Bennet.

Captain Elston forwarded Nathan the money he had to have for new clothes and for the railroad fare and the tuition at the special school where boys were prepared for the Naval Academy examinations. On the last evening before leaving Charlevoix, he was with Alice alone in the sitting-room. He held her and she cried a little as she clung to him and his heart was very full, too. Before this chance come to him, they had planned on being married in three years, perhaps, or in four, certainly. But the Navy meant postponement; but in six years, surely, they would be married when he would be established as an ensign with the wonderful pay of seventeen hundred dollars a year.

HE WENT East the next morning, he passed his examinations, became a cadet, and a marvelous new life, with new friends, opened to him. He "caught on" quickly to the methods of Annapolis; he did well in his work, and his classmates liked him. In his third year, he was famous his for football, and many of his friends, who came from old families of Baltimore and Philadelphia, took him home with them, and he met and danced with their sisters.

He changed in his thoughts, in his manners, in many attitudes toward life; of course he changed from the farm boy he had been, but not in all ways. He saved from his pay as midshipman enough to return to Captain Elston all the money he had borrowed; and soon he saved enough more to enable him to return to Charlevoix for a summer vacation. His parents, and, even more, Captain Elston and Alice's mother and Alice—most of all—were proud of the change in him. They were proud of the new friends he had made and his popularity among the rich and well-known people from Chicago and Detroit and from the South who made their homes in Charlevoix during the summer.

Jim Keedan's family was one of these. Jim was then one of Nathan's best friends, and Jim's mother gave a dinner for Jim and Nathan to which "summer" girls from Chicago and Memphis and St. Louis were invited; and, also, Alice.

Nathan never would forget that summer evening he went around to the little house where the Elstons lived to call for Alice to take her over to the Keedans'. She was in a new dress which her mother and she had made in two days just for this—a simple, white dress in which she looked fair and womanly and lovely as she never had before. The dress wasn't smart, it wasn't at all like Laura Keedan's, for instance, but Nathan saw only Alice.

"How does it look to you?" she was asking him unsteadily, her blue eyes beseeching his, her lips trembling. There was pride—as well as love—in her eyes. For herself she would not have cared so much how she might appear to the city people, but for him—that was different.

"You're the most beautiful girl in the world!" he cried to her and he kissed her, and he meant it.

"Then my dress is all wrong!" she despaired, but she could do nothing more about it then. They went up to the Keedans' together.

Every one liked Alice; they couldn't help it, for she was just herself. But the evening was agony for her. She summed it up on the way home with him that night.

"They're all nice people—awfully nice, Nathan. But I'm not one of them and you are!"

"No, I'm not!" he denied, holding her almost fiercely.

"Yes, you are!"

It was not an accusation, merely a torturing recognition of fact.

He had to return to Annapolis soon after that, then came the cruise and foreign service on the Chinese station.

He had his commission, of course, with seventeen hundred dollars a year, and Alice and he had agreed, years ago, that when he received that pay, he would send for her wherever he was and she would come and they would be married.

He wanted to send for her, oh, he wanted to! But he knew well what that meant. One hundred and forty-two dollars a month. Officers who married on that either had some means of their own or married a girl who had something, at least; all the married men among Nathan's friends had a good deal more than their pay for their wives.

Nathan went cold every time he thought of that evening at Keedans' and other times like it in Charlevoix. To ask Alice to come to him meant to make her life a struggle—out of love for him and pride in him—to keep up on one hundred and forty-two dollars monthly. He must save something first, or win a higher rank. So, though he wrote her regularly as before, he did not ask her to come on.

THAT made letters more difficult, and, by letter, he could not explain. He knew she was hurt, bewildered, and he attempted to explain—badly; oh, how badly! She did not reply at once; his ship was moving about and he lost a letter. And the Elstons' neighbors at home did the rest, he found out. They said his head had been turned by attentions from rich people, he wanted to marry a rich girl. So Alice's next letter "freed" him.

If he could have gone home then and seen her, he might have made everything all right, but the war came and he was sent to England. The next news of Alice, which reached him there, was that she was engaged to a man named Howard Grant. Nathan was chasing submarines then, working desperately hard during his long days of sea duty; on land and at leisure, he played hard—played the game, as other young men were playing it, with girls who offered themselves to play with him. Genevra Hartridge in particular.

Playing with her—if he amused her—was about as safe as the game could be. Charlevoix might believe that he seriously was courting Genevra Hartridge; but he knew how the daughter of Cornelius Hartridge really considered the son of a poor farmer.

Yet this afternoon, as they drove together to Deeming Hall, she was more puzzling to him than before. He had brought her a volume of Tagore, "The Gardener," not because he liked it, but he knew she did. After they reached Deeming

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Hall and he had paid his respects to Lady Holles, they read a little of the book. He wanted to play tennis before dark, but Genevra asked him to take her into the gardens. They sat and talked for a while about the trifles which he and Genevra pretended to seriously consider. She had abandoned the uniform in which she did her war work in London; she had on a filmy, silky, low-cut dress—not new, she was careful to explain—but wonderfully becoming. It displayed her round, smooth shoulders and beautiful neck and more of her back than Nathan would have liked—on Alice; Genevra's soft, light hair was arranged alluringly; she had a graceful, patrician poise of head which made Nathan fail at the effort of imagining her really doing the difficult, serious war tasks she set for herself. Nothing about her tall, languorous figure now suggested war.

He was in uniform, of course, but in the Lethe among the roses in that quiet English garden, it failed to remind him too insistently of service. Genevra patted the rustic seat upon which she was sitting, inviting him to come beside her.

"You like Deeming Hall, Nathan?" she asked.

"I never really believed there could be so perfect a spot," he said honestly, gazing about at the garden.

About them hung the wonderful roses of Devon; late blown upon heavy stems; they fast were losing their hues in the twilight, but their odor pervaded the still, evening air with a soft sensuousness.

"For what, Nathan?" Genevra asked.

He sat down obediently as she patted the seat again, and he offered the expected answer.

"For you and me to sit together, of course."

"Yes. Maud knew we needed this," Genevra said. Maud was Lady Holles, and it gave Nathan a thrill of surprise, yet, that a girl whom he called by her first name called a "lady" Maud. "It's good to forget the war for an hour or so, isn't it?"

"Very good, Genevra, but now it's so near over——"

"That you prefer to think beyond it?"

"Yes, I've been doing that," Nathan said.

"Tell me what you've been thinking—after the end of the war."

"How can I, Genevra, they're so many things."

"Then start with those in relation to me."

"What?"

"Surely you've some thought about me, Nathan."

"Of course, but——"

"What, Nathan?"

"The end of the war means leaving England, of course."

"Yes."

"And leaving you, Genevra. That's why I didn't want to think of that now."

"WHY leaving me? I'll be returning to America, too; we lived there before the war almost as much as here."

"I know, but—" he halted again—"I'll not be able to interest you then."

"Why not?"

"The war'll be over. You'll be out of it, and I'll still be in the Navy. And we'll be back to all the old realities again."

"Of what sort?"

"Differences which had been let down for the duration of the war—such as my position and pay of two thousand a year and your position and your income. You've sort of abandoned both, you see; while I've seemed something more than I likely ever will be again."

"Oh, I'd risk appearing in mufti, if I were you."

"You mean leaving the Navy after the war?"

"After the war—why not?"

She said it with languorous allure; and there in the twilight and amid the heavy odor of the roses, her hand touched his and clasped it. It startled him and set his heart to beating so that, for a moment, he could not reply. He could not understand her. He heard her humming to herself a low, melodious measure.

"What is that, Genevra?"

"You like it?"

"I heard you playing it, I think, this afternoon."

"Yes, I was composing it, then."

"What for?"

"That cloud up there, see it! The evening cloud catching that last light of the sun when we're all in the dusk here below. The words were in the book you brought me.

You are the evening cloud floating in the sky of my dreams.
I paint you and fashion you ever with my love. . . .

"Genevra!"

"I'm just quoting!"

"I know, but——"

"Careful, Nathan. Some one's coming!"

THEY rose together, their hands still clasped; she broke away and ran a few steps. When he followed, she fled further; then, as they heard some one approach, suddenly she turned back to him. She looked up at him and her hand, raised to brush aside a twig, touched his face, as if by accident her soft fingers lingered on his cheek for an instant with a passion which amazed him. The next instant the intruder appeared and they all went up to the house together.

Nathan and Genevra sat side by side at dinner—a gay, triumphant dinner, for the news of that day was very good. Later there was dancing and tardy guests to meet. Nathan did not see Genevra alone again and when they parted for the night, they had only a handclasp.

"To-morrow," she whispered.

"To-morrow," he replied, not knowing himself what he meant. Her fingers drew slowly and unwillingly from his hand.

When at last he was in his room, he flung himself across the bed and lay wide awake, thinking. Genevra Hartridge wanted him to go further with her; she had meant—yes, she must have meant that she wanted him to ask her to be his wife. His heart was pounding at the thought, his pulses beating fast and full—almost as though he had been drinking. It was an amazing, intoxicating realization that he might marry Genevra—become her husband and the son, the only son, of Cornelius Hartridge. And he liked Genevra—loved her? No, he did not try to deceive himself about that. He did not believe that she loved him, but he interested her. Love would not enter largely in any match which Genevra might make; it would be merely mutual fondness, fascination, satisfaction with each other. He could meet those demands; yes! And, with her as his wife, and with Hartridge his father, he could make of himself—anything he wished!

He jerked and sat up straight, winking. What was the matter with him? What was he thinking of? Was he—as his old friends in Charlevoix were saying—planning a marriage for money and position? Had he put off his marriage with Alice, not for her sake really, but for—Genevra?

NO, THAT was not true, he defended himself. He had loved Alice; he loved her now. But for the fact that she had misunderstood and given him up, he would be true to her in all his thoughts now. But she was to marry another man; in all likelihood—he had not heard for months—she had married him. The man must have been going to war; she, too, perhaps, had been going to war in the Red Cross. People married under such circumstances. So it was no use for him to think about Alice. He must make his own life over without love like the first love again. He liked Genevra, and he might marry her. "To-morrow," she had said; "To-morrow," he had replied; that meant that to-morrow she expected him to say whether he wanted her, and it meant that to-morrow he must—or lose her forever. A girl like Genevra did not offer herself to a farmer's son more than once.

He lay back again, staring at the ceiling, his pulses pounding and pounding.

A servant tapped at his door and brought in a telegram. It was from Billy Darrow, who had been left in charge of the *Ewen;* Billy had come down with influenza and had to go to the hospital, so Nathan must return to relieve him.

Nathan stood stiff. That meant he must catch the train at five in the morning and must go without seeing Genevra. It moved their to-morrow a week away or two weeks or a month, who knew? But it still kept their next meeting "to-morrow."

Nathan sat down and wrote a note to her, just telling her why he had to go; he wrote a line also to Lady Holles, then, going to bed, he slept, and before dawn he returned to Plymouth. On Monday, without a chance of seeing Genevra again, he put out for Brest. But before the *Ewen* left, he received from Genevra a large photograph of herself taken in the dress which she had worn in the garden. In reply to his note he received from her the one line, "Come back to me."

The three days since he left her had witnessed developments on the western front so momentous that the end of the war seemed actually at hand, but as though to make up for the German disasters on land, the U-boat commanders were striking more savagely and recklessly than before. The weather too had changed to favor their attacks and to spread confusion in the Allied convoys. Fog was over the Channel as the *Ewen* and nine other destroyers arrived off Brest; the convoy was delayed, so the destroyers went in and the *Ewen* discovered before her a cargo boat, short of three hundred feet in length, with a tall, bluff bow and low in the middle and with funnel and deckhouses astern.

Nathan was officer of the deck and

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Walter Gregg, his skipper, jerked about in amazement as Nathe remained silent and Walter quickly called the order which Nathan should have given. Nathan could not explain that when he tried to speak, something stuck in his throat; for the freighter was a lake boat from Michigan. The Government had been taking the boats off the lakes, he knew—almost everything seaworthy which would go through the locks at the Welland Canal. Several times he had seen ships in convoys which he had recognized as from the lakes, and for many months—since he had heard from home that the *Cummings* had been taken—he had been looking half fearfully for her. Here she was or one like her, and Nathan had talked to Walt Gregg about wanting to go ashore at Brest.

He had lost all desire about going ashore, but he recognized that this was from apprehension of meeting Captain Elston, which was foolish from every angle, because there were a score of boats like the *Cummings;* even if that ship was the *Cummings,* he wasn't sure that Elston still commanded her; moreover, Nathan had no reason to be ashamed of meeting Captain Elston, for Alice of her own will had ended their engagement and was to marry—or already had married—another man. So Nathan went ashore and to prove that he was ashamed of nothing, he went around to the dock at which the crew of the lake vessel were likely to land.

He found several boys waiting for a boat. A couple of them talked like the boys he used to know—the sort of boy he used to be.

"You're from that vessel?" he asked one of them.

"Yes, sir."

"What's her name?"

"The *Narraganset* now, sir."

"I mean what was she on the lakes—the *Cummings* of Manistee?"

"Oh, no, sir, she's the old *Houghton.*"

Nathan drew a long breath. "Of course," he said, "out of Duluth."

He turned back from that dock and passed the piers where transports were taking on wounded soldiers. Sight of the maimed men affected him surprisingly this morning; he had seen frightful wounds before without any such personal sensation. He said to himself that it was his consciousness of peace being really won, and that therefore these recent wounds were needless, which brought him such unusual reactions. He was feeling his own legs with his hands, he was putting one hand upon the other arm and he passed his fingers over his face as he went away from the hospital piers. There returned to him the feeling of Genevra's fingers on his face. Suppose he had been hurt as these men were? He shuddered and was ashamed of himself.

He approached a group of women and girls in Red Cross uniform; several of them showed injuries, probably received in the recent bombing of hospitals, he thought. Some of them were being sent home and, as they turned and glanced at him, Nathan was again conscious of constriction of his breathing. One of them might be Alice.

Innumerable times during the months since he last heard from home and learned that Alice was to go to France, he had imagined meeting her when he passed the places where girls from America gathered. Many, many times while he had been upon the bridge of the *Ewen* and the zigzag course of the destroyer about the convoy brought him close to the side of a passenger vessel or a transport, he had fancied that he saw Alice's figure in the line at the rail; many times his eyes had tricked him into thinking he looked into her face. His eyes so betrayed him now, but when he came close, he saw that none of these girls was Alice.

Nathan saw the smoke blow back and disclose the men he had failed to take.

He returned to the destroyer and a few hours later the transports and merchant ships—thirty-four in number—followed the war vessels out. Seaplanes and navy dirigibles—the blunt, tapering "blimps"—stood their guard in the sky; a scout cruiser pushed ahead, towing a captive observation balloon which rose and tugged two thousand feet overhead. The trawlers and little darting "chasers" took position between and about the zigzag columns of the convoyed ships, and surrounding all, steamed the destroyers, two leading, three to the right, three to the left, two trailing. The fog had cleared; soon

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"Tell the *Glamorgan* to keep away and maintain speed. I am going to take the men from the *Fosdick*."

the sun came out and the sea was almost smooth. A U-boat, even though moving submerged must show itself to the aircraft now as a shadow under the water. Every one on deck of the *Ewen*—as every one on the decks of the other ships—constantly was alert for sign of the Germans. The *Ewen* had dropped back to the station of a trailing destroyer, keeping watch at the rear. If any attack should come—if, in twilight, a U-boat did get in close to that convoy and loose its torpedo, or if one of those vessels blundered by night upon a floating mine—every one on the *Ewen* knew that the other vessels must maintain speed and course, no matter what happened; no ship must stop or slow to give aid to another vessel sinking—no ship, that was, but one of those destroyers in the rear.

In and out—eastbound and westbound with the convoys week after week, month after month, the *Ewen* had thus steamed as a trailing destroyer. Day after day, and, indeed week after week would pass without the *Ewen* once rushing up to the side of a sinking steamer, without once being called up to crowd its meager cabins and its narrow decks with men—and women—from a lost ship. Then the disasters might run in rapid succession. Nathan had noticed that they did. Every day would see some big ship "down," every new morning would bring strange guests to the crews' quarters and to the wardroom of the *Ewen*. The last convoy brought in had lost a ship; this—so Nathan felt with that unexplainable fatalism which war breeds—was going to lose one.

The water would whiten and rise at a steamer's side; then the low, dull reverberation of a torpedo bursting open a ship, the familiar signals would fly from masthead or register on the radio, and the *Ewen* scurrying in, would go alongside and take off the people.

But the night proved as secure and undisturbed as the day, and the convoy, following its prescribed and plotted zigzag course, was far out at sea. It was four o'clock in the next afternoon when Jimmie Keedan, appearing on the bridge to relieve Nathan as officer-of-the-deck, whispered:

"Take a look at Walt."

"What for?" Nathan asked.

"I think he's got the flu. He's just been damning me for saying he ought to have his temperature taken."

Nathan descended to the captain's room and knocked on the door.

"Who is it?" Gregg called, and when Nathan told him he replied, cordially, "What the devil do you want?" So Nathan opened the door and went in. Gregg—though the skipper and to be treated with all deference in the presence of the crew—had been only a couple of classes ahead of Nathan at the academy; they'd been on the football team together, and close friends ever since. Gregg was at his desk, a little flushed and bright-eyed. He had been looking over a letter, not an official letter, but one on private notepaper and in handwriting. He looked up from the letter to estimate Nathan's tall, easy figure.

"How do you do it, Nathan?" he demanded crossly. "How do you?"

"See here, Walt," said Nathan, "you ought to lie down."

Walt completely ignored the remark, crackling in his hand the stiff note-paper.

"Here's a girl I've spent days with," Walt went on, resentfully, "trying to make a hit. I take you with me once and we're there about an hour and a half, and for the first time in her life she writes to me to tell me "I thought your friend, Lieutenant Bennet, so interesting!" Walt rehearsed a line. "Now I've talked to that girl for hours on end about everything; you hardly said a damn word; and I bet you don't know her name."

"You're sick," Nathan insisted. "I'm going to get medico."

"He's sicker," Gregg returned with doleful triumph. "I'm all right."

"You will be if you take care of yourself; so do it, Walt!"

"You take care of yourself!" Walt returned, brandishing the letter in his hand. "You take damn good care of yourself!" he warned. "They all love you now," his eyes, admiring even in their resentful envy, looked at his friend's face and figure. "But you take damn good care of yourself, I tell you—of all of you! Now get out and I'll lie down."

Nathan went out, thinking less, just then, of Walt's words than of Walt's physical condition. It was pretty plain that Nathan, as second in command, would be acting skipper of the *Ewen* that night. And it didn't look like a particularly nice night. The seaplanes and blimps, which had accompanied the convoy near the coast, long ago had disappeared; the trawlers and little light "chasers" also had turned back; the scout cruiser with the captive balloon had vanished.

The destroyers were left only with the heavier cruiser, which would be the "ocean convoy," to take on the thirty-four transports and cargo ships. The orders were that the destroyers would convoy the ships to a position which they all should reach about four o'clock the next morning; then the thirty-four vessels would go on alone with a cruiser while the destroyers would steam about sixty miles to the south to pick up at daybreak an inward bound convoy for France.

The night closed down almost cloudless and with only a rim of an old moon hanging forlornly in the western sky; the stars wavered from the moisture in the air and the wet wind whipped up a sea which set the *Ewen* to rolling as only a destroyer can roll. By ten o'clock, when Walter Gregg went quite out of his head, Nathan took over command of the *Ewen* and stood watch on the bridge with Jim Keedan beside him. There was just enough light to make out, vaguely, the dark bulk of the nearest vessels in the convoy; the columns of ships stretched several miles ahead in the dark. At quarter past eleven, concussion came back, one shock trembling through the water.

"There goes, sir," Jim said respectfully to Nathan as captain.

Almost instantly four concussions followed in quick succession.

"Who's that, d'you suppose?" Nathan appealed to Jim.

Keedan, too, had been trying to place it.

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"The *Greene* or *Clayton*, I think, sir"; he named the destroyers ahead to the right.

The first shock plainly had been the burst of a torpedo striking a ship; the four would be depth bombs dropped from destroyers in the first rush of the counter attack. Nathan rang up full speed ahead. A gun was flashing now far ahead and its discharge beat back like hammer blows through the heavy air. A messenger from the radio room ran up on the *Ewen's* bridge. Jim had guessed well; the U-boat had struck from the right, the *Clayton* having got a glimpse of her periscope as she came up for the last look before letting go her torpedo. The *Clayton* was so close that it had tried to ram and then, overrunning, had dropped the four depth charges. But the torpedo had found its mark on a ship named *Stanhope*.

Nathan could see, as the *Ewen* raced ahead, that one of the vague bulks in the nearest column was dropped out of line; and as the others put on full speed and charged wildly this way and that in mad, frantic zigzag, the *Stanhope* was falling behind. She signaled again more definitely.

"Hit forward," Nathan informed Jim. "Taking in water of course; but bulkheads holding. Good for a couple of hours, if not hit again."

"Good!" Jim said. "They seem more off to the right, sir."

He was referring now, not to the torpedoed ship, but to the destroyers bunching to lay the depth-bomb barrage about the German U-boat. The flash of the gun, which the *Clayton* had been firing, had ceased, but the convoy was blazing and banging away.

The immediate business was old routine to Nathan. Since the torpedoed ship was not sinking, the *Ewen* could join in laying the barrage. He glanced back from the bridge and saw that the long row of depth charges—the innocent-looking "ash-cans" full of T.N.T.—lay in the racks ready to drop over the stern when the release lever pulled. He glanced at the "Y" gun—the mechanism for propelling, simultaneously, cylinders of death off to the right and to the left. The whole sea was shaking from the detonation of such cylinders. The *Clayton* was letting them go again; the *Greene* was dropping them, and the *Ward*, which also had come up.

Nathan directed the course of the *Ewen* to join the sweeping circle. A lookout called warning of a marker buoy, dropped by one of the other destroyers, to show where the U-boat had been seen. Nathan overran and ordered a charge dropped over the stern; ordered the "Y" gun to deposit its pair of cylinders to right and left; and now, as the *Ewen* veered, the "ash-cans" dribbled over the taffrail, sending up their mighty eruptions of water, shaking all the sea.

"Oil!" a lookout cried.

Nathan smelled it; a greasy film was on the water which splattered over the bridge. A year ago Nathan might have put down the oil for proof that the U-boat under the waves had been burst open. But now he knew better; and all this was still routine. He turned at last to Jim and said: "We'd better go over to the *Stanhope* now."

"Yes, sir."

He brought his boat close to the ship which had fallen far out of the column—a cargo vessel, returning to America in ballast and with a crew of thirty, two of whom had been killed. Nathan replied, in answer to inquiries which came over the radio, that the *Ewen* was competent to care for her; so he stood by while the rest of the destroyers went on with the convoy. Standing-by meant constant attention and no little danger; for if the U-boat hadn't been burst open—and if she were still around—she might do a good deal. But nothing more happened until three o'clock, when the *Stanhope's* bulkheads, which had been holding, began to go. Nathan signaled for her people to come off. He picked them up; and the *Stanhope* sank. The twenty-eight people were all men, Nathan observed. He sent most of them to the crew's quarters; but four, who had been hurt, he ordered to be cared for in the wardroom.

This, too, was routine; and the fact that the "medico" was ill, and therefore Nathan himself stopped in the wardroom to see how the doctor's aid had attended to the injured men. All this composed only a minor addition to duty.

One of the men had a bad face wound from a flying splinter; and when Nathan went on to his own room, and was alone for a moment, the fear—the degrading fear which had seized him at Brest—swept over him again. The battle-screen was over his window; so he had on his light and he took out his portrait of Genevra and her last message to him, "Come back to me."

What had changed in him since that evening in Lord Holles's garden? He had always been willing to run his chances

"Take the girl," he ordered, "to my quarters."

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of wounds; why was he different now? Because during these last days he had been building a future based upon his going back to Genevra as he was that night in the garden? "Come back to me just as you are," she meant, and she would lay all her world before him. But if he were hurt like that man below?

Nathan shook himself upright and returned to the bridge, where he found Jim mulling over reports of ships being sunk a hundred miles or so to the west. Plotting the positions, it appeared that a submarine had been following a slow, eastbound convoy which had only its ocean escort and that the convoy had been scattered so that the U-boat could pick off stragglers.

"Looks like work of one of U-139 class," Jim commented to Nathan as the *Ewen* dashed at full speed to the west.

Nathan nodded. U-139 was the class of submersible cruiser which only recently had begun to operate—the largest and most powerful built, of about three thousand tons and mounting two six-inch and two four-inch guns beside their torpedo tubes. The *Ewen* was a "thousand-tonner" with four four-inch guns.

The old moon long ago had set and the stars were obscured by low, scurrying clouds; the dawn was disclosing a foam-bestrewn sea, scudding to the east before a wind which was increasing to a gale. The *Ewen* buried her bows in huge waves as she bored to the west; green water swept in sheets over the side. Lifelines were out everywhere.

"Heinie's come up." Jim reported, dropping some of his formality with his friend as they were thrown against each other when the *Ewen* rolled half over. "The *Fosdick*, which is sending the present S.O.S., complains she's getting gunfire."

"How many gun captains can we show?" Nathan asked. He referred, by implication, to the influenza which during the night had spread among the crew.

"Two, if we fight soon," Jim assured cheerfully. "Logan and Wheeler—and most of the mates and pointers."

"That's good," Nathan said a bit grimly. He was thinking of the first thousand yards or so of contact with the German when the U-boat's sixes would be outranging the *Ewen's* guns.

"MAYBE they've flu on board, too," Jim suggested hopefully. The smoke which soon was to be observed streaking over the waves was from the *Fosdick*. She said she was a cargo vessel, with just her crew on board; a mixed cargo—a trifle uncomfortably mixed, her radio man now was admitting. She was not strictly a munition carrier, but she had a certain number of loaded things in her hold which might go off if they got too hot. The captain had no hope now of saving the ship; in fact, the crew had tried twice to launch boats in the last fifteen minutes; but the sea had smashed both. The U-boat's shells had smashed the others. No; the *Fosdick* wasn't being shelled now and didn't see the Hun; but undoubtedly he was about.

Nathan had his crew at general quarters—a gun captain or a gunner's mate at each piece and most of the pointers, sightsetters and strikers. The torpedo men were at the tubes; the "Y" gun was loaded again with depth charges and ten more of the cylinders remained in the racks at the stern. Nathan set the *Ewen* on a course to veer wide off from the *Fosdick*. His business, he decided with himself, was to look for that submersible. He wanted a fight—he preferred a fight, just then. But he knew that a U-boat—even a three-thousand-tonner—does not like to delay on the surface when a destroyer has come up. Jim also knew that; young Wendall, the ensign on the bridge with them, and the chief quartermaster knew it too; and the seamen in the watch stations and the helmsman turning the wheel in obedience to Nathan's orders.

THE business of this morning was beginning to deviate from routine. A new streak of smoke was showing in the southwest; funnel smoke from a steamer seeking convoy which, she believed, was to be found about here. The *Ewen's* radio rasped back for explanation: "Contact" for some reason, yet undiscovered, had been missed; orders gone wrong. Nathan advised the *Glamorgan*, which was the steamer's name, to pass this stretch of sea at full speed, often altering course; then he returned his attention to the *Fosdick*.

She had lost headway as the flames, which were eating her out, had captured the engine pits and the fire-rooms. The flames were bursting up through new, sudden chasms in the decks, and it was perfectly plain that, unless Nathan took off her crew, every man must be lost. And there was only one possible way to take off her crew and that was to put the *Ewen*—with her guns and magazines, her torpedoes and her thousands of pounds of T.N.T. in those cylinders on the after-deck—alongside that burning ship, and so close that the crew might leap from one ship to the other.

The danger to the *Ewen* would be tremendous; but such danger he had disregarded. He turned and gave the order to bring the *Ewen* up beside the *Fosdick*.

Now there are ways of giving an order; and in a question such as how close a helmsman is to steer one ship beside another, drifting and burning in a heavy sea, the manner of giving the order, more than the words, may govern. Nathan knew that; and as he looked about at Jim and at the quartermaster and at the helmsman, he felt it was as though he had said aloud, "Go close, but keep us safe."

He turned back and gazed, not at the *Fosdick*, but over the scudding waves beneath which—somewhere—the submersible U-139 was lurking. And the conviction that, in going up beside the *Fosdick*, catastrophe would come, fastened itself upon him. A torpedo would strike as one had struck the *Stanhope;* men—his men—would be blown to bits and others torn and maimed; and he would be among them. The vision of the man from the *Stanhope* rose before him as a vision of himself; he saw himself carried to a hospital where Genevra would come—once—to see him. And Walt's warning of the evening before, winced through him: "You take care of yourself—you take care of all yourself!"

He tried to forbid these thoughts and these visions as he stood at his post gazing out over the sea; but he could not down them. His ship slowly was working around to windward of the *Fosdick* and beginning to bear down. A lovely target for U-139—a destroyer, almost stopped, in front of a burning ship!

Signals were going to the engine-room every few seconds now; and Nathan looked to the helmsman and then to the *Fosdick* and to the helmsman again as he measured the narrowing water between the ships.

Orders were going back to the helmsman; sometimes, instead of speaking, Nathan nodded to unuttered appeals from the helmsman; sometimes he shook his head or motioned with his hand this way or that. Spray deluged them as the *Ewen* offered her beam to the waves; and the *Ewen* rolled—rolled so that every one clung to something, half helpless themselves as they came up, offering aid. And by some freak of the gale, the wind was veering and blowing the smoke—and the flame—directly toward the *Ewen*. It shrouded the whole hull and deck of the *Fosdick;* it shrouded the crew—if survivors remained—upon the burning ship; and the wind and the wash of the waves, the fan of the flames and the bursting of things in the burning holds stopped shouts from reaching the bridge of the *Ewen*—if now there were any one left to call from out of that smoke. And the helmsman, unable to see for the moment, wavered and hung back.

THE instant had come—as Nathan knew the instant was sure to come—when everything depended upon him—disaster, complete and frightful, to all the souls aboard both vessels; the saving of all; or the passing of the *Ewen* without greater risk, without saving other men and yet without losing its own. The moment called for all that might be in a man—to master other men, to imbue them with confidence, coolness, sureness, skill, to carry them up steadily and unafraid under those flames, to guide them as they coughed and choked in that blinding smoke. And Nathan tried to call that from himself—tried and saw the *Ewen* drift past the *Fosdick* and drop away; saw the smoke blow back at last and disclose on the *Fosdick's* bow the men he had failed to take.

Few, they were—very, very few. Nathan's crew were five times their number. In addition, Nathan had on board the *Stanhope's* people, some of them injured; and Walt and many more of the *Ewen's* men were sick. Remembrance of them rose to argue with Nathan that he had done right when the smoke so suddenly clouded about, right not to have forced further and to have destroyed, uselessly, his own ship.

There was no reproach in Jim's face as Nathan glanced at Jim; young Wendall had expected no more; and the men—Nathan could not make out their feelings as they stared back at the *Fosdick*. But nothing suggested blame of him; they had heard his orders; they had known that he had told them to go closer. He felt that he had done all that could be expected. And yet he was aware in his soul that now, as he was bringing the *Ewen* around to try again, this time he would give the orders only as before—he would make his men do no more.

Something was gone from him which he had had till a few days before—something the absence of which weakened and

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France After the War

The Gentle Art of German Destruction

By Jean Proix

In the field of economics, the name Jean Proix is one to conjure with in France. Research in France, England and Germany in the years just before the war went into the equipment of this young Frenchman who has won high recognition as an expert. Four years with the army interrupted the studies of Jean Proix, but did not diminish his ardor for getting at facts and for looking at them in what he calls "the common-sense way." Proix is from a North of France family. His own home was looted. When he writes of the German outrages there, as he does in this article, he writes from a first-hand knowledge of the facts.

EVER since the first weeks after the outbreak of the war, France has had a costly honor conferred upon her; ever since 1914 her soil has been the battle-field of the Allied coalition.

After the Battle.

As soon as the Germans had crossed over the frontiers they entered the most productive parts of the whole country. In order to reach them now, from the south or from the east, one has to travel through absolute desert. For miles and miles, barring the trenches and the rusty-wire entanglements, there is no trace of human civilization left. The sight of this horror-stricken country is enough to turn the stanchest militarist into a quiet pacifist. The Germans might say that our guns did as much damage as theirs. This is partially true. But the Germans did not fight the war with their soldiers only; they also fought it with their technical experts. What I wish to point out is the economic warfare which they have methodically carried out behind the line.

A precise instance will help to illustrate what I mean. My home was in Douai. When I visited the town, soon after the Germans left it, I found it untouched by shell fire. Strange as it may seem, the houses are standing and the roofs are on the houses. But every place has been ransacked; so much so that in my house the only articles of furniture left are two stools, one of which is of no value. The other, a light gilt footstool in the drawing-room, is smashed. Every other article of furniture has been stolen. The valueless contents of every drawer were thrown on the floor and soiled. Some valuable paintings by Corot were hanging in one of the rooms. They were carefully selected, the canvas was cut out of the frames in the cleanest possible way and removed by the Germans, whereas a hole was kindly kicked through the others. This is a precise instance of their methodical thefts. When the people who lived in the house were turned out by the Germans they took away the few papers that were in the safe which was fast to the wall; they left the key on the safe door and the door ajar, as much as to say that there was no need to break it open. On the safe I found a short hatchet by means of which the door had been smashed. Is this destruction for its own sake? No, this is methodical destruction. The safe would eventually have to be replaced, and very likely by one of German make.

In order to carry out their looting undisturbed, the Germans evacuated the whole population from Douai, without the slightest military reason for doing so, forcing sick old women, like my grandmother, aged seventy-five years, who for two years had not moved out of her room, to *walk* fifteen miles.

I have related this instance because the same characteristics are to be found, on a larger scale, in every detail of the economic war which the Germans fought behind the firing-line against the industrial region of France; they have been methodical even in their theft. 'Twas good enough for the romance burglar to steal anything he could lay hands on. The modern burglar, with his up-to-date set of tools, carefully, even scientifically, selects what can be of value to him. But he does not smash the remaining articles. That he leaves for the Germans to do.

The invaded regions of France were doubtless, before the war, the busiest hive of the country, and certainly one of the busiest in the world. Lille, Roubaix and Tourcoing, lying close together, were the French Manchester and Bradford. The bleachers and the dyers (with their chemical industry), the spinners, carders and weavers of cotton and wool worked, so to speak, hand in hand. Two groups of mines, in the Pas de Calais and in the northern district, fed this enormous industrial body. The coal of Anzin and Lens gave life to the Roubaix, Tourcoing and Sedan linen factories; to the glass factories at St. Gobain (which have been working since the seventeenth century), at Anzin and Aniche; to the cotton and woolen factories at St. Quentin; to the thread factories at Lille; to the iron engineering works at Denain, Maubeuge, Briey, Douai, Fives (where the mightiest engines were turned out, together with rails, turn-bridges and cranes). Our statistics show that the total steam machinery of France amounted in 1912 to 3,325,000 horse-power, out of which 1,250,184 horse-power were in the regions which have been invaded by the enemy. We may, therefore, roughly say that one-third of the total French steam-power has been stolen—put out of operation or destroyed.

As soon as the armistice was signed we were able to discover what the German system had been like during that four years. Chambers of Commerce gave us information; the heads of the big industrial firms told us the detail of their patient every-day fight against their German rivals who came to take away the French plants and machinery. Lastly, our experts went and saw the state the works and factories were left in by the retreating enemy.

The Germans first took away all the existing stocks of raw material and finished articles that were in the stores. Being short of leather, brass and copper, they removed the leather belting and the fittings from the factories, which was like taking the nervous system from the human body. In order to do this, they wantonly destroyed looms and spindles. For instance, in one of our spinning machines, the spindle runs in a brass cup. The total amount of brass removed from four hundred such spindles in Roubaix was six kilograms, and was roughly worth eighteen francs. In order to get eighteen francs' worth of brass, the Germans dismantled the four hundred spindles, which were worth eight thousand francs.

The next step was a methodical inspection of the plant and machinery by German experts and even by German industrial workers. Time after time the French industrial managers who had declined to work for the Germans, saw their rivals, whom they had met in foreign markets in pre-war days, come and look round their works. There is not a single French secret, not a single French patent or process that has not been carefully studied by the Germans. The German manufacturer would then select the loom, or whatever article he thought might be useful to his industry,

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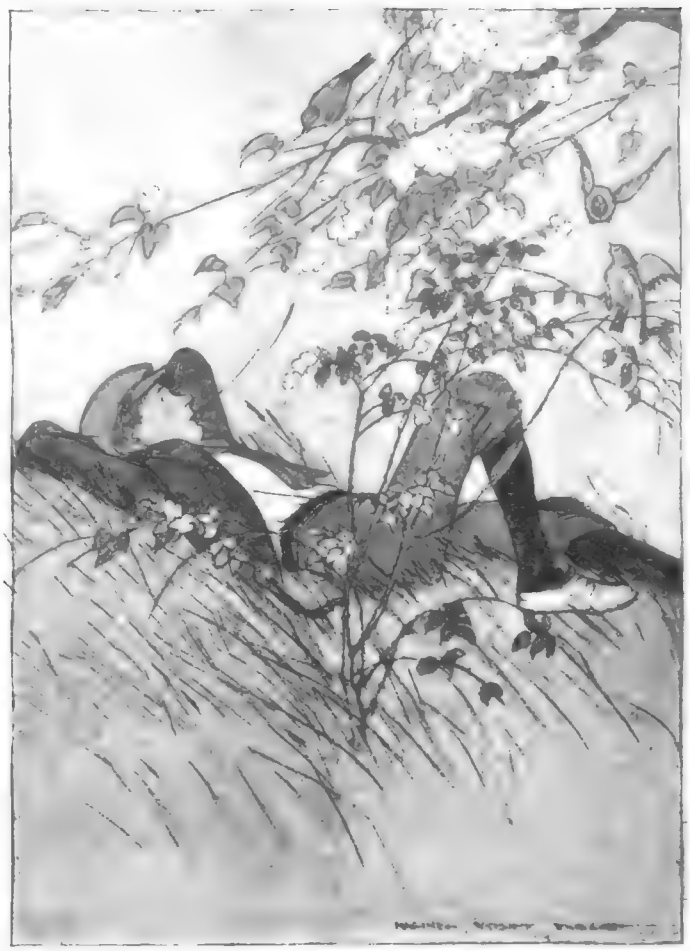
Longies

By
Wilbur S. Boyer

Illustrated by
Maginel Wright Enright



Johnnie lay perfectly still and watched.

IT WAS Saturday.

Johnnie Kelly got off the car at Dyckman Street, turned his back on the nest of apartments already crowding nature off the end of Manhattan Island, and pursued his solitary way westward toward the ferry which would take him to Interstate Park across the Hudson. He sniffed ecstatically the fragrance of green grass and shrubs and budding trees. He was living in a boy's enchanted land of imagination. Out from under his coat he drew the Kelly clothes-line, made into a lasso. It was all there. He dared not cut it, for on Monday it must dry the Kelly wash.

"There, you villain!" he growled as upon the third attempt he settled the loop over a fire-hydrant. "Say your prayers. You've murdered your last innocent settler."

The hydrant made no answer.

"Bang!" said Johnnie. He staggered back, clasping his right arm with his left hand.

"Shot!" he snarled. "Thought you'd drop me in me tracks, did you? Take that!"

Up to the hydrant he stepped, pointed his forefinger at it, thumb up. "Bang! bang! bang!" Down came his thumb at each bang in imitation of the hammer of a revolver.

He released the lasso and kicked the hydrant. "T'row his corpse over the cliff," he ordered some phantom confederate, and continued his journey, winding his lasso on his arm.

Near the ferry he was met by little Max Schuler. "Hey! There's a mob of girls here, and you're the only big feller."

Johnnie came down from the clouds with a thud. "What?" he choked out indignantly, contemplating with chagrin the patches on his knees. His wardrobe boasted three pairs of knee-breeches. There was a good pair for Sunday, and second-best knickers for school; but the old friends that now clung tight to his thighs were just breeches in the doubtful stage. Welcome would be the day when these last would refuse to do their duty, the other two would each step down a peg, and he could blossom forth in his first longies. "I t'ought spoiled!"

Mr. Parks said dis was to be a stag?"

"He did. But most of the fellers couldn't come. Some's got to sell Victory Bonds, and some's working war gardens, so after you got sent out of the classroom yesterday——"

"And what for? Jist sayin' I didn't want to spend a good Sa'day takin' care of a lot of girls!"

"Well, after you went out, Geo'gia got to coaxin' him, and he gave in."

"She's always workin' him," growled Johnnie. "Why does everybody let that yellow-haired kid soft-soap 'em into doin' anythin' she wants? I wouldn't do a t'ing for her, I bet."

That he did not like Geo'gia, Johnnie was certain. In the first place, he could not forgive her for laughing at his English. In the second place, she was pretty, which was enough, in his estimation, to condemn any girl. In the third place, without any apparent effort, this bright Southern miss of thirteen years had captured the hearts of Class 7B, the teacher included, which proved how silly they all were, and Johnnie had no intention of exhibiting such weak-mindedness.

"Is Mr. Parks here yet?" he asked his classmate.

"Yes."

"Well, I ain't goin' along. Girls ain't no use out on a trip like this. I hope somethin' comes along to give Geo'gia a good scare, too. Jimminy! A whole Sa'day spoiled!"

When Johnnie first came to School 199, he had been totally indifferent to personal appearance. Now, however, he kept close watch on his classmates and saw to it that none was more neatly dressed than he. Hard enough would it have been this Saturday to present himself before the boys in those work-day trousers—which his mother had insisted he must wear—but let the girls see them? Never! He was not afraid of girls. He could tolerate them. At picnics girls usually carried loads and loads of dandy grub, and a fellow had a good chance of obtaining his share, if he were diplomatic. But how could a fellow be diplomatic in a pair of patched pants? His day was spoiled.

"Home for mine," he told Max; and in spite of his classmate's coaxing, he actually did start back toward the car-line.

But after Max had shuffled off, Johnnie managed to creep back to a point where, unseen himself, he could take observations. Blackly he glared at sunny-haired Geo'gia, bubbling with animation in the midst of the group of girls and small boys gathered near the ferry-house. Each little miss in holiday attire of white middy and blue skirt was carrying a shoe-box under her arm, and alluring were the visions of the contents. Each boy's bulging pockets told where he carried his lunch.

His own four sandwiches had been consumed on the way up-town, not because he was hungry, but because he thought the others would probably have a better lunch

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than he, and he would be ashamed of it. Now came doubts as to the wisdom of his act. How much worse it would appear not to have any lunch at all. If he went home to eat, his mother would tease him unmercifully.

He took his money from his trousers pocket and counted it: Forty cents. Why not stay on this side of the river and buy something to eat?

Across the Hudson the Palisades, like a broad, green ribbon, stretched north and south as far as the eye could see. Oh, it was an enchanted land that loomed up there—Interstate Park, a land of frowning precipices and eerie caverns, a land one could imagine abounding with deadly Indians and wild animals, a wonderful country—the Land of Fancy!

Five cents across, five cents back, five cents carfare home, and twenty-five for ice-cream cones and soda at the stand near the ferry across there at the foot of the Palisades—ten cents before, and fifteen after, the plunge into the wilderness.

The decision was made: better cones and soda and the wild woods than a full stomach and city pavements. And since patched knickerbockers forbade social intercourse, so be it: there would be a lone cowboy in the Jersey wilds, let 7B and Geo'gia Carter roam where they willed.

Back into his trousers pocket went the money.

Two or three more joined the class, and Mr. Parks led them aboard the ferry-boat. Johnnie remained out of sight and invented conversations between himself and Mr. Parks, in which the teacher got a good overhauling for letting girls come along. By the time Johnnie got through, the imaginary Mr. Parks was completely squelched and Johnnie's spirits were coming back.

Aboard the next boat went the boy, his lasso concealed under his coat, being attached to a hook rigged to the armhole. He gravitated at once to the engine-room. He was leaning over the half-door engrossed in the contemplation of the moving machinery when some one roughly pushed him aside and settled into his place. Johnnie was not accustomed to such treatment. Resentfully he turned. The intruder was a boy of Johnnie's height, but heavier. In his hard features one could read that he was a couple of years older than Kelly. Over one eye he wore his cap. The ostentatious way in which he kept his hands in his pockets to hold his coat back caught Johnnie's eye; and a glance at the sharp crease in the long trousers confirmed the red-headed boy's suspicions.

JOHNNIE wet his finger and rubbed it along the crease of the new pantaloons.

"How dey do affect the noddle the first time a feller puts 'em on, hey?" he remarked coolly.

The other thrust his nose close to Johnnie's and glared his fiercest.

"Tryin' to guy me?" he snarled. "Be careful, little one. I'm Slugger Sam, champeen of Sixty-t'ird Street. I'm liable to smash all your freckles into one big smudge."

Johnnie drew away with a bored expression. "Pleased to meet your acquaintance, Sam," he returned carelessly. "I'm Cowboy Kelly, champeen of der Bronx. Hope we meet again."

And Johnnie Kelly diplomatically withdrew, followed by Slugger Sam's derisive chuckle of victory.

Before the boat reached the Jersey shore Johnnie was angry with himself through and through. He should have stuck right by the engine-room door and had it out with that tough. He should have wiped the deck with the arrogant Sam. He would—next time.

The class were nowhere in sight when Johnnie got off the boat; for which he was thankful. Sam was too preoccupied smirking at a group of girls to notice Johnnie's scowl, so the cowboy decided to postpone Sam's undoing for a time. Away from the crowd he hurried and made for the rough path leading north near the shore. The call of the woods made him forget all about soda and ice-cream.

At first he chafed under the restraints imposed by the presence of others. Hardly could he lasso a single Indian or desperate character—impersonated by a rock or a stump or bush—without being obliged to curtail some of the dramatics and mumble the conversation between himself and the foeman, owing to the proximity of chattering children or some couple sauntering blissfully along hand in hand.

THE upper reaches of the slope near the foot of the precipice afforded more opportunities for heroics; but even then one could not shout out the altercations in true Western style. Later, farther away from the ferry, his fancy soared to wilder flights, and his cup of joy was full.

Around eleven-thirty o'clock, however, came a suspicious emptiness where lunch ought to fit. Ice-cream and soda were far behind him. There was no sign of Mr. Parks and Class 7B, though they must certainly be somewhere ahead; and now came visions of shoe-boxes. There must be heaps to eat in that crowd. Strong was the temptation to seek them. His eyes dropped to contemplate his knee-patches, and the light died out.

Listlessly he threw himself into a patch of high grass, pulled a seed stem and put into his mouth the tender base end. He liked it, and repeated again and again. A bluebird settled on a bough across the path. A saucy robin redbreast came within twenty feet and called his mate. Johnnie lay perfectly still and watched. In fancy he found himself supplied with wings. A very small, powerful motor of a kind the world had never seen before was on his back. He had but to press a button on his coat and the noiseless machinery would start his arm-wings going and up he would scoot right through the trees toward that blue patch of sky, and he could look down and pick out the party with the best lunch, and glide down right in among them, and get invited to sit down and eat—of course, he'd not be wearing patched knickers. No, that was not just the way it was. The wings were not attached to his arms. They were separate, because he couldn't knock the stuffing out of that Sam if the wings were tied to his arms. Oh, yes! His arms had levers along them, attached to that machine on his back; and if he pressed one certain coat-button with a finger of his left hand, his trusty right would shoot out like a piston-rod. Sam would turn three back somersaults and land in a heap.

Johnnie leaped to his feet. The robin and the bluebird flew away. Johnnie pressed a button on his coat and planted a straight-arm jolt with keen relish upon the imaginary Sam's jaw.

A stone struck him between the shoulders.

"Hello!" greeted a voice behind him; and there in the flesh stood the belligerent Sam. "Whatcher doin'? Workin' up a appetite?"

Johnnie measured him up and down. He had met a good many Sams in the city parks; for the Sams confine their activities to places where there is the least danger of interference from meddlesome grown-ups. This Sam showed symptoms of being a novice. There was a lack of assurance that comes with many victories. The Slugger's advances toward the girls down by the ferry had betrayed crudeness and uncertainty. Undoubtedly Sam's first pair of long trousers was affecting him badly.

"Naw!" retorted the auburn Kelly after his lengthy survey. "I'm punchin' a hole in the wind to make room for your hot air. Whatcher t'rowin' stones at me for?"

"The kid's clever," sneered Sam. "I guess he's spoilin' for a busted bean."

"You ain't," said Johnnie; "yours is cracked a'ready."

Sam doubled up his fists and came on. Johnnie got out of his way and put his fingers up to his nose and laughed.

When Johnnie stopped running two minutes later, Sam was not in sight. Johnnie sat down in the grass to get his breath. The more he thought over his flight, the hotter he got. This was the second time he had avoided conclusions with Slugger Sam. Fear had not caused him to flee; he simply wanted to get his opponent's goat. But it did not look that way. Through his mind ran versions of the affair as it should have been. In each of these, Johnnie was the conqueror. Sam was battered to a finish in the prize-ring, thrown over a cliff, lynched, or blown up by Johnnie's submarine.

The reverie put Cowboy Kelly in a heroic state of mind. He got to his feet and with a determined air stamped up the path.

NOT half a mile farther on, Johnnie came upon Slugger Sam, a lunch-box under his arm, and facing him, red-faced and furious, was Geo'gia Carter—she who was the cause of all this Saturday trouble—a bunch of violets in her hand attesting the cause of her separation from the rest of the party.

"I'll carry it for you," Sam was saying. "Don't git mad. I just want to walk along with you. Ain't I good enough?"

"Ah can carry it myself," asserted the spirited Southerner indignantly. "Ah prefer to walk alone."

"Aw, be a nice girlie," simpered Sam, taking her by the arm and leering into her face.

"Please let me go," begged Geo'gia, "please, ah, please!"

A peculiar, sickening feeling came to the pit of Johnnie's stomach. Though too young to know evil fully at first hand, the boy was not ignorant of the workings of the rowdy's mind. Johnnie had always looked upon girls with scorn and disdain. Now, for the first time in his life, there flashed into this clean-minded, clean-hearted young soul the realization that a girl was entitled to his respect and his protection. That the girl in this case happened to be his classmate, Geo'gia Carter, served merely to bring this truth nearer home. There was no sentiment in his wrath. It was the awakening of true manhood.

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Scarcely had Geo'gia time for one frightened cry before it was echoed by Johnnie's furious bellow of rage as he came charging upon the scene.

Sam dropped the girl's arm and the lunch-box, and faced Johnnie.

"Don't run away, girlie," said the tough. "Jest watch me knock Cowboy Kelly's block off. Then I'll treat you to a ice-cream soda." He jingled some coins in his trousers pocket.

Johnnie was beyond words. He lunged at Sam so savagely that his opponent retreated. But the heavy coil of rope under his arm was not conducive to quick action. And Sam was no novice. Blow after blow he parried, once in a while landing a smart rap that straightened up the lanky cowboy; but mainly he devoted his ringcraft to leading Johnnie on. When he had the avenger of distressed maidens where he planned, the wily Sam shot out his left arm, caught Johnnie square in the eye and sent him heels over head over a fallen log and down a short embankment.

Johnnie untangled himself from the lasso, which added its treacherous coils to his difficulty, and scrambled to his feet. Geo'gia had fled with her lunch-box. Slugger Sam, hands in pockets, was sauntering up the river-path, whistling nonchalantly.

Johnnie felt of his damaged eye. He was strangely calm and thoughtful. It was no longer a boy's fight, but a real, grown-up struggle. He considered hurrying on to get in communication with Mr. Parks. Perhaps Geo'gia would do that very thing. But he had been sent from the classroom for calling attention to the weakness of girls! Now, a girl must not only appeal to the teacher for her own protection, but, doubtless, would beg assistance for the boastful Johnnie himself. It must not be. Johnnie vowed to seek Slugger Sam and have it out if he had to go home in an ambulance.

A breeze from the south revealed another result of the battle: a piece as big as his hand had been torn right out of the seat of his holiday trousers.

"Mother was right," he declared ruefully; then he grinned as a thought came to him: "Now, I guess I gotter have longies!"

He made deliberate preparations for his campaign against the enemy. On his arm he wound his lasso and hung it on the hook. At one of the hydrants scattered conveniently throughout the park his black eye got a cooling bath. Next came a bracing drink, and then started a hunt for the savage; but this time there was an earnest reality to it that forbade the boyish byplay of the morning.

He rounded a turn. There down on the beach were his classmates. Keeping out of sight, he came to the brink of the steep bank just above them and threw himself down to peer over the ledge.

The small boys were playing ball with an orange; the girls were setting out the lunch: sandwiches, pickles, apples, oranges, bananas, cake, bottles and jars with mysterious contents—my! How his mouth watered! Mr. Parks was not present. From remarks Johnnie learned that when Geo'gia had caught up to the party after her encounter with Sam, the teacher was on his way to Alpine, two miles or so farther on, to get soft drinks for the party. In response to Geo'gia's appeal, two of the boys had raced away up the road to relate the adventure to the teacher. Opinions differed as to what Mr. Parks would do.

"Johnnie don't need help," laughed Max. "He's too tough."

"Forward, march!" was the order.

"He's a gentleman," declared Geo'gia hotly.

"Y-yes," admitted Max. "I mean he's used to fighting. The other fellow won't be able to hurt him much; and when it comes to snappy tough talk, he's all right there."

Johnnie's cheeks burned. So his language placed him on a level with Slugger Sam!

But there came Geo'gia's loyal retort as balm on a wound: "Ah don't care how he talks; it's how he acts that counts. Ah wish Mr. Parks would hurry back. Maybe Johnnie did really get hurt."

Hurt! Did she think he was a baby? What was hurting him more than anything else was his empty stomach; and the chance of healing that hurt seemed hopeless; for, were he clothed in cloth of gold instead of seatless trousers, he was too ashamed to present himself before his classmates after the humiliating outcome of his encounter with Slugger Sam.

As he lay there, wistfully taking in the inviting display of eatables down there on the beach below him, a stone smashed a bottle of pickles in Geo'gia's hand. She screamed and ran. Another stone struck amid the group of boys, and there were cries of protest. Johnnie quickly located the source. Sam was in a clump of bushes near by. Sam was enjoying himself. And while the Slugger threw more stones and chuckled to himself at the discomfiture of the lunch-party, Johnnie loosened the lasso from its hook and crept toward the intruder.

So absorbed in his task was the loafer that Johnnie got close behind him without being discovered. With a well-calculated throw, the stalker settled the coils over Sam's head just as that worthy dropped his hands to his side. The loop jerked tight. Like a cat the Irish lad was upon his captive, throwing one half-hitch after another.

There followed an exciting two minutes. Neither boy made a sound loud enough to attract the attention of the chattering class; Johnnie had to conquer alone or not at all, for Sam was wise enough to see that a racket would only bring aid to the enemy.

Sam kicked and bit and scratched around; but, try as he might, he could not get his arms free.

Sam's language was not pleasing to Johnnie's ears.

"Cut out the rough stuff," the captor growled, snatching up a tuft of grass—roots, earth and all—"or I'll shove dis down your t'roat."

There was such determination in his voice that Sam wisely obeyed.

Johnnie took an observation of his classmates. They had settled down once more, unaware of the reason for their deliverance. The outcast grinned at them superiorly.

"Oh, I don't know," he observed in his enigmatical slang, and proceeded to march his prisoner back along the road away from the class, around a point, and down upon the beach.

"When I git loose," Sam gathered courage enough to hint.

"Silence, prisoner!" commanded the cowboy. "Sit down!"

Sam did not obey fast enough, so he was tripped up.

"You want to mind quick if you know what's good for you," he was told.

He was rolled over on his face, examined from head to foot, and rolled back again.

"What's dat for?" he demanded.

"Nothin'," replied Johnnie. "I got fooled. I t'ought I'd find it stamped on the bottom."

"Find what?"

"'Made in Germany.'"

Sam's retort was more expressive than elegant, and he got a mouthful of dirt for his pains.

The rope around the body of the prisoner was readjusted so that his left arm was freed.

"I see by the one wallop you give me that you're a left-hander," explained Johnnie. "Now, you like to t'row stones so much, especially at girls and kids, that I'm goin' to let you have one grand picnic. I ain't a tall selfish. You're goin' to throw two hundred stones, each as big as a egg, and each t'row must be as far as that log over there. Come on, stand up and begin. If you don't obey the rules, the th'ow don't count."

Slugger Sam made up his mind that he preferred to thrash his jailer single handed. He made the attempt. The set-to was short and decisive.

"I don't want to be too rough with you," declared Johnnie with provoking calmness, as he lifted Sam to a sitting posture,

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"because I hate to git your new pants mussed up, but I ain't foolin'."

"You don't fight square," whimpered Sam, who was rapidly losing his bravado; "you're a coward."

"This ain't a fight," explained his conqueror; "this is animal trainin'. You got to use jest enough t'rashin' to make 'em know who's boss, then try kindness. Now, go ahead and t'row like a nice chimpansy."

It was a long task. Sam was not a willing performer. Much persuasion and urging were required as the count went on and his arm grew weary. Somewhere in the second hundred the prisoner began to plead. He could scarcely lift his arm. At one hundred and eighty he dropped in a heap.

"Please let me go—please—ah—please."

Johnnie put his forefinger to his forehead to indicate thought.

"Where have I heard them words before—'Please, ah, please'? Seems to me a girl said them when you grabbed her and stuck your ugly mug in her face. My, oh, my!" He put his face close to Sam's and spoke fiercely, for he felt every word he uttered: "I've seen lots like you. You're dirty, right through. Cross me heart, I'm sorry for you. You kin never git over it—I mean the dirt inside; but you've got one good lesson to-day that will make you more careful next time."

Johnnie twisted himself into a knot to study the damage to his trousers.

"Say, Sam," he asked, "did you ever dream you lost your pants out somewheres where you shouldn't lose 'em?"

"Yeh," answered Sam. "You sure ain't got much pants on now." He found a grain of comfort in that fact, at least for a few minutes.

"Yeh," drawled Johnnie. "It's a fierce dream. Well, your dream is comin' true. I'm goin' to wear your pants to the picnic."

Then Johnnie Kelly freed his prisoner.

"Come on, now," said he, "keep me from doin' it, if you can."

All that had gone before was as nothing to the strenuosity of the next few minutes. There was a ferocity to the combat that made it close to dangerous. The Irish boy's blood was up and the rowdy discovered that he had made a mistake when he chose for an enemy Cowboy Kelly. The two hundred stones were, no doubt, the cause of the overwhelming victory. When the avenger got through, Sam had no resisting power left. Johnnie was in possession of the long trousers. He put them on.

"How do I look in longies, Sam?" he laughed. "Some class, hey? A bit loose, though."

A blubbered jumble of sounds was the answer.

"Don't git cross," cautioned the victor sweetly. "I ain't stealin' your clothes. I'm goin' to let you wear my pants home. Jest like I thought, you ain't been wearin' longies long, because you still wear stockin's instead o' socks, so you won't look so worse if you don't turn around. Now"—Johnnie found a piece of paper and a pencil in his coat pocket and wrote while he talked—"here's my address. You kin come git your pants any time after I git home. Don't bother bringin' mine—it's time I got longies, anyhow."

Sam sat up and tried to think up a retort. The removal of his trousers had taken from him the last vestige of bravado. Like Samson shorn of his locks, the Slugger was helpless. Johnnie helped him on with the dilapidated knickerbockers, then tied the prisoner's hands behind his back with scarcely a struggle.

"Forward, march!" was the order.

It was a spiritless prisoner that Johnnie paraded into the presence of his classmates.

"All right, he's safe!" Johnnie sang out, seeing that Mr. Parks was still away. "Don't git scared. I got 'im tamed."

"Let him go, Johnnie," begged Geo'gia. "We're better off with him nowhere around."

"In about two shakes he'll beat it with his breath in his fist," said Johnnie; "but first he's goin' to apologize. Down on your knees!" he ordered his captive.

It took more than moral suasion to make the captive obey, and Geo'gia made a half-hearted protest.

"It'll do him good," declared the avenger, "and it's lettin' him off easy. Now, Slugger Sam, champeen o' Sixty-third Street, say after me: 'I'm a loafer.'"

Johnnie choked this admission out of Sam.

"'And I'm sorry for what I done and I'll never bother you again.'"

The prisoner repeated the promise to avoid more punishment.

"'And Cowboy Kelly kin lick the stuffin' out o' me.'"

Sam didn't like this morsel, but he swallowed it.

"Get up! I'm goin' to turn you loose. You kin fight again, if you want to; but if you're wise, you'll back out o' here most polite, jest like goin' away from a king, jest lookin' around enough to see where you're goin'. And when you're out o' sight, you can turn around and run home and tell mama all about it."

As Johnnie unloosened the rope, his classmates stepped back expectantly, doubtless believing that no human being with a face like Sam's could stand such treatment. And when the mighty Sam backed away and vanished among the trees, Johnnie became the center of an excited, babbling group of grateful, hero-worshiping boys and girls.

Mr. Parks chose this moment to reappear. The small boys, with lively gusto,

There, down on the beach, were his classmates.

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rehearsed for his benefit as much of the affair as they knew.

Geo'gia said little except to thank the hero. She was flushed and subdued. Johnnie caught her observing the long trousers. It pleased him. He wished the other girls would stop pestering him. She was the only one who seemed to know enough not to make herself a nuisance.

When Mr. Parks called all hands to lunch, Johnnie found a space in the circle beside Geo'gia, drew up the trousers to save the crease, and settled down. He chose well.

"Try some of this chicken?" was her greeting, and he tried it.

Class 7B was generous to its hero. His newly acquired longies were rather large around the waist-band; yet bravely he tried to fill them out. Afterward he could recall hard-boiled eggs, sour pickles, ham, lettuce, sardine, and chicken sandwiches, olives and jam, dill pickles, coconut pie, angel-cake, radishes, lady-fingers, bananas, sarsaparilla, ginger-ale, and a thermos bottle of cocoa. But how much of these he consumed the boy could not remember.

It was around six o'clock when the returning picnic came to the ferry. Strolling behind were Johnnie Kelly and Geo'gia Carter, he with the bottom of his trousers carefully turned up swinging her hat by its strings. Such is the subtle influence of longies.

They reached the ice-cream and soda stand. In an inconspicuous corner outside sat Sam, burying his battered features in a plate of ice-cream. He did not see the couple.

"Sam promised you a treat, didn't he?" asked Johnnie, trying to speak with offhand carelessness. "Suppose you have one on me?" And he led her inside to a table.

Chocolate and strawberry ice-cream! The pair heard the toot of the ferry-boat and witnessed the departure of teacher and comrades without a qualm. It was the end of a perfect day.

Then Johnnie put his hand into his trousers pocket for his money—and it came out with just five pennies.

The blood rushed to the roots of his hair. Next he went cold. The creeps went up and down his spine. Geo'gia looked into his outstretched palm, and Johnnie could have sunk through the floor.

He looked about for some means of escape, and he felt Geo'gia's hand slide on top of his.

"You sit heah, tight," she whispered, "and eat very slow, and wait for me."

And she was gone.

Followed two minutes of suspense. He didn't know but what she intended him to sit there until she had gone home for money, and he wondered which way he would land when the proprietor kicked him out.

He breathed more freely when Geo'gia returned, calm and smiling, to her place by his side and slipped into his hand a quarter.

In a daze he paid the reckoning, got the five cents change, and followed the young lady out; and not until they reached the ferry-slip did either speak.

"Isn't this great?" laughed Geo'gia gaily. "Now, you've ten cents, and I have a dime of my own, and we can get home."

"Say," broke in a complaining voice at her elbow, "don't call a cop, but you took every cent and I can't git across the ferry. Won't you please lend me fi' cents?"

Johnnie had doubled up his fists as he recognized the voice of Slugger Sam; but Geo'gia put a restraining hand upon her escort's arm and surveyed the speaker.

"You'd better let him have those five pennies, Johnnie," she suggested, "and Ah'll walk all the way home with you."

"Why—er—" stammered the hero as he obediently passed over the change, "Geo'gia, you got enough to ride home—I kin walk alone."

"We'll both walk," she pronounced with an air that settled the question.

When the boat left the slip and the boy and girl were leaning over the forward rail together, Johnnie found his tongue.

"How'd you make him do it?" he asked in an embarrassed tone.

"Ah just went up to him and held out my hand and told him Ah wanted your money. Ah looked at a policeman near by, and your friend didn't have gumption enough to refuse me. That's all."

"But—but how did you know he had my money?"

Geo'gia flushed, laughed self-consciously, and looked at the longies.

"Ah have eyes," she declared demurely, "and Ah reckon Ah can use them."

Whereupon the little lady of thirteen tipped her pretty head to one side coquettishly, lifted her eyes, and used them.

But Johnnie Kelly was rearranging the lasso under his arm.

The Most Popular Man in Dawson

HE IS easily the most popular and talked-about man in Dawson. And has been for twenty years. For during all that time William Burwash hasn't once disappointed the people who watch and wait for his weekly arrival during the seven months after the Yukon freezes over and the faithful mail-stage from Whitehorse, three hundred and sixty miles away, is the only connecting link with the rest of the world.

Fourteen different relays of fresh horses it takes to make this trip of Postman Burwash's, for the dangerous trail leads over frozen lakes and rivers, along hazardous precipices and over slippery glaciers through baffling blizzards or the cruel cold of forty below.

The job needs a man like Kipling's shipwrecked mariner of "infinite resource and sagacity," for not only is the mail entrusted to his care but an occasional passenger who may be a "cheechaco," a fellow ignorant of the tricks of the cruel north. Or, again, he may have to carry a sack of gold worth almost anything up to half a million which must not be out of his reach for an instant the whole trip.

William Burwash is just such a man, prince of stage-drivers, gentle, calm and humorous.

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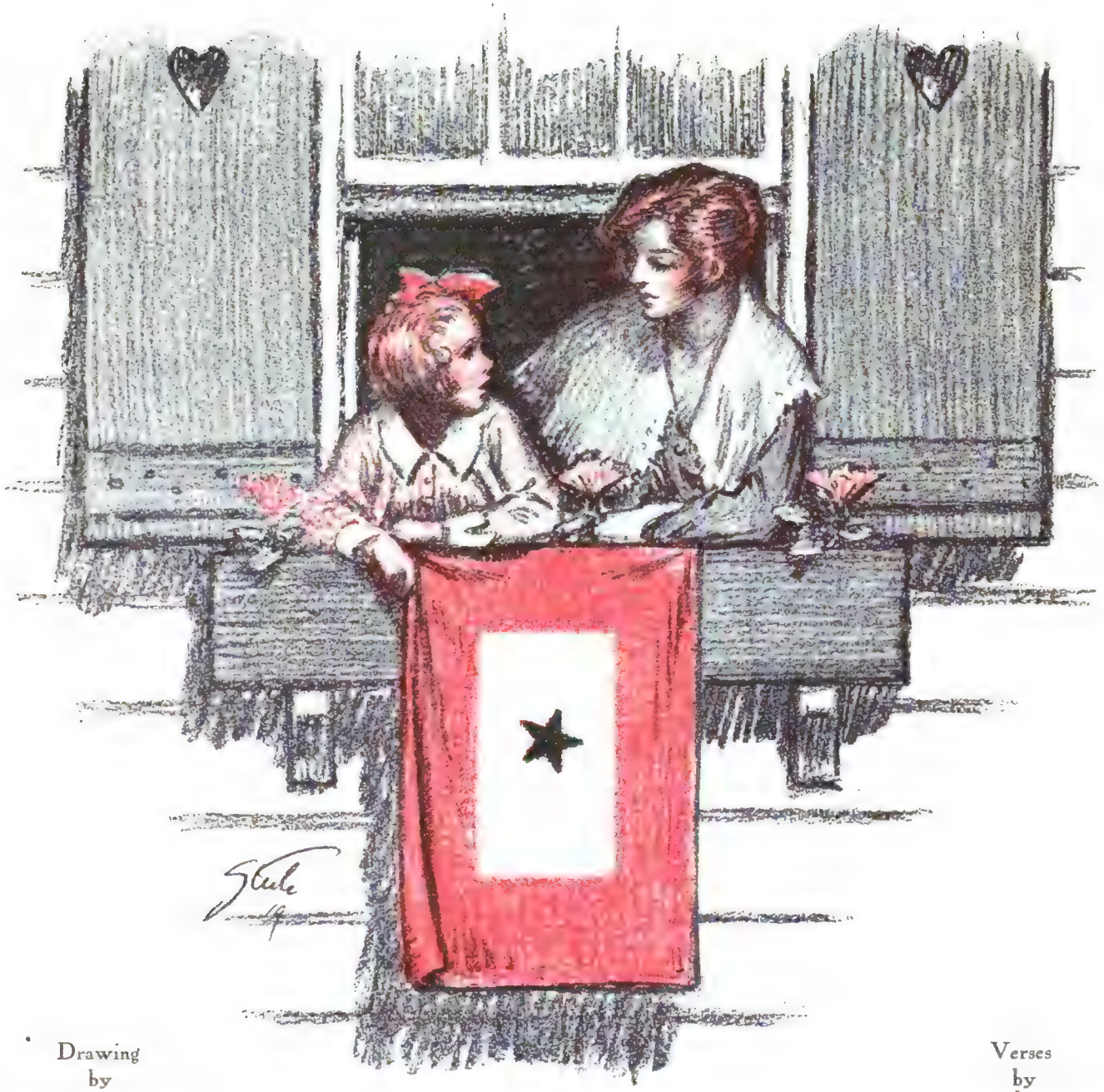

Drawing
by
Frederic Dorr Steele

Verses
by
Anne Herendeen

The Day

I and Mamma, the day he went,
We didn't cry, not we;
I kep' it in account of her
And she account of me.

And all the time he's been away
(He's very almost here)
We've both of us been brave as brave,
We haven't cried a tear.

(Oh, will he say how I have grown?
And will he hug us *tight*?)
How funny 'at Mamma and I
Cried awfully last night!

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Mister Hune

A Story of the New Washington

By Samuel Hopkins Adams

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

CONSCIENCE and the Joy of Life were waging unequal battle in the twenty-one-year-old soul of Mr. Stevens Seaton, better known to Washington's semi-official life as the Seraph. Aided and abetted by a scented siren of a late May breeze in early March, the Joy of Life whispered wheedlingly "golf." Conscience retorted with a gruff "Back to the Food Administration," which would have meant a priceless Saturday afternoon wasted in pursuing an elusive and unimportant numeral to its lair in the depths of a dull but highly incorrect schedule. The Seraph, slumped over the wheel of his war-worn touring-car, was reflecting that the odds were heavily against Conscience, even though it was backed by the pride, special to every Food Administration employee, of doing ten dollars of work for each dollar of salary drawn, when an unexpected arbiter hailed him from the steps of the Hotel Allingham.

"Are you engaged?"

"Eh? What?" replied the Seraph, vaguely.

Accepting this as negative, the inquirer descended and stepped into the car. "Take me to the Food Administration," he directed.

"Oh! *All* right," agreed the Seraph, after a moment of stupefaction.

Turning to the right with a sigh for the foregone loveliness of the day, he scored one for Conscience which should have been credited to Chance. (Conscience, by and large, gets a lot of those credits from an undiscerning world.) On the way he decided that, quite apart from his spoiled afternoon, he did not like his fare either as to voice, manner, or appearance. Therefore he planned a revenge, typically Seraphic.

"Food Administration," he announced professionally, ten minutes later, pulling up before the elongated, many-windowed building. "Twenty-five cents, please."

"What?" ejaculated his passenger in surprise. "Surely that can not be correct."

"Too much?" inquired the supposed chauffeur suavely.

"Too little. The taxi charge from the station to the hotel was a dollar."

"Then your taxi-man put it all over you. A quarter is the legal rate anywhere in the official district," replied the Seraph serenely and with evil intent.

Having collected the coin he exhibited it triumphantly, a few minutes thereafter in the Division of Post-War Adjustments. All that was left of the inner circle of the sadly depleted Food Administration was wont to come for companionship, comfort,

"I'd like to have had you meet Harvey Lusk. It might have been good for your soul—I'm sure it would."

and gossip to the "Post" as it was locally termed, chiefly because of the Post Commandant. As the door flew open she raised a limpid and inquiring eye.

"What!" she exclaimed. "Seraph! And this Saturday afternoon!"

"Couldn't help it," replied the Seraph piously. "Conscience brought me back."

"Con—Seraph! Do not try to deceive your guardian angel."

"That's what it was. Conscience in the form of a young Pilgrim Father with a witch-burning expression. Better keep out of his way. He's doing the lost-soul glide up and down our ancestral halls right now. Listen and you can hear his hollow footsteps."

"You look particularly Raffaelitic; so I know you've been up to something specially depraved. What have you done to the man?"

"A-plenty," asserted the Seraph viciously, and related the incident of the quarter.

"Put it in the European Relief Box," ordered the Post Commandant clinking that receptacle invitingly. "But why only a quarter?"

"Because I don't like his face."

"Then why not fine him ten dollars? Are you holding out on me, Seraph?"

"I suppose," observed the Seraph with the impertinence of a privileged character, "that if you had more intelligence you wouldn't be so darned easy to look at. Thus doth nature wisely compensate——"

"Never mind nature! Put in a quarter for impudence to your elders."

"Elders," snorted the Seraph. "If you're a day over twenty-one I'll eat the calendar. You only claim age to live up to your dignified job, and"—ruefully—"to —to bluff me off. Look here, Lady Val, if——"

"There's a standing fine of one dollar for making love to acting heads of divisions," interrupted the Commandant calmly. "Besides, I want that fare explained."

"Think," implored the youth exultantly, "what'll happen to the guy when he tries to hand a quarter to some rough-neck taxi-pirate next time he hires a hack! Ha-ha! The Innocent's Revenge, in several chapters and one hospital ward."

"Seraph, I could kiss you for that—if you didn't cherish silly illusions about your age, and mine. What is so wrong with the poor man's looks that you should be so exceedingly violent about him at first sight?"

The Seraph mused for a moment or two.

"Well, he was probably born a hundred years old, though I don't suppose he's forty as he stands. He's smooth outside and withered inside. You can see it in his fishy eye. If you could cross a philosophical library with the old-maid principal of a school for——"

"Seraph!"

"Well, you know what I mean, Lady Val. That's the kind of egg that hatched this bird. It's his air of conscious rectitude that gets my goat."

"I've always yearned to catch one of that kind and reform it," murmured the Commandant dreamily. "Where is it now, do you suppose?"

"Still doing the Wandering Jew I should think. When I came in after parking the car he was asking that sheep-eyed substitute at the desk where he could find 'a person named Hune.' That's his line of talk; 'person.' Superior stuff. So I butted in and said was it H-u-n-e or H-u-g-h-a-n, or H-e-w-n or what the H. He didn't know the orthography—get that?—but he wanted this Hune guy and wanted him quick. So I sent him up to four hundred and fifty-three."

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"Why, that's the Glorified Grocer's den!"

"Yep. I hoped the Glorified Grocer'd kill and eat him, though they're sort of the same species, only old Glorification is fat and bluffish and this quarter-tosser is thin and stern. Then I remembered that this is Saturday and the Grocer would be out telling some unfortunate Ladies' Club what a great man he is; so I hustled up to four hundred and fifty-three, got there ahead, and hung a label I'd pinched on the way; 'Moved to one hundred and thirty-seven.' Good start, eh?"

"Seraph, I won't have it. He'll go to one hundred and thirty-seven and worry Miss Quarrier, and in the softness of her heart she'll drop her work and try——"

"Forget the softness of Miss Quarrier's heart and remember the hardness of my head, Lady Val. I beat him to it there and hung out another sign, 'Moved to nine hundred and forty.' At nine hundred and forty he'll meet up with another moving sign, and at the end of my series he'll be advised in strong print to 'Apply to Janitor.' Lady Val, if there's such a person as this unknown Mr. Hune——"

"Who?" cried the Commandant.

"Why good *Lord!*" ejaculated the Seraph. "It's you! Miss Terhune, of course! What a fatwit I am!"

Valencia Terhune seized her youthful adorer by the arm. "Seraph, was his name Brickley Winters?"

"It sounds mean enough to fit him. What if it is?"

"Get me Sally Brent, quick."

The Seraph darted out and returned towing Miss Terhune's slim, quick-eyed, protesting assistant.

"Sally, who was it you had on the 'phone this morning from the Allingham?"

"A devil," said Miss Brent promptly. "An icicle-voiced devil. He insisted that we had a man here named Hune and when I tried to tell him that Miss Terhune wasn't Mr. Hune he said, 'I require no further information, thank you,' in a tone that would make murder a pastime, and shut off. He's the man that's been making us all the trouble over the Cashdown Chain of grocery stores."

"We've been having a long and painful correspondence with him," explained the Commandant to the Seraph. "At least we've done our part toward making it painful."

"You couldn't hurt his feelings with a bomb," declared the indignant Miss Brent. "He's unspeakable."

"He's worse than that," said Miss Terhune dimpling. "He's unpronounceable. He's a statit—a statat——"

"You mean a stastis—" essayed Miss Brent; "a stastit——"

"A wolf for figures," supplied the Seraph helpfully.

"That's it," said Miss Brent. "And he's got the soul of an adding-machine without its conscience."

"Go out and get him," Miss Terhune directed the Seraph briskly.

"Let me at him first," implored Miss Brent. "He 'requires no further information' does he? Well, I have a few first-hand facts——"

"I'm in on this, too!" exclaimed the Seraph. "I saw him first, didn't I?"

"Listen!" ordered the Commandant of the Post.

Outside in the bare, resonant hallway a singularly clear and positive voice was inquiring, "Is there any one in this place who can and

"Her fiancé had been killed at Château-Thierry. But as you so justly said, 'Sentiment is out of place.'"

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The Seraph's dream had come true. Mr. Winters, at the risk of being obliterated from the earth, was blandly, unflinchingly upholding the supposed "legal rate."

will direct me to the department dealing with chain stores in foodstuffs."

"Fly, you two!" directed Miss Terhune. "Leave him to me." The pair vanished with resentful backward looks. "Come in," she called a moment later.

The door opened. The statistician entered.

II

MISS VALENCIA TERHUNE was an international complication. Her mother was Spanish, her father Irish. The resultant female of this particular species, as the Far West where it chiefly inhabits well knows from experience, possesses an effortless and devastating charm. Miss Terhune ran true to type. She was no longer young. She confessed with a flash of the long darkish-gray eyes which would have beguiled Father Time himself, to twenty-six years, which is a painful age to look forward to, but not so grievous when you look back on it. Why she had not long since been married was a moot question in "Food," and an insistently personal and controversial one for most of the bachelors who enjoyed the privilege of her acquaintance. Her own explanation was that she had never had the chance. She could afford this theory. When that is said enough is said.

To the observant eyes of Mr. Brickley Winters, as he invaded the Division of Post-War Adjustments, she seemed discon-certingly young and decorative to be sitting at a desk labelled "Acting Chief." Advancing, he addressed her in a voice that was crisp and careful and courteous.

"I wish to see Mr. Hune, if you please. Is he in?"

"There is no such person here."

"I understood over the phone——"

"I am in charge at present. Will you kindly take a seat? I shall be busy for a few moments."

Mr. Brickley Winters took a seat and proceeded to look austere. That had been his prevailing expression ever since he arrived in Washington for the purpose of tackling the Food Administration on the subjects of certain price schedules maintained by the Cashdown Chain Stores. Not that he had consciously put on austerity. But when, in consequence of a brilliant if somewhat abstract statistical report supplied by his office, the lawyer who was trying to straighten the Cashdown's tangled affairs had put him in temporary command, it was with this warning:

"Look out for slush, sentiment, and soft sawder. The Food Administration has been putting it all over business on that basis. They'll have the gold out of your teeth if you don't watch 'em. See Senator Smeed; he's got their number."

The worthy senator had more than confirmed the unfavorable opinion of the lawyer (who chanced to have been "in" on a juicy war job or two with him, where-from the Food Control had squeezed most of the juice).

"You will encounter there," the eminent legislator informed Mr. Winters, "a collection of draft-dodgers, soft-job chasers and low-voiced, high-salaried grafters. They've got the country buncoed. Don't let them fool you."

In those regions where Brickley Winters had been leading a lean and active existence for the chief part of two previous years, the view of the Food Administration had been quite different. But that was across some miles of water, and perhaps the facts had got twisted on the passage. He naturally accepted the legal and senatorial opinions and was now mentally adjusting the person at the desk to fit them. Meantime, with growing disapprobation, he observed the clock mark off twenty minutes, half an hour, three-quarters, and the lady in charge was still intent upon anything you please except Mr. Brickley Winters. Being no fool, that gentleman perceived a purpose in this, said purpose being, for some occult reason, to make him lose his temper. He sat tight. Meantime, from behind the Congressional reports which she was not reading, Valencia Terhune estimated him. The Seraph's characterization, a Pilgrim Father, was, she decided, inept. There was the repression there and the coldness and a certain grayness of personality, but it was the grayness of tempered steel, polished, keen, and with suggested gleams and reflections. It could, she guessed, strike fire. He might be a highly dislikable person, but he was interesting and possibly formidable. Well, it was time to find out. Raising vague eyes to his, she asked mildly:

"Have I kept you waiting long?"

"You have," he replied.

With a thrill of anticipation she realized that he was very angry, and, in the same moment, gave him admiring credit for having himself perfectly in hand. "I have not hurried particularly," she admitted.

"Perhaps you will now be good enough to explain about Mr. Hune or Hughan? I wish to deal with him direct."

"*I* am *Miss* Terhune—Miss Valencia Terhune, to be exact——"

"You!" exclaimed the visitor, exhibiting symptoms of shock." Why, you're only a girl!" he added in scandalized tones.

"My age does not enter into it. If you have business with this division I shall be glad to take it up with you at once."

"Then you are the individual who is responsible for correspondence which I may characterize as outrage—that is, most unbusinesslike."

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"You may," she assented equably; "if it relieves your feelings."

"And wholly unjustifiable."

"Not at all. Look at your own letters. If you consider those models of business courtesy, you may refresh your memory at the file over yonder."

"How was I to know that I was writing to a gir—a lady?" returned the other, evincing slight signs of perturbation. "In any case there was provocation. Because one conducts a legitimate business along the legitimate lines of supply and demand, one does not expect to have it officially implied that one is a robber of the poor and needy. Let me assure you, madam, that we have kept conscientiously within legal limits——"

"Oh, legal!" returned the Acting Chief with spirit. "All profiteering is 'legal,' I suppose, since the ban has been lifted. The more shame to the traders who have swooped down like a band of pirates."

"Profiteering?" interrupted Mr. Winters, flushing. "A mere taunt and, if you will pardon me, a cheap one. Let me make my position clear to you. As a business expert I was called in to reestablish the disintegrating mechanism of the chain. I put the stores on their feet by taking advantage of local conditions as I found them."

"Taking advantage," repeated the Acting Chief. "Taking advantage of people who couldn't help themselves; of babies who had to have milk to live; of poor ignorant foreigners who didn't know enough to realize your unfair profit."

"I protest against such terms," cried Mr. Winters earnestly. "I protest against your loose and sentimental reasoning as quite out of place in a purely economic matter. My concern is to secure the largest possible return to my fellow stockholders. It is a matter of honor."

"Widow-and-orphan stockholders, I suppose," suggested Miss Terhune with a smile which Mr. Winters disliked.

"I am not advancing a plea," he retorted with dignity. "I am standing on my rights. Business is business."

"And hurrah for the law of supply and demand," said she flippantly. "And the constitution is the bulwark of our liberties—or is it the palladium?—and it's a grand old party (whichever yours is) and the hope of the nation, and drink is the curse of the working classes, and woman's place is in the home, and so on. I hope I'm expressing your creed correctly, Mr. Winters."

"You mean to imply that I am old-fashioned in my ideas——"

"About 1820, I should judge," she corroborated softly.

"I confess that I have little patience with such new and crass assumptions of

In a brief flash of light she saw the agonized face of Brickley Winters bending above her.

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power as that of this Food Administration. Therefore I am fighting you on principle. The Cashdown Chain will make its prices to fit its trade and not in accordance with any pseudo-philanthropic notions of yours—you understand that I am speaking quite impersonally, Miss-er Terhune."

"Yours is the only retail food organization of importance that has stood on its legal rights against us, Mr. Winters, you and the Fair-Trade Chain."

"Ah, that is quite different, the Fair Trade," he said quickly. "Their management was foolish enough to make an agreement, and though I believe it is of dubious force in law, yet in honor they are bound, whereas we are quite free, morally as well as legally."

"How do you know of their agreement with us?"

"I have carefully familiarized myself with all the major operations of this division, for special reasons which I may now state. Miss Terhune, I am here to enlist the aid of Senator Smeed."

"Who did more than any other American to lose the war," said she bitterly, "and, not succeeding, is now revenging himself on those who helped to win it."

"With that I have no concern."

"With the winning of the war, you mean?"

THE tone was that of polite interest—with an edge. He gave her a quick look. "My war record is not relevant to the issue. I have appealed to Senator Smeed because he has made a special study of this department. I now request the records upon which the statements concerning the Cashdown Stores issued to the press were based."

"Otherwise, I suppose, you will have Senator Smeed make another of his famous investigation motions. We made no statement to the press. But you may have the records. We shall put nothing in your way."

"In return—you will perceive that I wish to be strictly fair—I shall be glad to give you the results of my investigations into the Fair-Trade Chain."

"Your competitors. Profiteer against profiteer. No; thank you."

"You speak of profiteers," he said coldly. "Suppose you turn your attention to this Administration. It is notoriously a refuge for incompetents and political pets, who do little or no work and draw exorbitant salaries—I beg your pardon; did you speak?"

"No. I only laughed."

"—for doing nothing. Also it is known as a slackers' shelter for rich young dollar-a-year loafers."

"I see that you have already been sitting at the feet of that patriotic Gamaliel, Senator Smeed."

She was pleased to observe that he winced a little at this. "I do not necessarily subscribe to all the Senator's ideas," he said. "However, this also is irrelevant. With your permission I shall come here on Monday and succeeding days to examine the records; also to consult certain records in your library."

"Take all the rope you want," said Miss Terhune hospitably.

But after the visitor had gone, she confessed her troubles to Sally Brent. "If he found anything which gave Smeed a handle against the Chief—well, I think I'd commit suicide."

"Oh, the Chief'll understand," said the comforting Miss Brent. "He always does." Which is part (though only a small part) of the creed of faith and affection of "Food" for its head.

On Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, Mr. Brickley Winters pored with absorption over dismal files, each day stopping for a chat of imperceptibly increasing length with the Acting Chief. On Thursday he murmured something about his mission being quite impersonal. On Friday he expressed an embarrassed hope that Miss Terhune would not misconstrue his request that she accept a little thing of his own which might interest her—(the little thing was entitled "A System of Cross-Filing Market Reports with Costs and Coordination of Purchase, by Brickley Winters, Ph.D." and inscribed "Presented with the Respectful Compliments of the Author")—and on Saturday she pointed out to him two errors therein; whereupon, with a look of bewildered admiration, he invited her to luncheon, and she declined. Overhearing the passage, Miss Brent issued warning: "Val; that prehistoric fossil is getting ready to fall for you."

"Sally," responded the Post-War Commandant, "can a cactus grow grapes?"

"Under the proper influences it might. Come along or we'll be late for the Philharmonic."

At the matinée, in one of the intermissions of the Tschaikowsky "Fifth," gloriously played, Sally Brent nudged her chief and indicated a point in the opposite curve of the balcony. "Look who's there!"

"Who is it?"

"Your fossilized cactus. See him, leaning over the railing with his granite phiz all wrinkled up into funny lines and his quartz-crystal eyes looking as if—Val, I do believe the music has got to him."

"What if it did!" returned Valencia indignantly. "Why shouldn't it? Any human being who could sit unmoved——"

"Human? Ah, that's the point. Do you think he is?"

ON MONDAY when the investigating Mr. Winters failed to appear, Valencia Terhune found, to her amazement, that she was missing something out of the day. A tonic quality was lacking. She had, she discovered, gained something from her visitor; from his quiet, hard, fantastically cynical humor, with its suggestion of something in reserve, in which she had been masculine enough—or perhaps feminine enough—to discern a certain four-square rectitude and faithfulness to his own standards, extorting a resentful tribute from her own broader and looser-jointed mind. But when he appeared three days later, she would have endorsed Sally Brent's skepticism as to his being human. Never had he been more the statistician, the apostle of hard facts and harder creeds, than when he politely thanked her for her aid in a task now at an end, since he would return that afternoon to bid her good-by and to collect his papers preparatory to presenting the report to Senator Smeed. He regretted, he said, that the nature of his duties should have prejudiced him in her eyes, as, despite her erroneous mental attitude, he confessed to an—er—a regard—that is—er—an esteem for her—er—character—er—

Valencia mercifully interrupted, though there was nothing particularly merciful in her expression as she asked him: "Have you found evidence of profiteering jobs such as Senator Smeed alleges, in your investigations here?"

"No. I have not sought it."

"Because if you haven't," she proceeded evenly, "I can furnish you some typical instances. Would you like to hear them?"

"If you wish."

"There was Moseley, across the hall. He quit a one hundred-dollar-a-week position to come here and graft on the Government for half that pay, and he seldom worked more than fifteen or sixteen hours a day for it. That is, he didn't until the flu hit his section, and both his assistants got it the same day that he came down with it, right at the top of an important campaign. So they matched pennies to see which one would stick through—didn't Smeed hint at gambling going on here, once?—and Moseley cheated; pretended he'd lost when he won, and sent the other two home to bed—they needed it, too. That gave him twenty-four hours of work or a little more, per day. He did it for three days. But on the fourth his grasping, grafting ways brought justice on him. He died."

Conscious of a somber flame in the narrator's eyes, Mr. Brickley Winters uttered an indeterminate noise which might have indicated mental discomfort.

"Then there's Ollie Devan. You really ought to muckrake Ollie, you and Senator Smeed; it's a public duty—and you're strong on duty, aren't you? She quit a job unfinished, that the Government was paying her eighteen whole dollars a week to do; and it's possible to live here in Washington for twenty-five. What is worse, it was an emergency job; some necessary typing that she'd volunteered to stay on and do after hours, so that we could get it out by midnight. At five o'clock a friend from the War Department came in with a message. Her fiancé had been killed at Château-Thierry. And she actually quit on the job, only six hours later, at eleven that night, leaving three pages still untyped. It's true she was unconscious under her desk when they found her. But, as you so justly said, sentiment is out of place——"

"No; no," protested the outraged statistician. "You have no right to impute——" But Valencia Terhune was in no mood to endure interruptions.

"I'D LIKE to have had you meet Harvey Lusk. It might have been good for your soul—I'm sure it would. It's—it's hard to talk about Harvey—yet." Her fingers went to the sweet, soft curve of her upper lip as if to press it into control. The flame had gone out of her eyes, leaving them so deeply luminous that Mr. Winters found it impossible to look at them and equally impossible not to. "It was this way," she continued hurriedly. "He came limping in from nowhere. Rejected from every branch of the service. We asked him what he wanted to do. 'Be of use,' he said. 'What kind of a job?' we asked. 'Anything that nobody else wants to do.' As for pay, he didn't want any; said he had 'enough to last.' So he became an odd-jobber. He just hung around and helped. He was always there in a pinch. He could do almost anything; and he had the trick of doing it

(Continued on page 101)

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A Man for the Ages

Announcing a Serial by Irving Bacheller

IN THE July number we are to give you the first instalment of a serial story about the greatest of all democrats, Abraham Lincoln. A story written by the man above all other American authors best qualified for the task.

Irving Bacheller was born on the edge of the time of the pioneer. His father was one of the movers. From fireside tales, from the talk of the camp and field, Irving Bacheller in his youth drank in the spirit of the pioneer—the look and fervor of the springtime of America—the passion of the sowers and the builders of our democracy. No other living writer has such familiarity with the fundamentals of American life. No writer save Mark Twain has so signalized the character, the humor, the drolleries, the simplicity of the old time. Nowhere can one find a richer Americanism than in "Eben Holden" or "The Light in the Clearing" or "Silas Strong."

Hamlin Garland has written of him:

"Irving Bacheller is a typical American. On both sides of the family fireplace his people are of deep-rooted race: industrious, God-fearing and self-respecting. His sires were among those who conquered the New World forests, plowed its granite hills and drained its swamps. Born in a clearing in St. Lawrence county, New York State, this novelist not only keeps his native land in memory; he has put it imperishably into American fiction. In his poems and stories you may find the finest types and the best traditions of the 'North Country.'"

Mr. Bacheller has studied the character of Lincoln for many years. He knows the background and environment of Lincoln from boyhood to manhood. A prodigious amount of labor has gone into his preparation for the writing of this book. Mr. Bacheller has collected his notes through long days in libraries, in interviews with Lincoln's contemporaries, and with people who carry memories of the pioneer days. With remarkable vividness and insight and minuteness of detail he has portrayed the career of the Emancipator on the broad background of the Middle West from 1831 to 1860, the story running through the picturesque period of the pioneers and the ladder-climbers.

Too many of Lincoln's biographers give

Irving Bacheller

us the bare facts of his life and only a suggestion of their background. They are not enough to give an adequate notion of the character of the great democrat or of the way he came by it. In Mr. Bacheller's story we live with the young giant Abe and the man Lincoln; we meet his companions; we hear him talking in the store or by the cabin fireside or on the stump; we go with him through his hours of study and the large and small adventures of his daily life; we listen to his stories; as we laugh with him we get his views on sundry big problems of life; we feel his hours of discouragement and depression; we learn why he turned this way or that at certain forks in the road; we see him choosing the stars by whose light he traveled.

Though Mr. Bacheller began studying Lincoln before the great war turned into a struggle for democracy, the final urge to writing came from the pressure of this tremendous world movement. The introduction to Mr. Bacheller's story will give you the sense of that strong drive. We asked him to define for us the mood in which he undertook the work, and this is from his letter in reply:

"Democracy is to-day the most honored word in the dictionary. It is the theme of themes. The humbug of divine right is dead. Its head has fallen into the basket. Henceforth human rights are to be respected the world over. American democracy, sneered at for more than a century, has been vindicated. It is the biggest thing in the world. Its founders have been clothed with inspiration. The town meeting and the common school have stood between humanity and destruction, and turned the tide. Now under every sky they see the truth of the dictum that men were, indeed, created free and equal. Light is to fall into the dark places. Soon or late the common sense of the common people is to rule. Where there is no common sense there will be common suffering until, through schools, gross ignorance has been dispelled, and a common sense of justice and decency created. Men and women are not to be cattle any longer. Freedom is won for them, and they will learn how to use it.

"And the greatest democrat, since Jesus Christ, was Abraham Lincoln. *He is the man of all men.*

"Democracy is to rule the most of the world and Common Sense will be its Vice-President. And Abraham Lincoln had the largest holding of common sense which any brain known to history has possessed. The wisdom of generations gathered in the school of bitter experience was in this one man.

"Justice is the chief ideal of Democracy. Lincoln had a monumental and unfailing sense of justice. Lincoln is to-day the most inspiring figure in profane history. He stands head and shoulders above the host of the ages. He was the herald and forerunner of a new order of men—the men who are to step forth out of the ranks with the wisdom and the aspirations of the multitude in their souls.

"This story should establish the relation between 1860 and 1914; between the wars of emancipation in America and Europe. For Lincoln sounded the keynote of the great struggle. America could not live part slave and part free. So the world could not live part slave and part free."

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A Y show. Vaudeville straight from Broadway to the front.

The DOUGHBOY and the Y

By Herbert Corey

WE HAVE had criticisms and defenses of the Y's work from all sorts of people, but very little to tell us how the one chiefly concerned—the doughboy—feels about it. Here is an interpretation of his attitude, and an estimate of the successes and failures of its work for him by one who has been with the American soldier in France from the beginning. Mr. Corey has spent more than three years on the various war fronts, eighteen months of the time with the American forces. This article, written in France after the armistice, sums up his impressions and experiences concerning the Y. M. C. A.'s work during the war.

WHY doesn't the doughboy like the Y?

Well, there are plenty of reasons. Most of them crumple on examination. Some were misunderstandings. Some were born of wet feet and frosty blankets and discomfort. But the one big reason is the Y man—certain Y men. Too many belong to that variety of fauna known to the doughboy as crabs. Here is a little sample of the soldier feeling. One long-legged, rough-necked, well-liked Y man from Eldorado, Kansas, used to carry a small note-book in which he made acquaintances write observations on life in France, the price of eggs, our gallant allies and kindred topics. One boy put this down:

"Thank God for a Y man with a heart."

Now, there was a compelling motive behind that sentiment. That boy had been hurt. There must be something to account for the fact that eight doughboys out of ten in France would not pause to discuss the Y when asked. They just said, "Oh—hangnail—" and moved on. The ninth man followed the interrogator around to go on record in penetrating tones. He did not confine himself to discussing the Y. He wanted to quote excerpts from his autobiography. He said:

"Did I ever tell you what that Y man at Nancy did to a bunch of us one rainy night?"

But the tenth man in the group—in any group of soldiers—is apt to take a fair and judicial attitude. He is fairly sure to give to the Y credit for earnest and self-sacrificing service. He remembers the day he first set foot on the soil of France. The long exaltation of the voyage was over. Though he had been wet and ill and hungry and grossly overcrowded, it had been a new experience to him, and he had been tense with interest; the ever-present danger of U-boats had actually exhilarated him. But when he reached land his heart sagged down to his boots. He suffered from a peculiar hollow feeling. He felt that somewhere ahead in this dark land strange and terrible things awaited him—things that were terrible because they were unknown. And then he saw the Y's sign—"Welcome."

"They were just so darned ordinary, working behind the counter in the Y hut, that I felt at home again."

The tenth man is not apt to speak in defense of the Y unless he is pressed. It isn't done in the army. Early in America's participation in the war the Y made about every mistake that could be made, and suffered from almost every bit of hard luck that an unfortunate organization could suffer from. The soldiers read in the papers statements of what the Y was doing, had done and would continue to do for them, and compared these glowing prospectuses with the sad reality. The soldiers swore about it. It became a habit of the soldiers to swear about it. The articles of war as subscribed to by the average private in those days read as follows:

"Why aren't we out there fightin', instead of marchin' around in this doggoned mud?

"The French are funny people.

"This is a bum raincoat.

"The Y is rotten."

Pretty soon what very learned men call mass psychology was created. Newly arrived soldiers found the old-timers deriding the Y, whereupon they fell into the fashion. Men who spent every leisure hour in the Y huts cursed the organization that harbored them. It was not ingratitude—they just thought along the crowd's groove. This warrior attitude was unfair and unjudicial. Before committing himself against the Y each man should have counted the Y secretaries he had met and assessed the faults and virtues of each and then averaged this up, and credited the organization with the good work performed, and read the history of other wars—

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Only, if he had done this he would have had no time to fight or work or learn to *parley-voo Français*. But that would have been the fair and the judicial course.

Whereas the doughboy may have come in contact with twenty Y men during his period of service in France, nineteen of them were probably ordinary American citizens of the sort that we elbow in the street-cars back home. They came from the same sort of towns and the same sort of homes that the soldier did. But the twentieth may have been the Lord High Crustacean of the Imperial Order of Crabs.

Well, you know—I know—the soldier knows which one of the twenty he remembers and talks about. The trouble with the Y has been that too many of the secretaries who served in France have been of this order. Mark that I do not say that *many* of them have been—merely that *too* many of them have been. Some were professionally sweet and called the soldier "brother." Others were cranky and sniffy and superior. Some waited on the soldier as though they thought they were doing him a favor to pass chocolates over the counter. They condescended to him. They seemed to be saying to themselves:

"I am better than thou, poor rookie. The very fact that I am out in this disgusting foreign country shows that I am better. I might have stayed at home where I had a house with two porches. What did you have?"

The Y Man

PERHAPS the reader thinks this is overdrawn. Very well, then. I refer him to one of the back numbers of the Y's official publication in France. In this back number is the photograph of a Y man, wearing a tin hat, gas mask strapped on, sitting in the bottom of a trench. In the foreground is an evidently adoring soldier. His face shows that his whole being is just reeking with admiration. And the caption of the picture is this illuminating phrase:

"*You* don't have to be here, Y man!"

Is this an attack on the Y?

Not a bit of it. The Y did a big work in France. It made good in some ways the public has never heard about, perhaps. For instance: The Y's press-agents have told the excellences of the leave areas at Aix-les-Bains and elsewhere. These areas are wholly under the control of the Y. There soldiers are quartered in hotels that were the exclusive preserves of the smart set before the war. I found one soldier sleeping in the suite that had always been reserved for a duke. Three others shared rooms that Queen Victoria once occupied. Every waking and sleeping moment is passed amid luxuries. Yet the Y's greatest service in this matter has not been told.

When the army in France had become so great and parts of it had grown so tired that rest must be provided for it, the General Staff began to think of leave areas. Everything that the army did in France was done under pressure. Every one was overworked. Usually no problem was ever considered until it stood in the army doors and shrieked, because the army's attention was directed to the other problems that had shrieked first. When the question of leave areas was finally taken up, it was placed in the hands of a general. The general evolved a truly military plan:

"We shall establish them in the south of France," was his decision. "We shall erect nice barracks, very large and comfortable. They shall all be painted green, and there shall be lawns and gravel paths on which the soldiers shall walk. Then there shall be nice drill-grounds, on which they shall drill a few hours a day, in the intervals of recreation——"

Let the army in France pass a vote of thanks to the Y at this point. For a Y man had been called into consultation, and he used the unmilitarily forceful language which some Y men could use under provocation. He talked to that general like an elder brother. Then he wrote reports about it. In semi-public privacy he said the general's idea of a leave area sounded to him like the blue-prints of a reform-school.

"These tired, nervous, worn soldiers are to sleep one hundred to a barrack, are they?" he asked. "And walk on gravel paths beside green lawns and drill until they are too tired to play? Not if the Y can help it."

The Y did help it. I have the authority of an official high in Y ranks for my statement that it took some time for the Y to convince the army authorities that the official-leave area planned was a tragic absurdity. When the authorities were convinced, they cooperated heartily with the Y. To-day the entire management of the leave areas is in the hands of the Y. It entertains the men and instructs them, if they want to be instructed, so that they can resume their studies on their return home without too great loss, and it does not thrust religion upon them. The army pays the soldier's bill, but during the slack times when few men are on leave the Y stands the difference between the amount being paid by the Government and the amount guaranteed to the hotel proprietors by the Y.

Sometimes the doughboy criticizes the Y when the criticism might better be turned in another direction. Not long ago I met a group of soldiers in Paris who were grouching in true soldier fashion. The Y had a theatre in one little town and had imported a company of entertainers to play in it. For several nights, the soldiers said, the company played to the capacity of the house. Then a new rule was posted. Officers only were to be admitted to the theatre on certain nights of the week.

"What d'ye know about that?" my friends asked.

I tossed around to the Y headquarters, full of heat and acid. There I found the Y just as peevish as the soldiers. It was an army colonel who had done this thing. Although the French staff has never drawn a line between its officers and its privates, and English officers and men guffaw cheerily from the same stalls, this colonel felt that American officers should not be exposed to any social contagion by mixing too freely with privates to whom they had not been introduced. So he ordered the Y to close the theatre to privates on certain days of the week, and to officers on certain other days.

"The funny part is," grinned a philosophic Y man, "that the officers are just as sore as the men."

Y Efficiency

IT IS true that the Y did not show one hundred per cent. of efficiency, but then no other organization functioned up to the possible in those scrambled first few months after we went to war. It was as efficient as the army, all things considered.

It took some time for the Y to find itself. It was hampered by conditions that it could not unhamper. But the

Sending their savings home to the folks through the Y.

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major part of the criticism from the ranks is not based upon the Y's mistakes and failures. The soldier commentators remember the occasional Y man who failed to make good.

Souilly is a little town near the Argonne forest. When the armistice was signed and the German organization began to break down, released prisoners drifted back across the lines. One met them everywhere, ragged, skinny, feet coming through their shoes, but mostly wearing a grin. They could usually raise a feeble little yip. A dozen such ex-prisoners tottered into the Y hut at Souilly. They were Americans who had been taken in that vicious hand-to-hand, tree-and-mud fighting in the Argonne.

"We haven't had a bite to eat since we got away," said the spokesman.

There were other soldiers in the Y hut. They urged the returned prisoners to a table and ordered hot chocolate and what-not for them. A Y hut is not a restaurant and the feeding capacities of this hut were strained. The poor devils ate and ate—it is a wonder they did not kill themselves—and were comforted. Their eyes lost that dim, glazed look. They began to talk among themselves. One or two moved toward the hot stove and nodded off to sleep. Then the Y man came bustling out. He was business-like, that Y man. He went right to the point:

"Now," said he, crisply, "who's going to settle for all this?"

It is a pleasure to state that the Y paid. The ex-prisoners could not pay. The Germans had taken all their money. They could not even reply to the business man. All the happiness went out of their faces as though the light behind had been turned off. They were like children—every soldier is strikingly like a child—and they felt hurt and chilled and unwelcome. They looked appealingly at the three or four buddies who had been talking to them. Maybe these good fellows would settle the bill, even though a private soldier's pocket is both shallow and leaky.

Good Fellows

THEY did settle it, too. They talked to that Y man like a parliament of Dutch uncles. They told him where he and the Y and the hundred-million bankroll and all his collateral and subsidiary relations "got off at." They were ungrammatical and rude and even noisy. Usually a soldier does not talk back to a Y man, but it is never safe to rely on a precedent nowadays. By and by the Y man said that he thoroughly understood that the treat was on the Y. He smiled as he said it, and rubbed his hands and tried to act like a good fellow. But he failed. Good fellows are born, and not reconstructed.

One might go on relating anecdotes of this sort. There was a Y man at Bar-le-Duc, for example, who was in command of the Officers' Y Club. One very black and rainy night a friend of mine knocked at the door. Then he knocked again. By and by reluctant footsteps were heard approaching the portal, and a sour voice was heard inside:

"It's after hours," said the soured voice. "You'll have to go away."

My friend had just come down from the Argonne, where he had played an epic part in the fight. He said that if the Y man did not open the door he would kick it in. Perhaps his manners had been coarsened by killing Germans. Maybe it was just because the night was wet and cold and every bed in town was full up. After he had repeated his statement the Y man opened the door.

"But I can't let you in," said the Y man. "It's after hours. You understand that we must have some rules for a place like this."

"Have you any beds?" asked my friend.

"Oh, yes," said the Y man. "But it's after hours——"

So my friend went in and picked out a bed for himself. Then he looked around for his two orderlies. The Y man said that, of course, this being an Officers' Club, he had turned them out. So my friend had to open the door and stand there and yoo-hoo until he made them hear. Then he picked out two beds for them. But the Y man kept on repeating that my friend had come in after hours.

Mistakes

THE anecdotal appetite grows on me, and I shall tell another story. Just before the fight at Cantigny one of the divisions had been for days without cigarets or chocolates or anything else good to eat or smoke. It was not the Y's fault. The army had been forced to commandeer transportation in every direction and the Y had had no trucks. At last one truckload of goodies reached the division and the word was sent out. Men walked six and seven kilometers to the little town in which the Y was to hold its sale. An elderly and thoroughly good Y man was in charge. He was moral all the way through, but he had no more imagination than a goat. Never having smoked the accursed things himself, he could not understand what cigarets mean to boys who live and eat and sleep in the rain. Also he was fussy.

"I can only allow one pack of cigarets and one cake of chocolate to a man," he said. "There is not enough to go around."

No one complained. The American soldier takes things as they come. So the men who had walked in six and seven kilometers formed up in a long, snaky line that wound two or three times around the Y's truck, and hitched forward for their cigarets. Not many of them had copper or silver money, for it is too easily lost in the field. Soldiers prefer paper money. By and by the old man in the truck made an announcement:

"You must have the exact change," said he, "or I can not serve you. I can not make change."

Most of them walked back the six and seven kilometers to their camps without cigarets or chocolates. The old man in the truck did not understand. He was fussy and nervous—and he did not realize how bitterly those boys cursed him on their way back "home," as they pathetically called their dingy billets. He will never understand that those men will not forget what he did, or that they will continue to charge it against the Y.

Difficulties

ON THE other hand, any impartial critic must give credit to the Y for good work done.

For eighteen months, or during the entire period of fighting, I was attached to the American Army as an accredited correspondent. During that time I learned to appreciate what the Y was doing and trying to do, and I saw why it could not do more.

Its actual achievements are to be measured not in terms of dollars and tons—a statement of its annual turnover means singularly little—but in the real comfort it brought to the men. There were scores of sections along the front where the Y furnished the only place in which the men could meet each other. Dry floors and tight roofs may seem commonplaces to the people at home, but in parts of France they were luxuries. Just to get out of the dragging mud was happiness. The war without the Y would have been much more ghastly.

At the rear the Y's task was comparatively simple. The problems of transportation and housing were difficult, but no unusual factors were presented. If no house could be obtained, the Y built a hut. Human nature being what it is, the soldiers of the S O S tried earnestly to provide transportation for cigarets which were destined to come to them, even if freighting cigarets to the front seemed impracticable.

At the front no condition resembled any condition that Y workers had ever met before. There was no transportation, yet supplies must be sent to the men. There were no houses, yet the Y hut must be opened. Impossibilities must be met and conquered by the workers of the Y. Yet the soldiers were distinctly unfriendly.

Religion and the Y

THE trouble was that many of these early comers to France—it was the early comer who established the Y's standing—were professional religious workers. Some of them were ministers.

Do not think that this is a criticism of the professional religionist. On the contrary, many distinctly made good. Some of them knew by instinct how to mix. They could shake hands like men instead of like professionals. They never addressed a perfect stranger as "brother," even if he did wear a khaki coat. I vaguely recall dozens of Tommies and Jimmies and Hickies in Y uniform, and my own suspicion is that in private life these good comrades had pulpits or belonged to faculties. Too many of the early Y workers, however, had only seen this sinful world across the secretary's counter. They had lived in shelter. Loud voices and hearty laughter jarred on them. It was not that they were so religious as that they were so darned refined.

Some of them ultimately rubbed off the fuzz and became real folks. I ran across one such chap at Cheppy one night. When I had first seen him, months before, he was dainty and neat. He was almost sweet. He had come direct from a refined college town where he lived in a refined boarding-house and moved in refined circles. At Cheppy he had been serving soldiers for forty-eight hours without a break and he looked a good deal like a peculiarly mussy tramp in khaki. I should never have suspected him of the power to produce the horrible red whisker which sprouted all over his face. His eyes looked like little red holes and his voice cracked from sheer fatigue. But he was happy. At least he looked and acted happy. He dealt out cigarets with both hands.

"There's a guy," said the cook at the company kitchen where I bummed my

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Bringing supplies to one of the Y dugouts.

breakfast that morning, "that can have anything I've got—or anything that anybody in this here company's got. And I'll hang somep'n on anybody who says he can't. But no other Y man need apply."

"How many other Y men do you know?" I asked.

"Only him," said the cook.

Y Men and Y Men

THERE was another who came into the Paris office almost in tears. He told the man in charge of the preliminary training that something had to be done for him. He was willing to make any needed sacrifice, he said, but he did not think the Y wanted him to be needlessly martyred. He said his case just simply had to have attention before he went to the front—

"If, indeed, it does not develop that my true sphere of labor should be here in Paris——"

The man in charge wanted to know what was the matter with him, and would he make it snappy, because there were a lot of people waiting. After one soft look of reproach the secretarial candidate told his grief:

"All my life," said he, "I've suffered from tender ankles, and these Y shoestrings are just killing me!"

Some harsh and sudden people would have destroyed that candidate right there and let the cat drag him out. But the man in charge had seen striking improvements worked in most unpromising material. He had observed that odd changes take place in these men who have been suddenly removed from the artificial props and buttresses of their accustomed surroundings. Sometimes fine, stalwart, upstanding men go to pieces. They fall like trees that have rotted at the heart. Others who have been softened and almost effeminized by the very ease of living develop an astounding strength.

"You go to a hospital," said he to the candidate, "and watch while ten soldiers have their injured feet attended to. Then come back here to-morrow morning."

The next day the candidate appeared. He just nodded to the man in charge. "I'm cured," said he.

It would be difficult for the man who knows Barker to criticize religious workers as a class. Reverend M. J. Barker was a clergyman of Uniontown, Pennsylvania. When I found him in the field, he could only be distinguished from the men of his regiment by the fact that he limped a little. He had been hit in the leg by a piece of shrapnel. Many of his men were mill and mine hands of all sorts and nationalities. They worshiped Barker. He fought for them. He got cigarets when cigarets were ungettable. Once when the morale was low he abducted a movie operator and gave a picture show in a cavern which was actually underneath the enemy's front lines. He spotted some annoying snipers, and a field gun arranged that they should at once cease to snipe. He used to crawl out into "no man's land" at night and carry in the wounded.

Sometimes the youngster out there was too far gone. Then Barker stayed with him, and held his hand in the darkness until he had crossed over. No wonder his men adored him.

"I wish," said his general, "I had a couple more damn fools like Barker. If I had 'em, this brigade could lick creation."

Barker and Barker's sort were men first and Y workers second. They were diplomats in khaki. Men of this sort never talked religion unless they were asked to and if they held a religious service it was advertised as a religious service. It did not camouflage as a movie show, to be turned into a prayer-meeting when the operator finished the first reel. The men talked religion to the Barker sort. They wanted to know and so they asked. Or they told their thoughts and fears with that singularly moving candor which one finds only in the fighting forces. The professional religionist that did the Y harm was the man who had the tact of a trench mortar.

At Tours one night a bunch of youngsters had gathered around the piano in the Y canteen. One of them was a "rag" artist, and they were having a fine old time. He knew the accompaniments to almost every popular song of the past decade. When he did not know it, he vamped it. The kids were singing their fine young heads off and the crowd kept getting bigger and denser. At last the Y secretary bustled in.

"Fine, boys," said he in all sincerity. His face shone. He meant it. "That sounds bully. Now, what do you say to striking up a hymn?"

Wet Blankets

WELL, you know how long that bunch hung about the piano. A perfectly well-meaning, religious, earnest, zealous secretary had simply spoiled an evening for the Y's guests. Not only that. He had helped build up the most undesirable of reputations for the Y. The Y chiefs wanted the Y canteens to be the favorite resort of every man in the A. E. F. They did their best to make them so. That is what the American people gave its millions for. Yet every man in that little gathering must have drawn away from the Y canteen after that episode. They must have been afraid to begin "ragging" for fear some shining-faced young enthusiast would hurry over with the deadly suggestion that "we strike up a hymn."

After the disastrous first months, during which the army's eye got sot, like a pig's in a lane, the Y theory of the best manner of selecting secretaries was changed. Secretaries for foreign service were thereafter chosen because of fitness for the work in France, rather than for ability to handle a Y assignment back home.

At the beginning—before the dual character of the Y's activities had been clearly defined—too much emphasis had been placed upon the goodness of an applicant for foreign service.

A questionnaire was submitted to applicants for which many of the questions would

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have been wholly proper if the candidate had been asking appointment as secretary in a Y at home. A representative of the Y with the army must be a good man, of course, but above all he must be a good fellow. I am not sure that the Personnel Board in New York ever appreciated this fact, but when the army began to grow and the need for secretaries in the field became more urgent—this was about July, 1918—the board found itself physically unequal to the task of personal selection.

Then it began work along a different line. The Y chiefs in the districts into which the United States had been divided were asked to go out and find the men. It may never have occurred to Tommy Smith, who ran the Owl Cigar Store near the Erie depot, that he might go to France with the Y. Tommy wanted to go to France because—well, darn it, the board had turned him down for service, but he felt just as good as any of these guys he saw in uniform, and the alert Y chief in the district picked Tommy to go. His character was subjected to a search, of course, but his value to the Y no longer depended primarily on church membership.

I rode into a little messed-up, dirty, bloody, shattered town near Varennes one day. A sort of an awning against rain and sun and shrapnel had been built out of corrugated iron against what was left of a house wall, and wounded men were being cared for there. It was a horrible place. Men were dying all alone, only a blanket pulled over their faces to keep the rain from them during their last agony. Men were running about, preoccupied, sleeves rolled up, daubed with mud, spattered with fresh blood. A surgeon worked like a butcher for speed, though with care and gentleness for all that.

Applied Religion

A LITTLE Y man spoke to a sergeant. "You'll get," said he, "that awning rigged up so I can get more wounded men in shelter or I'll raise hell with you."

"All right, Y," said the sergeant. I submit that there was enough religion in that one sentence of the Y man to help him get by any questionnaire that was ever framed by any personnel board on earth. Unfortunately, it seemed at times as though the authorities here in France depended on the old foot-rule. One of the Y actors told me once that out of the three hundred secretaries he had come in contact with during some months' service, not ten per cent. were efficient from his point of view. "Not ten per cent. were on to their jobs."

He had found one man who was very good indeed, he said. He was a hustler. He not only billed the towns, but he got the show-shops ready for them. Between times he called on generals. "I've got a bunch of actors ready to give a show, general," he would say; "now, if you want this act for your outfit, send an ambulance down to the next patch of woods. I've got my actors hidden there." The general was always willing to send the ambulance. The actors came back singing the efficient secretary's praises. They sang them in the Paris headquarters.

"Hum," said the gentlemen in Paris. "We were about to send that man home. He seemed too—well, almost brutal—he was so insistent on having his own way."

The person not familiar with army and Y conditions in France may think that this is hardly fair play on my part. He may suspect that I am piling up little stories against the Y just to support my theme that the trouble with the Y in France was the Y man. Unfortunately this is not the case. Any one who knows the Y and the army could go on relating tales of this sort until the cows come home. There is the incident, for example—I relate it with diffidence and only because an official of the Y in Paris told it to me—of the good man who acted as secretary at an outlying post.

"We had sent baseballs out there," said the official, "but not nearly enough. Just then it was particularly hard to get baseballs, and the secretary was preserving them very carefully. Whenever the boys finished playing he gathered up the balls and looked them over. Finally he developed a plan for saving the wear and tear on the covers.

"'I've been looking at these balls,' said he, 'and I believe that they will not rip so badly if you take care not to hit them on the seams.'"

Testaments and Cigarets

IT WAS just the other day, too, that a minister-secretary at a meeting of secretaries in Paris commented bitingly on the ease with which the Y seems to find cigarets for the boys, as compared with the Y's difficulty in procuring New Testaments. Perhaps my point of view is that of the ungodly, but I believe that minister paid the Y a very high compliment. The doughboy very rarely worries about his soul. He feels—or many of him feel—that he has been very cheerfully doing a big job for the sake of peace and decency and happiness. He has plenty of faith that the Power above will see to it that he is not lost if anything happens to his mortal body. Meanwhile he needs his cigarets.

They do not understand—so many of these good men who have been very earnestly working for the Y. A friend of mine went to the Y hotel near the Place de la République in Paris in search of a room early one rainy morning or late one rainy night, as you will. At the door he found a group of boys who had evidently just come to town on leave. They were muddy and soaked and rusty-looking. They even had their tin hats and gas masks tied on. Perhaps they were only passing through to some new field of duty.

"Any rooms left?" he asked.

"There may be for you," one replied. "There was none for us."

My friend stepped inside the Y hotel, and as he did so he heard one man behind the desk say to another clerk, a cold and pale superiority in every inflection:

"I just turned away that crowd out there. I think they're drunk."

My friend thinks they were not drunk, and he has some knowledge on this topic, having served in the Foreign Legion. But even if they were drunk—conceding they were so pifflicated that a tallow candle would look to them like the Milky Way—it would be safer for them to sleep in a Y hotel than to wander down-town in Paris. Paris has its welcome for tired men at night, but one of the things the Y was supposed to do was to keep that welcome from functioning at its full efficiency. Furthermore, men just in from the field who preferred the meek comforts of a Y hotel to the Paris offering should have been accepted no matter how drunk they were. But the Y man of the type of the individual behind the hotel counter does not think so. He is so anxious not to touch pitch lest he be defiled that he will not lend a hand to rub a little pitch off the other fellow.

A minor sample of the reasoning of one type of Y executive is in the refusal to sell cigarets to Y secretaries on Sunday in the Paris canteens. Other things are sold there—talcum powder and shoe-laces and chewing-gum and what-not—but cigarets are on the *index expurgatorius*. There is something devilish and menacing about a cigaret. It has been preached about and at. It is true that the experience of the war has shown that the men prefer the cigaret to other forms of manufactured tobacco, and the men do not seem to suffer in hardiness. But the cigaret is a tool of Satan. Therefore the secretaries must not have it on Sunday.

I do not know whether it is yet possible to buy playing-cards in the Y canteens. At one time they were not to be found there. It is true that few of the soldiers understand how to play Authors or Old Maid, and that too many of them are familiar with the relative values of four of a kind and a full house. Quite innocent and harmless games can be played with the decorated pasteboards, but the Y did not have them.

It has seemed to me that the Y kept confusing its dual functions. On the one side it had contracted to furnish the soldiers with everything the soldiers should be furnished by an army canteen. On the other side it was a quasi-religious organization. When it permitted the right hand to interfere with what the left hand was doing, the soldiers suffered.

Most of the fault, however, was below-stairs in the organization. Some of the workers were hopelessly out of tact.

The Y and Tact

THE day after the Americans moved into Stenay, which was the day after the Germans moved out, a pair of Y secretaries appeared at the bunged-up little town and opened a hut. That was commendable enterprise. Stenay was one of the meanest holes in creation just then, if one thought only in terms of personal comfort, not to speak of shells and bombs and cooties and gas and the other incidents of the forward area. Night came on. A young American officer happened along and found the hut's door locked.

In front of it a long string of doughboys stood waiting.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"There's a sign up," was the reply, "that the doors will only be open between two and four o'clock. But we're out of cigarets and we kinda thought——"

The men had been fighting with half enough food and no cigarets whatever. They had hoped against hope that some miracle might happen and the Y door open. The young officer stepped to the blinded window and put his eye to the same crack at which many soldiers had put their eyes. He saw two Y men sitting by a bright, warm fire inside. They were reading books and smoking cigarets. He tapped on the window, but the Y men paid no attention.

Then he tapped harder.

(*Continued on page 98*)

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"They Shall Not Pass!"

By John Ambruster

BACK in See Saw, Oklahoma, things are different. You call out the window to Mary, "Run over and tell Mr. Jones that I'll be over to see him after supper!" And this delightful system applies even if Mr. Jones is president of the bank, and you yourself happen to be mayor. But in Washington or New York you must reckon with the metropolitan institution of the secretary-bird whose motto is: "They shall not pass!"

Suppose it were Mr. Lansing, Secretary of State, you felt impelled to talk with. Presenting yourself, boots blacked, hair brushed, at the door of the State, War and Navy Building, you would be directed to "Room 210, second floor on the south side of the building." Presently you would see, not Mr. Lansing, but his secretary, Mr. Richard T. Crane. And from big, courteous, immovable Mr. Crane, you would learn that you didn't want to see Mr. Lansing. What you really wanted to see was a bureau.

The secretary-bird differs with his environment. In the Wall-Street offices, looking for a financier to back your pet project, you always think you are going to see your man. The secretaries here don't say, as in Washington where the blunter Washingtonian tradition persists, "Mr. X can not see you." They say, "Mr. X can not see you *to-day*." Wall-Street secretaries are miracles of sympathy. Their hearts bleed for you. You get the impression that *to-day* Mr. X just happens to be snowed under with work, but that *some other day*——

You come another day and you never see him. Still, I must say, I like the tactful secretary. It's all the difference between having a girl say "no," and having her say she will be a sister to you.

At George Michael Cohan's office they inform you that no one has ever seen Mr. Cohan, with the possible exception of Mrs. Cohan and the little Cohans. And his office is the one place that he never visits. You see he does all his song and play writing at night after the curtain goes down on the last act of "A Prince There Was." He turns in about 8 A.M. and sleeps soundly till tea time.

Rich philanthropists like Mrs. E. H. Harriman have a flock of secretaries, male and female. They, in turn, are protected by portly butlers and agile footmen. A letter from an unknown person would have to have the style of Galsworthy and the drive of Roosevelt to get past the secretary's waste-basket. And a caller without credentials would never cross the threshold.

My own theory about the inaccessible great is that they are consumed with bashfulness.

Apeda.

George M. Cohan is one hundred per cent. elusive. He never comes to his office.

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Financiers like Frank Vanderlip have sympathetic secretaries, but the net result is the same.

Paul Thompson.

You have to be an ambassador or a window-washer to get into the private office of the Secretary of State.

Paul Thompson.

Mrs. E. H. Harriman's highly trained secretaries guard her from all assaults, personal or epistolary, on her $100,000,000.

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A Side Line of Puttees

A Twenty-Per-Cent. Potter Story

By Thomas Addison

Illustrated by Robert K. Ryland

"The kick is coming—twelve dozen pairs of cordovans ordered when I still thought the war would go on."

IT WAS Sunday, the day before Germany signed the armistice with the Entente Allies. Duncan Potter sat at his desk behind the locked doors of his haberdashery in Jasonville conferring with Rufus Painter, manager of his Anderson store down the state. Painter was just in from his train.

"We are all right in Anderson; comfortably short in most of our lines," Painter was saying. "But look here, Mr. Potter, I can't believe Germany is going to quit. It's too darned sudden. She has got something up her sleeve——"

Potter cut him off. A frowning wrinkle had gathered between his dark-gray, steady eyes.

"You are luckily short, Rufus, only because I kept your buying down. I needed the money at this end. When I opened up here six weeks ago, we common people on the street expected the war to run through the winter. And we bought on that basis. Well, the war is over. If you can't see it, I can, and it has overturned a lot of plans, mine among them. Prices will tumble. I'm overstocked at high levels, and with bills payable I don't like to contemplate."

"You are not alone," Painter essayed to comfort him, if lamely. "Petersen of the Quality Shop is in the same boat. And Joyner and Ficklestein."

Potter's shoulders lifted the merest fraction. Painter was a competent man in his place, but dense at times.

"We are not in the same boat, Rufus. I am all alone. Those fellows have been grabbing off profits of anywhere from fifty to one hundred per cent. since we went to war. My competition has made them shade their prices some; now they'll begin to meet me. It will be a free-for-all, and the lead I've held so far will be lost. That's the size of it, Rufus, measure it anyway you will."

There was silence between them for a while. Both were thinking back over the situation. Potter had come up from Anderson where he had a well-established men's furnishing business and invaded the metropolis in the face of ravenous conditions. The big army camp down the river was pouring a golden flood into the city. The merchants were drunk with prosperity, plunged in an orgy of profiteering. They charged what they pleased—and got it. The war was the grand excuse for this robbery, and the public submitted for the unanswerable reason that it couldn't help itself.

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Into this maelstrom of extortion came Potter with a modest branch store and methods that raised a hullabaloo in the trade. He published broadsides in the press announcing that he was a patriot American and was going to give a patriot public a square deal for its money. "I make only a twenty per cent. net profit on my sales, and will prove it," he said. And he did. He posted on a bulletin-board in the shop his invoices from jobbers and manufacturers. To these he added his selling costs, which were low. His goods were plainly ticketed with the price asked. Ergo, a simpleton could figure out his profit.

The refreshing novelty of these tactics brought the town to his door. "Twenty-Per-Cent. Potter" became his name, and it gave his competitors a pain in their cash registers every time they heard it. They combined secretly to put him out of action, but they failed. Potter whipsawed them handsomely. At the close of his first week in Jasonville he was doing business to the tune of twenty thousand a year. And now——

"I believe they will hold on a while," advanced Painter hopefully. "Admitting that you were right and I am wrong about Germany, the bottom won't drop out of things all at once."

Potter's sense of humor was not of a surface character, but it was strong. It prevailed even when events were not shaping to his liking. He looked now at his cocksure manager with a little upturning of the corners of his mouth.

"In some lines it has begun to drop already, Rufus," he said. "They've seen the handwriting on the wall. Wait a minute."

He rose and walked to the front of the store, a slender figure of medium height, and of a youthful bearing though he was touching forty. He returned with a pair of cordovan puttees.

"I noticed them as I came in," said Painter. "I didn't know you were stocking military goods. But of course with this camp here it's logical. They've been handing commissions out in bunches. At twenty per cent. your puttees ought to have gone."

"That's the trouble, Rufus—they did go."

"How's that? I don't get you."

"They went too well. It was like this. Bowen's department store was carrying a full line of military goods in their men's furnishing annex. Uniforms were out of the question with my limited space, but I saw no reason why I shouldn't take on a small side line of puttees, especially as Petersen and the other haberdashers hadn't seemed to have wakened to the opportunity." He spread his hands apart in self-disparagement. "But they were wiser than I, and I didn't know it."

Painter held his peace, and waited for him to go on.

"I passed up the cowhides; confined myself to cordovans," proceeded Potter. "I put in two dozen. They stood me ten dollars the pair, and I priced them at fourteen dollars and forty cents, my standard profit. At Bowen's, and the regular military outfitting shops, they were eighteen dollars and fifty cents. Oh, they went, mine did, Rufus—like hot cakes! I wouldn't have had this pair left if it wasn't an odd size."

"Well, you cleaned up on them. Where's the kick?" The manager was puzzled.

"The kick is coming—twelve dozen pairs of cordovans ordered of the A. D. Little Company, Columbus, Ohio, October eleventh, when I still thought the war would go on. Then things began to happen over in France, and I tried to countermand. Little wired back that the shipment was on the way. Freight moves slowly these days, but the goods are here at last. I got the notice from the railroad yesterday."

Painter stared, and whistled under his breath. Potter continued:

"Wilkins, the outfitter in the Grand Hotel, has an ad in the *Herald* to-day offering his entire stock of military goods 'at below cost.' And he quotes cordovan puttees at twelve dollars and fifty cents. The ad is a plain lie, for Wilkins bought, if anything, at a better price than I did. But it's a beginning. Bowen will cut, and the other outfitters will have to get busy. Did you say anything about the bottom not dropping out, Rufus?"

"Well, in military goods, yes, it seems like it. But in other lines——"

"It's the military goods I'm interested in just now, Rufus. To the extent of fourteen hundred and forty dollars, two off for cash in sixty days."

Painter brightened up of a sudden.

"The hunting season is on. I can sell some of that stuff in Anderson. You ought to work off some of it here. And there must be other outlets."

"Yes?" said Potter. "Indicate them, please. I've been sitting up nights looking for them."

"Mexico!" trumpeted Painter in triumph. "They're scrapping down there all the time."

The merchant's mouth twitched.

"Fine and feasible. Name the consignee and his rakeoff, and we'll start the car to him in the morning."

Painter grinned sheepishly, and descended from the clouds.

"Well," he asked, "what are you going to do? The goods are here. You can refuse them, of course, and stand suit for damages——"

"Exactly. But I won't do it. I've my credit to look after, and that other small thing we call business honor. I'm getting what I deserve, Rufus, for stepping outside my line. I've got to borrow the money at the bank to pay for those puttees—and sell the most of them, I suppose, to some novelty manufacturing concern for what they will bring as leather. A loss of a thousand dollars and more."

Painter got up and wandered about the shop. He had been with Potter four

On Tuesday they sold two pairs, but not to soldiers; they went to a couple of loggers from up the river.

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Potter did something rare with him—he swore.

years, and loved and respected him. He knew that Potter in coming into Jasonville had drawn heavily on his resources, and this loss would hit him hard; particularly so in view of the equalizations of trade that must follow on peace. He circled around to the desk finally, and with hands thrust deep in his pockets looked down at the man seated there. "Boss," he blurted out, "I'm going to take four dozen of those damned things back with me to Anderson, and sell 'em or bust. And—and," he stuttered, "I've got a little money laid by—not much, for you know how it has been with me—sickness in the family and all that—but it's eight hundred dollars, and—well, it's yours, boss, and welcome——"

"Rufus!" Potter's voice was oddly vibrant, and his eyes, raised to the manager's, were two bright points of light. "You are getting a salary of twelve hundred a year and five per cent. on sales. It ought to be fifteen hundred, and will when I can see my way to it. Until then—why, suppose you hang on to your savings?" A rare smile softened his lean features. "Once in a while something comes to a man that is above money value. I will remember this, Rufus."

"But, boss——"

"And now," interjected Potter in quiet dismissal of the argument, "you had better sit down with me and figure out what lines of my surplus stock here you can handle for a quick turnover in Anderson. That's why I sent for you. We will head the list with those cordovans. If you had a certainty of extreme old age, Rufus, I'd make it four dozen. As it is, I reckon I'll make it one."

II

POTTER had his cordovans brought up from the railroad the next day. He expressed a dozen pairs to Painter at Anderson, but the rest he left in his stockroom while he awaited developments on the part of Wilkins and Bowen.

Bowen in a day or two dropped his price to eleven dollars and fifty cents. Wilkins, in another day or two, dropped to eleven dollars. Lofton and Allen, the other two outfitters, who had held out up to now, came down reluctantly to meet Wilkins's price. And there were no sales to speak of among them all. So the situation remained at the end of a week.

When Potter closed up Saturday night, after a none-too-busy day, he took a sheet of wrapping-paper and penciled on it thoughtfully. His assistant, Mrs. June Carter, whom he had brought to Jasonville from his Anderson store because of a well-demonstrated sales ability, was back in the stockroom putting on her hat before a wall-mirror. Through the open door she could see the slight figure of her employer bowed at his desk. He called to her over his shoulder.

"Bring out some cardboard, Mrs. Carter, please; thirty-two by twenty-four."

She came and stood by him presently, but without speaking. She was a trim, comely young woman with intelligent brown eyes and an erect, alert carriage.

Without looking up Potter said quietly: "I shall make a display of those puttees in the east window Monday, and I am not going to post the invoice on the bulletin-board. If you can spare the time at home to-morrow, I wish you would print me a show-card in your very best style. Here is the copy."

"I will stay and do it now, if you like, and let you see it," she suggested. "I would be glad to." She was ardent to please him. Potter had taken her on as a patriotic war measure after the first selective draft in '17. Now that the war was over she cherished the fear that a man would supersede her.

"No," murmured Potter. "You have had a long day. To-morrow will do—unless it interferes with plans you have made."

"None at all." The answer was stringently prompt, a denial of any engagement that could take precedence of his will.

Potter silently handed the copy to her. He had displayed it in the way he desired it to appear. She studied it attentively:

TRUTH SPEAKS
These Goods Offered at an Honest Sacrifice
Twenty Per Cent. Below Cost
See Factory Invoice on the Glass

"It's a shame!" she cried out hotly. "A loss at a time like this. I wish I could think of a way——"

She stopped there. Potter, as she knew him, craved sympathy of no one. He was self-contained, sufficient; of the type that fights best with its back to the wall. She looked at him, and saw the lurking smile on his mouth.

"Good night," she finished with dignity, and turned to go. Potter spoke:

"If you can think of a way, Mrs. Carter, I trust—sincerely—that you won't forget to mention it."

A dimple curled for an instant in her cheek and vanished. Potter had noted it not infrequently, and without manifest disapprobation. She replied to him:

"You may rest assured that I shan't let it escape me, Mr. Potter." She made him a little mocking bow. The spring-latch on the door clicked, and she was gone.

This passage between them was wholly novel. Potter dwelt on it briefly, and directed his thoughts to other things.

He left the desk and moved about the shop inspecting his shelves and show-cases. With the armistice period had come reaction in all lines of trade, the reaction from a vast common impetus to a desired end, at last achieved. For a static moment industry paused, breathing uncertainly in face of the tremendous tasks of

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readjustment immediately ahead. And Potter's business, an atomic cog in the mammoth machine, had paused with it.

The flattering sales of his first weeks in Jasonville had dwindled calamitously. Expenses were eating into his accrued small profits; shortly, unless matters took a sharp turn for the better, he would be running behind. And here, at the very crux of a sorry situation, he had loaded up with a bunch of unsalable goods!

However, it was no part of Potter's philosophy to cry over spilt milk. The mistakes of yesterday belonged to yesterday; it was to-day's job to correct them. To advertise the puttees in the papers would be throwing good money after bad. This was not one of these fake below-cost sales. It was a bona-fide sacrifice, and he would have to bank every dollar of the proceeds against his December settlement with the factory.

He went into his stockroom, shucked off his coat, and with a pinch-bar set to work unboxing the goods. He would come down in the morning and arrange the display behind drawn curtains. And they should stay drawn till Monday. He would spring this sale on his competitors, give them no chance to think it over during Sunday.

Potter was called to the telephone in the afternoon of Monday. It was Wilkins speaking.

"They tell me you've got a windowful of cordovans cut to eight dollars. Are you crazy, Potter?"

"Perhaps. Want to buy 'em?"

A snort startled the wire.

"I wish to say to you in plain words, Mr. Potter, that we—Lofton, Allen, and myself—consider your methods piratical. And you've done it before."

"Well," Potter's voice was soft and pleasant, "you can easily restore the balance. I'll make it twenty-five off to you, Mr. Wilkins, for the lot—eleven dozen pairs."

"What! You have eleven dozen?"

"Yes. Shall I send them over?"

Mr. Wilkins said something taboo in telephonic intercourse. He added:

"We'll remember this, Potter! Don't you forget it!"

Potter's cryptic smile played on his lips as he answered:

"This is painful, Mr. Wilkins. It grieves me. Rather than forfeit your good will I'll remove my display——"

"Ah! Now you are talking——"

"If," went on Potter smoothly, "you will paste that Sunday ad of yours in your window, and underneath it your factory invoices; I'm toting square with the public, and of course you are."

This was a bombshell that scattered Mr. Wilkins's wits in fragments. Before he could collect them Potter had hung up and left the instrument.

In real truth he would have been delighted to sell Wilkins at twenty-five off had there been the ghost of a chance to do it. Or any one else, for that matter. So far, his sacrifice sale had fallen flat. Not a soul interested in puttees had visited the store. And he had received a letter from Painter, scribbled Saturday night, in which he reported sadly that nothing was doing in cordovans. Aside from a pair to a sportsman friend he couldn't seem to move his lot at any sane price.

"I'll see what happens in the next few days," Potter said to himself as he closed up that night. "It may come to scrap leather after all."

Mrs. Carter scanned him covertly, and abstained from comment on the first day's failure. Something in Potter's manner forbade it, she imagined. She went home with the feeling that she would give a year of her life to hit upon an indubitable way of disposing of those miserable horse-hide leggings.

On Tuesday they sold two pairs, but not to soldiers; they went to a couple of loggers from up the river. Officers from the cantonment passed the window with a sparse glance at the exhibit. The war was over; they were resigning their commissions as fast as the law allowed and going home.

Wednesday, Wilkins, Allen and Lofton dropped their price on cordovans, as if by concerted action, to nine dollars. Bowen had already dropped to that figure.

On Thursday Potter marked his stock down to thirty off from cost. They sold four pairs that day. Potter remarked on it to Mrs. Carter:

"At this rate perhaps we can get rid of them when we cut to eighty off."

The effect on her was extraordinary. She burst into vehement protest.

(Continued on page 74)

"Potter," he swallowed painfully—"I don't own those options any more."

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The BRANDING-IRON

By

Katharine Newlin Burt

Illustrated by Charles Sarka

Something fateful in the long still pose and fixed look.

SYNOPSIS—The story opens with Joan, a beautiful mountain girl, reading the story of "The Pot of Basil" by the firelight in her tiny cabin on the Wyoming mountainside. Outside is the cold still night, and somewhere, Pierre, Joan's husband, traveling homeward on his snow-shoes.

While she reads, Joan pictures the loneliness of her own life before she married Pierre; then her running away from him to the little mining town to work in the hotel. There she had met Pierre, and in the first look had recognized her mate. Then had followed their marriage, the coming of the missionary who had lent her books, finally Pierre's jealousy of the books and of the "sin-buster."

Suddenly Joan hears a light step on the snow and feels a shadow at the window. A strange Pierre enters, of whom Joan is afraid. He refuses to greet her, but busies himself at the fire. After a while he steps to her with the red-hot Two-Bar brand, the mark for his cattle, declaring he will mark her so that all the world will know that she belongs to him. He burns the mark into her shoulder; Joan screams, and a man enters out of the night. Pierre fires first, then the stranger; Pierre falls and Joan loses consciousness.

Joan is restored to health in Prosper Gael's cabin in a cañon across the mountains from her old home.

With Prosper's aid Joan develops her woman's charm. She makes the soft stuffs he gives her into beautiful garments. She enters the world of romance through his music, his books, and his conversation. But one day she comes again among Prosper's books upon the story of *Isabella*. This brings Pierre and the little mountain homestead back so forcibly that Joan starts home. She is still very weak, and almost dies in the snow before Prosper finds her.

She begins to work indoors and out, trying to regain her strength in order to go home when spring comes. One day Prosper sends her to put on an outdoor suit which he says is in a closet in the hall. His shock at seeing her in it brings to Joan the realization of the woman for whom it was intended and for whom the mountain cabin was built. Joan, hurt this time in a different way, runs away again. This time she comes back of her own accord unable to find her way in the snowy stillness. Thus Prosper wins Joan's love and together they live their spring.

At last the outside world breaks in on their happiness in the shape of a letter and Prosper goes back to his old world, leaving Joan to her memories. The same evening, Joan sees from the hill behind the cabin Pierre and the sin-buster. Pierre is alive! The full measure of Prosper's deception overwhelms her, and she allows them to ride away without finding her.

About a year later, an embittered Joan, who calls herself Jane, is cook of the Lazy-Y ranch. She has shed all the charm she learned from Prosper; yet even in her coarse clothes she is beautiful to the clever theatrical manager, Jasper Morena, who with his wife is staying at Lazy-Y.

He discovers in Jane latent gifts that would fit her to take the heroine's part in "The Leopardess," a play which is being held up for want of a star fitted to the part. He is surprised at the effect of the recital of the plot on Jane, not realizing how nearly it touches her own experience with Prosper.

She leaves the Lazy-Y and goes to New York with the Morenas, and there fits herself for the play. The day she leaves, a new and changed Pierre comes to the ranch seeking her, only to learn of her departure. In New York Joan gains the success foreseen—and at its height Prosper again comes into her life.

CHAPTER SEVEN

(Continued)

"MY BOOK, its success," Prosper began at last, "made me restless. You'll understand that, now you are an artist yourself. And one day there came a letter from that woman I had loved."

"It was a little square gray envelop," said Joan breathlessly. "I can see it now. You never rightly looked at me again."

"Ah!" said Prosper. He turned and hid his face.

"Tell me the rest," said Joan.

He went on without turning back to her, his head bent. "The woman wrote that her husband was dying, that I must come back at once."

The snow tapped and the fire crackled.

"And when you—went back?"

"Her husband did not die," said Prosper blankly; "he is still alive."

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"And you still love her very much?"

"That's the worst of it, Joan," groaned Prosper. His groan changed into a desperate laugh. "I love you. Now truly do I love you. If I could marry you—if I could have you for my wife—" He waited, breathing fast, and then came and stood close before her, "I never wanted a woman to be my wife till now. I want you. I want you to be the mother of my children."

Then Joan did look at him with all her eyes.

"I am Pierre's wife," she said. The liquid beauty had left her voice. It was hoarse and dry. "I am Pierre's wife, and I have already been the mother of your child——"

There was a long, rigid silence. "Joan—when? Where?" Prosper's throat clicked.

"I knew it before you left. I couldn't tell you, because you were so changed. I worked all winter. It—it was born on an awful cold March night. I think the woman let it—made it—die. She wanted me to work for her during the summer and she thought I would be glad if the child didn't live. She used to say I was 'in trouble,' and she'd be glad if she could 'help me out.' It was what I was planning to live for—that child."

During the heavy stillness following Joan's dreadful brief account of birth and death, Prosper went through a strange experience. It seemed to him that in his soul something was born and died. Always afterward there was a ghost in him—the father that might have been.

"I can't talk any more," said Joan faintly. "Won't you please go?"

CHAPTER EIGHT
Joan Beats Against the Bars

JASPER MORENA had stood for an hour in a drafty passage of that dirty labyrinth known vaguely to the public as "behind the scenes," listening to the wearisome complaints of a long-nosed young actor. It was the sixth of such conversations that he had held that day. To begin with, there had been a difficulty between a director and the leading man. Morena's tact was still complete, he was very gentle to the long-nosed youth, but the latter, had he been capable of seeing anything but himself, must have noticed that his listener's face was pale and faintly lined.

"Yes, my boy, of course, that's reasonable enough. I'll do what I can."

"I don't make extravagant demands, you see," the young man spread down and out his hands, quivering with exaggerated feeling; "I ask only for decent treatment, what my own self-respect ab-so-lute-ly demands."

Morena put a hand on his shoulder and walked beside him.

"Did you ever stop to think," he said with his charming smile, "that the other fellow is thinking and saying just the same thing? Now, this chap that has, as you put it, got your goat, why, he came to me himself this morning and, word for word, he said of you just precisely what you have just said of him to me. Odd, isn't it?"

Again the young actor stopped for one of his gestures, hands up this time. "But, my God, sir! Is there such a thing as honesty? He couldn't accuse me of——"

"Well, he thought he could. However, I do get your point of view and I think we can fix it up for you, I'll talk to George to-morrow. You're so worth the bother. Good afternoon."

The young man bowed, his air of tragic injury softened to one of tragic self-appreciation. Worth the bother indeed!

Morena left him at the top of a dingy stairs down which the manager fled to an alley at one side of the theatre, where his car was waiting for him. He stood for a while with his foot on the step and his hand on the door, looking rather blankly at the gray, cold wall and the scurrying whirlwinds of dust and paper.

"Drop yourself at the garage, Ned," he said, "and I'll take the car." He climbed in beside the wheel. He was very tired, but he had remembered that Jane West when he had last seen her had worn a look of profound discouragement. She never complained, but when he saw that particular expression he was frightened and the responsibility for her came heavily upon him. This wild thing he had brought to New York must not be allowed to beat its head dumbly against the bars.

When he got rid of his driver he turned

"Joan," Morena spoke brokenly, "what does it mean?"

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the car northward and a few minutes later Mathilde, the French maid, chosen by Betty, opened Jane's door for him.

While he took off his coat he looked along the hall and saw its owner sitting, her chin propped on a lattice-work of fingers. She was gazing out of the window. It was a beautiful, desperate silhouette, something fateful in the long, still pose and the fixed look. She was still dressed in street clothes as when she had left the theatre, a blouse and a skirt of dark gray, very plain. Her figure, now that it was trained to slight corseting, was less vigorous and more fine-drawn. She was very thin, but she had lost her worn and haggard look, the premature hard lines had almost disappeared; a softer climate, proper care, rest, food, luxury, had given her back her young, clear skin and the brightness of eyes and lips. Her hair, arranged very simply to frame her face in a broken setting of black, was glossy and, here and there, deeply waved. It was the arrangement chosen for her by Betty and copied from a Du Maurier drawing of the Duchess of Towers. It was hard to believe that this graceful woman was the virago Jane, harder, for any one that had seen a heavy, handsome girl stride into Mrs. Upper's hotel and ask for work, to believe that she was here.

They became simultaneously aware of a trap.

Morena clapped his hands in the Eastern fashion of summons, and Jane looked toward him.

"Oh," she said, "I'm glad you came."

He strolled over and stood beside her, shaking his head.

"I didn't like the look of you this afternoon, my dear."

"Well, sir," said Jane, "I don't like the look of you, either." She smiled her slow, unselfconscious smile. "You sit down and I'll make tea for you."

He knew that thought for some one else was the best tonic for her mood, so he dropped with his usual limp grace into the nearest chair, put back his head and half closed his eyes.

"I'm used up," he said. "I haven't a word—not one to throw at a dog."

"Please don't throw one at me then. I surely wouldn't take it as a compliment." She made the tea gravely, as absorbed in the work as a little girl who makes tea for her dolls. She brought him his cup and went back to her place and again her face settled into that look. She had evidently forgotten him and her eyes held a vision as of distances.

He put a hand up to break her fixed gaze. "What is it, Jane? What do you see?"

To his astonishment she hid her face in her hands. "It's awful to live like this," she moaned, and it frightened him to see her move her head from side to side like an imprisoned beast, shifting before bars.

He looked about the pretty room and repeated, "Like this?" half-reproachfully.

"I hate it!" she spoke through her teeth. "I hate it! And oh, the sounds, the noises grinding into your ears!"

Here the hands came to her ears and framed a white, desperate face in which the lids had fallen over sick eyes.

Jasper sat listening to the hum and roar and clatter of the street. To him it was a pleasant sound, and here it was subdued and remote enough. Her face was like that of some one maddened by noise.

"You don't smell anything fresh"—her chest lifted—"you don't get air. I can't breathe. Everything presses in." She opened her eyes, bright and desperate. "What am I doing here, Mr. Morena?"

He had put down his cup quietly, for he was really half afraid of her.

For an instant he realized the cruelty of his experiment, the danger of it. Was it not possible, even quite terribly probable that Jane's mind, brought up in breadth and the peace and quietness of huge spaces, might crack like a glass vessel under the pressure of all the alien experience that had been poured so ruthlessly, so swiftly into it during the forcing process of this last year. Already, in this interview he had noted alarming signs of strained and tortured nerves. He smothered these misgivings, "Why did you come, Jane?" he asked curiously, still closely watching her.

"Because I was afraid of some one. I was running away, Mr. Morena. There's some one that mustn't ever find me now and to run away from him—that was the business of my life. And it kept my heart full of him and the dread of his coming. You see, that was my happiness. I hoped he was taking after me so's I could run away." She laughed apologetically. "Does that sound crazy to you?"

"No. I think I understand. And here?"

"He'll never come here. He'll never find me. It's been four years. And I'm so changed. This—" she gave herself a downward look, "this isn't the 'gel' he wants. Probably by now he's given me up. Maybe he's found another. Everything that's bad and hateful can find me out here. Bad things can find you out and try to clutch after you anywheres. But when something wild and clean comes hunting for you, something out of the big lonely places—why, it would be scared to follow into this city."

"You're lonely, Jane. I've told you a hundred times that you ought to make friends for yourself."

"Oh, I don't care for that. I don't want friends, not many friends. These acting people, they're not real folks. I don't savvy their ways and they don't savvy mine. They always end by disliking me because I'm queer and different from them.

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You have been my friend, and your wife—that is, she used to be." Suddenly Jane became more her usual self and spoke with child-like wistfulness: "She doesn't come to see me any more, Mr. Morena. And I could love her. She's so like a little girl with those round eyes. Oh, dear!" she said, "isn't she awfully winning? Seems as if you must be taking care of her. She's so small and fine."

Jasper laughed with some bitterness.

"She doesn't like me now," sighed Jane, but the feelings Betty had hurt were connected with a later development so that they turned her mood and brought her to a more normal dejection. She was no longer a caged beast, she had temporarily forgotten her bars.

"I think you're wrong," said Jasper doubtfully; "Betty does like you. She's merely busy and preoccupied. I've been neglected myself."

Joan gave him a far too expressive look. It was as though she had said, "You don't fancy that she cares for you?" Jasper flushed and blinked his long, Oriental eyes.

"It's a pity you haven't a lover, Jane," he said.

She had walked over to the window and his speech, purposely a trifle cruel and insulting, did not make her turn.

"You're angry," she said. "You'd better go home. I'm not in a good humor myself."

At which he laughed his murmuring, musical laugh and prepared to leave her.

"I have a great deal of courage," he said, getting into his coat, "to bring a wildcat here, chain her up and tease her—eh?"

"You think you have me chained?" Her tone was enraged and scornful. "I can snap your flimsy little tether and go."

She wheeled upon him. She looked tall and fierce and free.

"No, no!" he cried with deprecating voice and gesture. "You are making Mr. Luck's fortune and mine, not to mention your own. You mustn't break your chains. Get used to them. We all have to, you know. It's much the best method."

"I shall never get used to this life, never. It just—somehow—isn't mine."

"Perhaps, when you meet Mr. Luck, he'll be able to reconcile you."

Her expressive face darkened. "When shall I meet Mr. Luck?"

"Soon, I hope. But I don't just know. I've left it to Mr. Welton when to announce the authorship."

"I hate Mr. Luck more than any one in the world," she said in a low, quiet voice.

Jasper stared. "Hate him? Why, in the name of savagery, should you hate him?"

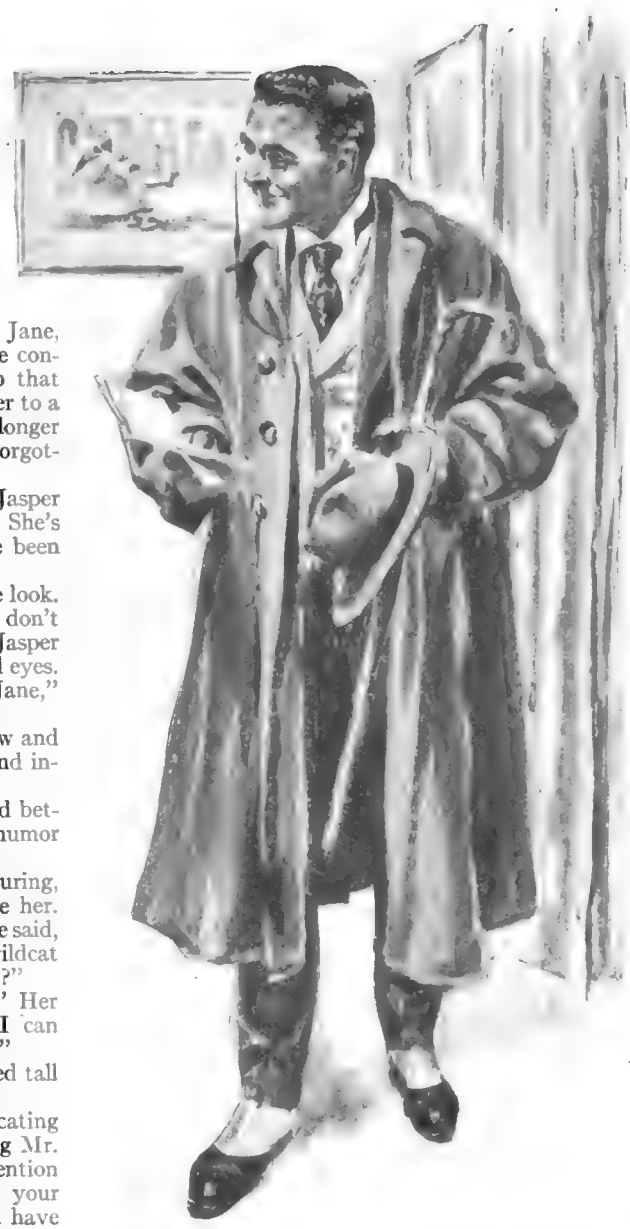
"Oh, I can't explain. But you'd better keep us apart. How came he to write 'The Leopardess'?"

"I shall leave him to tell you that. Good night."

CHAPTER NINE

Betty Takes Off Her Mask

IT WAS with more than the usual sinking of heart that Jasper let himself that evening into the beautiful house which Betty called their home. Joan's too expressive look had stung the old soreness of his disillusionment. He knew that



When he saw that he was seen he smiled easily and came over to them.

the house was empty of welcome. He took off his hat and coat dejectedly. There were footsteps of his man who came from the far end of the hall.

While he stood waiting, Jasper noticed the absence of a familiar fragrance. For the first time in years Betty had forgotten to order flowers. The red roses which Jasper always caressed with a long appreciative finger as he went by the table in the hall, were missing. Their absence gave him a faint sensation of alarm.

"Mr. Kane, Mrs. Morena's brother, has called to see you, sir. He is waiting."

Jasper's eyebrows rose. "To see me? Is he with Mrs. Morena now?"

"No, sir. Mrs. Morena went out this morning and has not yet returned. Mr. Kane has been here since five o'clock, sir."

"Very well." It was a mechanical speech of dismissal. The footman went off. Jasper stood tapping his chin with his finger. Woodward Kane come to see him during Betty's absence! Woodward had not spoken more than three or four icy words of necessity to him since the marriage. After a stiff, ungracious fashion this brother had befriended Betty, but to his Jewish brother-in-law he had shown only a slightly disguised distaste. The Jew was well used to such a manner. He treated it with light bitterness, but he did not love to receive the users of it in his own house. It was with heightened color and bent brows that he pushed apart the long, crimson hangings and came into the immense drawing-room.

It was softly lighted and pleasantly warmed. A fire burned. The tall, fair visitor rose from a seat near the blaze and turned all in one rigid piece toward his advancing host. Jasper was perfectly conscious that his own gesture and speech of greeting were too eager, too ingratiating, that they had a touch of servility. He hated them himself, but they were inherited with his blood, as instinctive as the wagging of a dog's tail. They were met by a precise bow, no smile, no taking of his outstretched hand.

Jasper drew himself up at once, put the slighted hand on the back of a tall, crimson damask chair and looked his stateliest and most handsome self.

"Betty hasn't come in yet," he said. "You've been waiting for her?"

Woodward Kane pulled at his short yellow mustache and stared at Jasper with his large, blank, blue eyes. "As a matter of fact, I didn't call to see my sister but to see you. I have just come from Elizabeth. She is at my house. She came to me this morning."

Jasper's fingers tigntened on the chair. "She is sick?"

"No." There was a pause during which the blank, blue eyes staring at him, slowly gathered a look of cold pleasure. Jasper was aware that this man who hated him was enjoying his present mission.

"Shall we sit down? I shall have to take a good deal of your time, I am afraid. There is rather a good deal to be gone over."

Jasper sat down in the chair, the back of which he had been holding. "Will you smoke?" he asked and smiled his charming smile. There was not a trace of embarrassment, anger, or anxiety about him. His eyes were quiet, his voice flexible. Woodward declined to smoke, crossed his beautifully clothed legs and drew a small, gray envelope from his pocket. Jasper's eyes fastened upon it at once. It was Betty's paper and her angular, boyish writing marched across it. Evidently the note was addressed to him. He waited while Woodward turned it about in his long, stiff, white fingers.

"About two months ago, Betty came to me one evening in great distress of mind.

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She asked for my advice and to the best of my ability I gave it to her. I wish that she had asked for it ten years ago. She might have saved herself a great deal. This time she has not only asked for it, but she has been following it and, in following it, she has now left your house and come to mine. This, of course, will not surprise you."

"It does, however, surprise me very greatly." It was still the gentle murmur, but Jasper's cigaret smoke veiled his face.

"I can not understand that. However, it's not my business. Betty has asked me to interview you to-day so that she may be spared the humiliation. After this, you must address your communications to her lawyers. In a short time, Rogers and Daring will serve you notice of divorce."

"So-o!" Jasper said after a long silence. Then he held out his hand. "I may have Betty's letter?"

Woodward Kane withheld it and again that look of pleasure was visible in his eyes. "Just a moment, please. I should like to have my own say out first. I shall have to be brutal, I am afraid. In these matters, there is nothing for it but frankness. Your infidelity has been common talk for some time. The story of it first came to Betty's ears on the evening when she came to me two months ago. Since then there has been but one possible course."

Jasper kept another silence, more difficult, however, than his last. His pallor was noticeable. "You say my—infidelity is common talk. There has been a name used?"

"Your protégée from Wyoming—Jane West."

Jasper was on his feet and Woodward too rose, jerkily holding up a hand. "No excitement, please," he begged. "Let us conduct this unfortunate interview like gentlemen, if possible."

Jasper laughed. "As you say—if possible. Why, man, it was Betty who helped me bring Miss West to New York; it was Betty who helped me to install her here; it was Betty who chose the furnishings for her apartment, who helped her to buy her clothes, who engaged her maid, who gave her most of her training. This is the most preposterous, the most filthy perversion of the truth. Betty must know it better than any one else. Come now, Woodward, there's something more in it than this?" Jasper had himself in hand, but it was easy to see the effort it cost him. The veins of his forehead were swollen.

"I SHALL not discuss the matter with you. Betty has excellent evidence, unimpeachable witnesses. There is no doubt in my mind nor in the minds of her lawyers, that she will win her suit and get her divorce, her release. Of course you will not contest——"

Jasper stopped in his pacing which had begun to take the curious circling, weaving form characteristic of him, and, standing now with his head thrown back, he spoke sonorously: "Do you imagine for one instant, Kane—does Betty imagine for one instant—that I shall not contest?"

This changed the look of cold pleasure in Woodward's eyes, which grew blank again. "Do you mean me to understand—Naturally I took it for granted that you would act as most gentlemen act under the circumstances."

"Then you have taken too much for granted, you and Betty. Ten years ago, your sister gave herself to me. She is mine. I will not for a whim, for a passion, for a temporary alienation, let her go. Neither will I have my good name and the name of a good woman besmirched for the sake of this impertinent desire for a release. I love my wife—" his voice was especially Hebraic and especially abhorrent to the other—"and as a husband, I mean to keep her from the ruin this divorce would mean to her——"

"Far from being her ruin, Morena, it would be the saving of her. Her ruin was as nearly as possible brought about ten years ago, when against the advice, against the wishes of every one who loved her she made her insane marriage with an underbred, commercial and licentious Jew. She was seventeen and you seized your opportunity."

JASPER had stepped close. He was an inch taller and several inches broader of shoulder than his brother-in-law. "As long as you are in my house, don't insult me. I am, as you say, a Jew, and I am, as you say, of a commercial family. But I am not, I have never been, licentious. Is it necessary to use such language? You suggested that this interview be conducted by us like gentlemen."

"The man who refuses to give her liberty to a wife that loathes him, scarcely comes under the definition."

"My ideas on the matter are different. We need not discuss them. If you will let me read my wife's letter, I think that we can come to an end of this."

Woodward unwillingly surrendered the small, gray envelop to a quivering, outstretched hand. Jasper turned away and stood near the lamp. But his excitement prevented him from reading. The angular writing jumped before his eyes. At last, the words straightened themselves.

I am glad that you have given me this opportunity to escape from a life that for a long time has been dreadful to me. Ten years ago I made a disaster of my life and yours. Forgive me if you can and let me escape. I will not see you again. Whatever you may have to say, please say it to Woodward. From now on he is my protector. In other matters there are my lawyers. It is absolutely not to be thought of that I should speak to you. I hope never to see you alone. I want you to hate me and this note ought to make it easy for you.—BETTY.

Jasper stared at the name. He was utterly bewildered, utterly staggered by the amazing dissimulation practised by this small, soft-lipped, round-eyed girl who had lived with him for so long, sufficiently pliable, sufficiently agreeable. What was back of it all? Another man, of course. In imagination he was examining the faces of his acquaintances, narrowing his lids as though the real men passed in review before him.

"Perhaps you understand the situation better now?" asked Woodward cruelly.

Jasper's intense pain and humiliation gave him a sort of calm. He seemed entirely cool when he moved back toward his brother-in-law, his eyes were clear, the heat had gone from his temples. He was even smiling a little, though there was a white, even frame to his lips.

"I shall not write to Betty nor attempt to see her," he said quietly. "But I shall ask you to take a message to her."

Woodward assented.

"Tell her she shall have her release, but, to get it, she will have to walk through the mire and there will be no one waiting for her on the other side. Can you remember that? Not even you will be there." He was entirely self-assured so that Woodward felt a chill of dismay.

"I shall contest the suit," said Jasper, "and I believe that I shall win. You may tell Betty if you like or she can wait to hear it from my lawyer." He put the envelope into his pocket, crossed the room and held back one of the crimson curtains of the door.

"If you have nothing more to say," he smiled, "neither have I. Good-by."

He bowed slightly and Woodward found himself passing before him in silence and some confusion. He stood for a moment in the hall and, having stammered his way to a cold "good afternoon," he put on his hat and went out.

Jasper returned to the empty drawing-room and began his weaving march.

Before he could begin his spinning which he hoped would entangle Betty and leave her powerless for him to hold or to release at will, he must go to Jane West and tell her what trick life with his help had played upon her. The prospect was bitterly distasteful. Jasper accused himself of selfishness. Because she cared nothing for the world, was a creature apart, he had let the world think what it would. He knew that an askance look would not hurt her; for himself, secure in innocence, he did not care; for Betty, he had thought her cruelly certain of him.

HE WENT to Jane the day after his interview with Woodward Kane. It was Sunday afternoon. She was out, but came in very soon and he stood up to meet her with an air of confusion and guilt.

"What's the matter with you?" she asked, pulling her gloves from her long hands. Her quickly observant eyes swept him. She walked to him and stood near. The frosty air was still about her and her face was lightly stung to color with exercise. Her wild eyes were startling under the brim of her smart tailored hat. Jasper put a hand on either of her shoulders and bent his head before her.

"My poor child—if I'd only left you in your kitchen!"

Joan tightened her lips and then smiled uncertainly. "You've got me scared," she said, stepped back and sat down, her hands in her muff. "What is it?" she asked and in that moment of waiting she was sickly reminded of other moments of her life—of the nearing sound of Pierre's webs on a crystal winter night, of the sound of Prosper's footsteps going away from her up the mountain trail on a sword-like autumn morning.

Jasper began his pacing. Feeling carefully for delicate phrases, he told her of Betty's accusation, of her purpose.

Joan took off her hat, pushed back the hair from her forehead, then, as he came to the end, she looked up at him. Her pupils were larger than usual and the light frosty tint of rose had left her cheeks.

"Would you mind telling me that again?" she asked.

He did so, more explicitly.

(Continued on page 83)

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"Not Young Men"

Photographs from Paul Thompson.

As President Wilson pointed out in his speech at the Metropolitan Opera House on the League of Nations, the men who are guiding their various ships of state through this period of post-war adjustment are "not young men," but men of great and long experience in international affairs. The average age of the men around the Peace Table at Paris is a little this side of seventy years. Arthur James Balfour, England's Foreign Secretary (above), is seventy-one.

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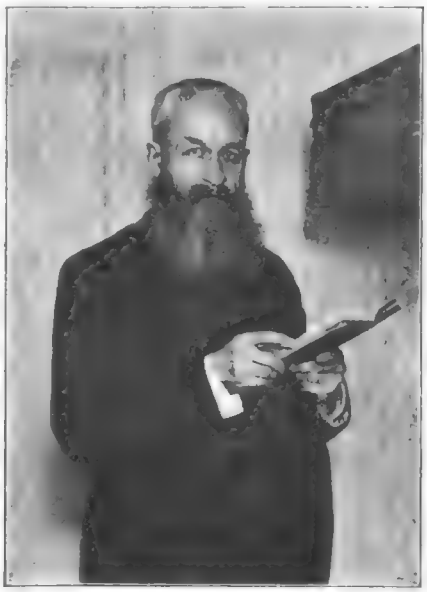
Mr. Henry White, of the American delegation, is just turned sixty-nine, and has put in twenty-five years of his life representing the interests of the United States in foreign lands—Vienna, London, Morocco, Italy, France, South America. His knowledge of them and their habits of thought comes from the years lived under their skies.



Prince Georg Lvoff, the first Russian premier after the revolution, is not at the Peace Table, but *on dit* that it is to him, more than any other one man, the Allied diplomats have turned for their data on affairs Russian. Assuredly he has "grown gray in the service," the diplomatic service, having represented Russia in Paris in the days when Mr. Lloyd George and our own Mr. Wilson (who is only sixty-three) were still serving their political apprenticeships.

As for Nicholas Pachitch, of the Servian delegation, his tranquil mien and white beard speak for his years of discretion.

Baron Sidney Sonnino, the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, is keen and vigorous at seventy-two. His mother was an Englishwoman. Like Balfour, he has spent his life in his country's diplomatic service, and—a bit of ammunition for bachelors—also like Balfour, he has never married. In his intricate and busy life he has found time to "do something with his pen," as the returned war-workers say, being the author of many articles on politics and economics.

M. Stephen Pichon, France's Minister for Foreign Affairs, is only sixty-two, but M. Clémenceau's seventy-eight years average things up and save France's delegation from any suggestion of youthful flightiness. Just as M. Clémenceau is a successful playwright on the side, M. Pichon is a physician and editor. May this page be a lesson to those lazy American business men who retire to their club windows in their early sixties, just when we have a right to expect them to begin to amount to something.

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The CRUSADE

The Story of the Uprising of the Women of Hillsboro, Ohio, Against the Saloon, which Grew Until it Made America Dry

By Hugh S. Fullerton

THE day before Christmas, 1873, in Hillsboro, Ohio, was a cold, cheerless one. The clouds hung low, no sun shone, light flurries of snow fell occasionally. The fine old trees which lined the wide streets and filled the lawns of the old Colonial homes set far back from the roadway were bare. Dozens of horses were hitched to the rack in front of the stores facing the public square, but the streets were almost deserted. In the four drug-stores, the bars of the four hotels and the thirteen saloons of this old-fashioned village of three thousand souls many men were gathered, drinking and preparing for the holidays, and farmers whose wagons were outside were drinking and filling their jugs.

All morning they marched and prayed and read their appeal, kneeling on the sidewalk before drug-stores, saloons and hotels.

A long block eastward down Main Street stood an old brick church, tall and ugly, with a hideous square tower. It stood far back in the churchyard among the trees. On the wide brick pavement outside the front door a group of serious-faced men stood silent, waiting. The sound of singing came from the church. The wide double doors were thrown open and from the church emerged more than seventy women, the leaders of the social, educational and religious life of the village. They were marching two by two. At their head was a little woman from whose eyes tears were streaming. Beside her marched a tall, severe-looking woman, whose eyes were upraised. Some were pale but firm. Some were weeping, some trembled. They sang to the old tune of "Saint Thomas" a hymn called "Give to the Winds Thy Fears." As they emerged they sang these words:

"Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully He the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear."

Those seventy women that day marched out to make America dry, and they have won at last.

They turned up the wide main street. The hymn died away. They marched in silence until they came to the drug-store of William Smith. They stopped before the store and prayed and then Mrs. Milton Boyd read aloud the appeal to the sellers of liquor to abandon the business.

All morning they marched and prayed and read their appeal, kneeling on the sidewalk before drug-stores, saloons and hotels. At night two drug-stores had signed the pledge, one had agreed to sell liquor "on prescription only" (he being a doctor who could write them) and one had "taken the matter under advisement."

That was the start of the woman's crusade; a crusade of prayer that the world should be released from the slavery of drink; a crusade which in a few weeks swept over half of the United States and closed thousands of saloons. That crusade never has stopped. It has been halted by the back-fire of politics, by the technicalities of the law, but it grew and became the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which in time (realizing that it was necessary to fight fire with fire) fostered the Anti-Saloon League and by uniting moral and political forces made the United States dry.

I was born in Hillsboro, September 10, 1873, and the crusade started December twenty-fourth, Whether that was a coincidence or not. I am not certain, but I have considered myself lucky. Had I been born four months later, they would have named me "Dio Lewis," four years later "Francis Murphy," and five possibly "Lorenzo Dow." Being a "crusade baby," reared among that band of devoted women whose uprising against the saloon has, after forty-six years, resulted in a dry America and eventually will result in an arid world, the crusade always has held for me rather a romantic than religious or moral interest. "Mother" Thompson, who led the crusade, was our neighbor; Mrs. Stevenson and Mrs. Dill, my Sunday-School teachers, were crusaders. I wore the uniform of the Boys' Temperance League and Doctor McSurely was my friend. He even interceded for me when the white mice with which I played while pumping the organ escaped and ran out into the choir.

I want to tell you the story of the women's crusade as I learned it when a boy and tell you what manner of women the crusaders were. Possibly you picture them a swarm of avenging amazons marching forth to destroy "personal liberty." Instead, they were the most modest, quiet, home-loving members of the aristocracy of the beautiful old village set down among the hills of southern Ohio.

To understand the movement you must understand Ohio. Northern Ohio was the "western reserve of Connecticut," settled by Connecticut Yankees. Southern Ohio was settled by the aristocracy of Virginia, the Carolinas and Kentucky, most of whom came there to live on "free soil," bringing with them swarms of emancipated slaves. Many of them had been rich and they continued their manner of life, holding great tracts of land and building beautiful Colonial mansions. The men, after the manner of their class, drank hard.

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Since the "aristocracy" drank, almost every man drank.

In Hillsboro the "aristocracy" drank at home or in the drug-stores or the hotels. Every two weeks on Saturday there was "Stock Sale Day," which made the village a drunken hell with brawls, cutting and shooting. It was a "hard-drink" town. Two distilleries in the county maintained the supply. The village was an educational center in Ohio, with two private schools for girls, and the result was that the women were more advanced and better educated than the average of their men. Probably the women always opposed drunkenness, but prior to December, 1873, the majority helped their drunken husbands and sons to bed and hoped the neighbors had not seen them come home.

On December twenty-second, Dio Lewis, a Boston preacher, came to Hillsboro to lecture in the "Lyceum Course"—which was the "Follies" of Hillsboro in those days. He was so good, they invited him to stay over and give a temperance lecture the next night, which he did. In this lecture he stated that some women of his family had prayed with a saloon-keeper who had seen the evil of his ways and closed up the shop, and that if the women of Hillsboro had equal faith, they could do likewise. He asked how many women were willing to pray against the saloons, and about seventy rose. He knew that there was to be a meeting at the Presbyterian church the next morning to arrange for a Christmas program and suggested that they all attend and pray against the saloon.

The Hillsboro church, where the crusade began.

On the next morning, the meeting was held. Dr. W. H. McSurely presided and resolutions were drawn up appealing to the liquor dealers. The women elected Mrs. Eliza Jane Trimble Thompson, wife of James Henry Thompson, chairman.

Mrs. Thompson had not attended the lecture. Her children reported to her what had been said. Judge Thompson, a tall, stately man, had returned from holding court at West Union in another county and was asleep on a sofa. Local gossip when I was a boy was that the judge had indulged in too many "long toddies" that day and needed repose. He roused himself to inquire:

"What sort of tomfoolery is this?"

His wife replied calmly: "You men have been in the tomfoolery business a long time and perhaps it is God's will that we women do something."

The judge resumed his nap, proving that he was a discreet man, and the subject was not referred to again until the next morning at breakfast.

When I was a boy it was current talk among men of the town that the judge drank hard, and the saloon men exaggerated this. The fact is that he was a leading member of the older "aristocracy" of the town and the men all drank, chiefly after the stately manner of their class in the colonial days. In later years, probably more out of deference to his wife than to any moral or religious convictions, he supported her work and abstained from drink.

At breakfast the next morning one of the children asked their mother whether she was going to the church to attend the meeting. She had not decided, and the judge, after pacing the rug for a few minutes, said:

"Children, you know how your mother decides such things. We will omit morning prayers this morning and let her pray alone and make her decision."

Years later she told me she dreaded the ordeal of going to the church and joining the movement, but after praying for divine guidance, felt commanded to go.

The women, without previous discussion, chose her as chairman of the meeting and she was too embarrassed to advance. She told me once, "I was so frightened and nervous I shook all over and could not arise from my chair."

Seeing her embarrassment, Doctor McSurely suggested that the men leave the women to work alone. Immediately after the men withdrew she went forward and called upon Mrs. McDowell to pray.

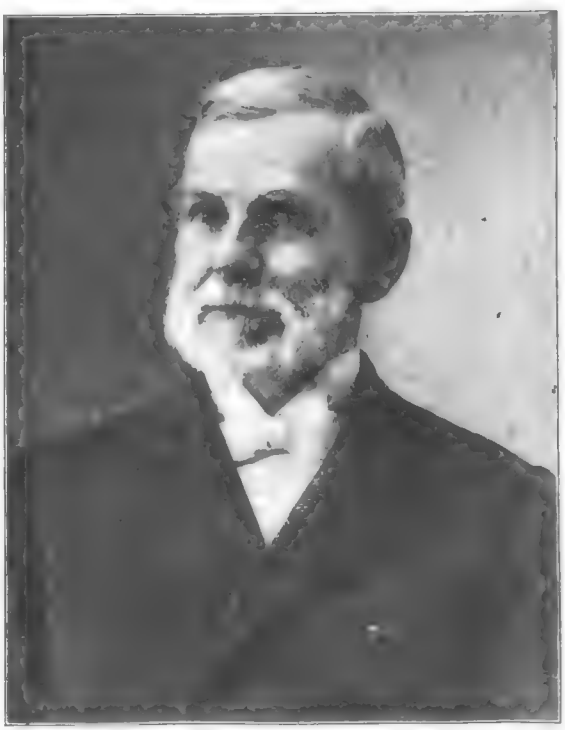
Mrs. McDowell said, years later, that she never before had prayed in public, yet she seemed inspired. Then, without discussing a plan, Mrs. Thompson asked Mrs. Cowden, wife of the Methodist minister, to start the hymn, "Give to the Winds Thy Fears," and said:

"As we all sing this hymn let us form in line, two by two, and proceed to our sacred mission, trusting alone in God."

The doors were thrown open and the crusaders marched forth.

I give these details as showing what inspiration was behind the movement. The women made no plans, formed no scheme of action, merely marched out into the winter day, singing and trusting.

Mother Thompson, leader of the crusade.



Dr. McSurely, pastor of the crusade church.

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Doctor McSurely says:

"They went out in faith, not knowing whither they went; not boldly, but modestly; not recklessly, but consciously constrained of the Lord. They never thought of publicity and honor that future years might bring them, but went to meet a present duty."

Recently I went to Oxford, Ohio, to visit the spiritual backer of the crusade, Dr. William McSurely, who was pastor of the crusade church at the time of the uprising of the women and the man who presided over their first meeting. He is eighty-four years old now, emeritus librarian of Miami University, where sixty-five years ago he attended college. He is the same quiet, modest, humorous man he was when I was a boy in his church. His mind is as keen now as then and his beautiful voice is as strong and sympathetic as ever. He is a very human man and he loves boys and understands them. I told him of a sermon which he preached in June, 1874, to the women of the crusade, which recently I found printed. In that sermon he declared that the temperance movement would have to enter politics if it was to achieve its purpose. His words were:

"This movement must, more and more, become political. The contest finally will be between American ideals of liberty and right and the German infidel idea of uncontrolled license, not only in regard to temperance, but to all the principles of truth for which our Puritan ancestry braved the terrors of the New England wilderness and which they sealed and established with their blood."

The man must have been inspired or gifted with the spirit of prophecy.

He said to me: "No doubt I have said many wise and wonderful things which I have forgotten, but there is the consolation that I also have said many vain and foolish things which also I have forgotten. At first we had no clear vision. It was two or three weeks after the start of the crusade that the conviction came to me that we were in the beginning of a great movement which would be spoken of in future years like the Reformation. Until then I, and, I believe, the women, had little thought beyond Hillsboro and our local problem of evil. I never have had any reason to revise this opinion.

"That the contest would become political in nature was certain, because the ballot was established to right wrongs. German philosophy has not changed; they have seemed incapable of distinguishing liberty from license.

"I had the temerity once to express in public the opinion that I was satisfied that, notwithstanding all the moral force behind the temperance movement, we were not getting anywhere; not making permanent progress until the Anti-Saloon League was formed (Oberlin, Ohio, 1892). Until then our work had not brought effective results."

He had courage as well as vision, this wonderful little man, far beyond his time or his community. He was broad and kindly; so broad that down there in the hills they say that he isn't "quite sound on Isaiah."

Mrs. Thompson believed almost from the first that the movement was divinely ordered, and I do not think her faith that the crusade would eventually rid the world of the curse of liquor ever faltered.

When I was a little fellow she lived in a great grove mostly of walnut and locust trees in a quaint old Colonial house with a row of negro quarters beyond it. For a mile beyond the house "the pasture" rolled away to join the Trimble lands. Far down the valley, beyond "Jackson Springs," was "Smoky Row," the negro colony. She was the daughter of Allan Trimble, one of the early governors of Ohio, and she was related to the McDowells, the Smiths, the McArthurs, the Beechers, the Buckinghams—all of Revolutionary aristocratic stock.

I used to crawl through holes in the tall picket fence which surrounded the grove and follow up the long, winding driveways past the well-house and the summer-houses until I came to a porch upon which sat a very little, very prim, very white old lady with a white lace cap upon her white hair, fresh-ruffled white tie under her chin and a white shawl over her shoulders. In childhood I used to confuse her with the fairy godmother of the stories. Her eyes always were bright and almost laughing, but her face was in repose. She would ask me to sit on the porch and tell me quaint little stories which perhaps she had invented for her own children. Sometimes she would order Charlie, the colored house-boy, to bring Henry's pony around and lead it up and down the walk while I rode.

Sometimes she asked me whether I marched with the Temperance Cadets and talked of the crusade and of temperance, although what she said I have now quite forgotten. I remember that she told me how the curse of drink falls upon all who touch it.

Perhaps the memory remains because it seemed terrible to me. She named one by one those who had been liquor sellers, their sons and daughters, and told of shame, disgrace and death that had come to them. Not one of the families had escaped the curse and some had perished utterly in vice and crime.

Yet I never heard her speak an unkind word of the saloon men, but she spoke in sorrow and pity. It seemed strange to me that she should call them "Robert" and "Jacob."

In later years I asked her questions—how the crusade was planned and why the women did certain things, and once she said: "Why, child, the Lord told us to do them!"

She seemed surprised that I did not understand what to her was so self-evident a fact. Once, after I had grown to the dignity of reporter on the village paper, the Wets had won an election and the long-banished saloons were restored. The politicians refused to enforce laws, whisky was sold openly, the "gentlemen drinkers" had their tipple in the drug-stores, and the farmers hauled away great quantities of whisky for sale in cross-roads stores. Stock Sale Day again was a drunken orgy and Saturday night a series of brawls. I recited to her the village record of drunkenness, debauchery, rioting and murder, and asked whether, in the face of such evidence, the crusade could be considered a success.

"Oh, yes," she said complacently, "it has been a wonderful success. It was the beginning, and the work everywhere is going forward. Men and cities will backslide as Hillsboro has done, but only for a time and the work goes on. It will not come in my day, but you will live to see the end of all this, not only in Hillsboro, but in the entire country."

I inquired why she believed this and she said: "Because it is evil and the Lord is against it."

Whether, in the beginning, this conviction was firmly fixed in her mind is uncertain, but in later years she believed that the

After three weeks of daily marching and praying, only Dunn's drug-store and Ward's, Bales' and Uhrig's saloons held out.

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movement was ordained of God and that she was an humble instrument chosen for the work. She was convinced that a "call" came to her when she prayed for divine guidance before deciding to go to the church to attend the first meeting, and she was entirely convinced that God gave her the strength to lead and the courage to accept the leadership. She could account for it in no other way. Several others of the women who were in the crusade were equally convinced that their actions were divinely inspired, especially Mrs. McDowell who, according to her own statement, never had prayed in public until the morning the crusade started and who, in the weeks that followed, became the most eloquent of them all.

There was nothing of scientific opposition to the liquor traffic in the movement at first; it was entirely moral and religious, and the women gave no thought either to the scientific or even to the political phase of the question until after the campaign had spread throughout the country.

"Mother" Thompson was delightfully unscientific even in later years. When we went to temperance rallies in the old crusade church, this wonderfully serene little lady would stand before us and break a raw egg into a glass and pour alcohol over it. We children would watch it cook and shrivel in the fiery fluid and then she would say:

"There, children, that shows what whisky does to the stomach."

Probably she frightened some of us into delaying the experiment for a few years, but even after we found out that her statement was not exactly accurate, the impression remained in our minds.

On that first snowy morning before Christmas the crusaders marched and sang, asking the liquor dealers to sign an agreement not to sell; but their plan of campaign was not clear, nor were they certain what their exact purpose was or how to proceed. The saloon men were polite but resentful, yet not daring to show much of their resentment. The women had a tremendous advantage had they known it. They were *the* women of the village—the best, the richest, the most powerful socially—and they represented every important family in the community. The saloon men understood the situation because they knew the men. The men might drink, might even be opposed to the movement, but one word of insult to their women and they would have torn the saloons to pieces and driven the keepers from the town. It was the code of their class to defend their women.

This photo and all the others in this article show actual scenes in Hillsboro during the crusade of 1873.

On High Street was the saloon of Robert Ward (even "Mother" Thompson called him Robert). He was a good-looking, witty and very popular Englishman whose place was the "high-class" saloon of the village, one which even the "gentlemen" could patronize. When the women reached Ward's place he met them with every courtesy, even exaggerating his stately manners, and he welcomed them and invited them to enter his saloon. Perhaps he was seeking to embarrass them, but without hesitation they marched into his place, singing, and it is recorded that half a dozen "gentlemen" made hasty exits by the back door.

Not one of the women ever had been in such a place before. To have entered a saloon in Hillsboro in those days would, for a woman, have been worse than open shame. Yet they marched in and, kneeling upon the floor, prayed that the keeper might be granted grace to see the evil of the business. As they prayed, Ward knelt with them and the sons and husbands, peeping in from the back-yard, beheld one of the strangest prayer-meetings ever held.

It was rumored that Ward had weakened and would quit. Indeed, it is said that Ward, that evening, was ready to quit, when some of the men of the town got behind him and promised him support, which they gave, but in secret. By night the saloon-keepers were in panic. Several favored surrendering immediately to the moral pressure. A telegram came the next day from Washington Court-House, a village twenty-five miles away, saying: "The women here are terribly in earnest and are rising."

The crusade in Washington Court-House was a whirlwind. The women rose almost as a mass, and the saloons and drug-stores surrendered to the overwhelming public sentiment. In Hillsboro it is probable that the women would have triumphed within a few days had not a drug-store keeper named W. H. H. Dunn refused to sign the agreement not to sell.

(*Continued on page 109*)

The "tabernacle" of the crusaders before Dunn's drug-store.

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"What's the matter wi' the fellers who drive his cars?" asked Tam.

Tam o' the Scoots

The Infant Samuel

By Edgar Wallace

Illustrated by Ernest Fuhr

"TAM," said Billy.

Tam sat at his table, his pen poised, his eyes fixed on the calendar which hung on the wall. So he had been staring for ten minutes.

"Tam."

Tam woke from his reverie with a start and, laying down his pen, turned to his companion.

"What is it, Billy?" he asked, and there was a note in his voice which was new to Billy Best.

"Did you know that the Infant Samuel brought down Gray and Mirdle to-day?"

"Ye don't say—puir lads."

Long usage to the tragedies of war flying had never dulled his sensibility. There was always the same tremor of concern in his voice whenever a good comrade passed.

"Deid," he asked, "or missing?"

"Smashed up—fell inside our lines; they'll both recover."

Tam took up his pen again and sucked the end. "The wee lad is gettin' ower bold," he said; "it's no' his habit to strafe chasers."

Billy, his hands behind his head, lay on his bed watching a spider on the ceiling. Presently: "Tam—I've fixed that interview with de Lisle—Buller says he'll come. Could you pick us up on the Amiens road—we're going out to buy some things early and could go on to de Lisle."

"Oh, aye," said Tam absently.

Another long pause.

"Tam—what's biting you?"

"Eh?"

"You've been moping all day—are you in love?"

Tam uncrossed and crossed his legs before he replied.

"Weel," he said cautiously, "A've a friend, Billy."

Billy remembered that Tam never spoke of his wife except in these terms, and sniffed, and Tam's hard face softened in a smile as tender as a woman's.

"'Tis the fashion to pretend that ye've only to be marrit to be miserable, Billy," he said. "A've kent hundreds an' hundreds

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of laddies like ye. 'Tis one of the illusions of youth, like the illusion that ye can win money by playin' the races or by pickin' the pea from the thimble."

He returned his gaze to the calendar and a troubled frown wrinkled his forehead.

"You bein' American an' ma—ma friend bein' American," he said, "maybe ye'll understand what A'm tellin' ye—it's a michty sacred confidence A'm gi'in' ye, Billy."

"Go ahead, Tam—have a cigar?"

"No, Billy; this is verra serious—weel, a seegair will no' make it worse—thank ye." He bit off the end of the proffered weed. "Billy, ma friend has been writin' strange letters to me. Maybe in yer abysmal ignorance o' women yer instinct will help ye to understand where ma matured reason lets me crash."

Billy ignored the challenge and allowed the slur on his judgment to pass. He knew Tam well enough to recognize in the half-whimsical, half-serious preamble a certain strained anxiety.

"A willna tell ye everything—but ye know ma friend married—well, 'twas what the young feller who does the society notes in the *Scotsman* calls a miss-alleeance—she marrit beneath her."

He swallowed something and Billy was silent.

"A've been verra, verra happy wi' ma friend, Billy," Tam went on slowly, "an' she writes twice a week regularly an' they're letters—Billy, they're no' mortal in their kindness."

He stopped again, still staring at the calendar, his strong hands clasping and unclasping in his perturbation.

"I got a letter this morn," he said in a low voice, "'twas sweet an' lovin', but, mon, it was sad! It was like a letter from the dyin', Billy—the letter of a dear body knockin' at Peter's Gate an' sendin' one wistfu' glance back—A canna read it to ye, but 'twas a' regrets an' hopes—would A love her memory as A loved——"

He choked and stopped and his chin went down to his breast. Presently, with an impatient sideway jerk of his head, he went on.

"It's the fear in the letter—Billy—that just sickens me—that makes ma verra soul curl up like a parched paper—God knows what it's a' aboot. Maybe she knows she's made a mistake, the puir lassie, maybe she's met some lad she kent awa' back in America——"

"And maybe she's fed up with waiting for you to go on leave, Tam," said Billy wisely; "after all, it must be six months since you went to England——"

"Scotland," murmured Tam, "though she's in England now."

"Well, go back home—you can't expect a girl to sit down and patiently wait without grouching. Now, I understand women, Tam——"

Tam was smiling now, smiling through tears. "Awa' wi' ye, ye arrogant pup!" he said in quite his old tone; "but maybe ye're right an' A'll ask leave in the morn. Noo help yersel' to one of yer ain seegairs, an' we'll have a graund talk about the Infant Samuel."

And of him they talked until the small hours, for the Infant Samuel was that phenomenon, the perfect air-fighter, and that he happened to be a German in no way detracted from the interest that was felt in him even on the civilized side of the battle-line.

Therefore did they speak of him until they slept, and met the next day, reinforced by a third redoubtable fighter, to speak of him again.

A solemn old gentleman of twenty-three—and twenty-three feels horribly old when it has killed its seventeenth man—sat at a round table in that most disreputable of estaminets (it was called most incomprehensibly "The Grand Choice" and stands on the Amiens-Arras road) and discussed the art and practise of wilful murder, the paucity of leave and the perfectly ripping qualities of Yorkshire terriers with our sober veteran of nineteen who had three or four slaughters, several attempted suicides and divers other acts of violence to his credit.

"The great thing is to keep away from stereoptyped methods, Billy," said the sage of twenty-three, whose name was Buller. "That's where so many fellows go wrong. They patent a new stunt and work it too long. Presently Fritz gets 'em taped——"

"How's that?" said Billy.

"Gets wise to 'em," translated Buller; "the counter-stunt appears one fine morning and the patent lapses, owner being too dead to renew. They are bound to cut you sooner or later," went on this cheerful youth complacently, "and likely as not you'll be brought down by a beastly Archie or shot down by a puddin'headed Prussian private. But it's your job to prevent yourself being outed in a legitimate way."

"I get you," said Billy. "Now, Tam says——"

"Oh, Tam," said Buller with respect; "well, you see, Tam is always inventing new stunts and he never tries 'em more than three times. Tam is the only man that ever brought down a Boche machine with a hand grenade, and that wants some doing, but he never tried the hand-grenade trick twice, and Tam brought down von Bruning by falling into a tail dive and shooting up, and that was never done before. 'Tam has done everything and still finds new things to do. I am not talking about genius——"

"Bouquets should be left with the stage-doorkeeper," said Billy, "don't apologize.

"He must be a graund little feller," said Tam. "I'd love to have a crack at him."

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You mean well. Tam's all right." He looked at his wrist-watch. "Are we renting a room here?" he asked politely.

"We've got another five minutes," replied Buller, consulting his own watch.

He walked to the door of the estaminet and looked down the long road and, save for an ambulance convoy moving slowly back to the base hospital, there was no one in sight. Overhead an artillery plane was moaning its mournful way to its aerodrome and at this Buller cocked a critical eye.

"The Infant missed you, anyway," he said.

"It's a low-down business shooting spotters," said Billy. "Tam and me——"

"Tam and I," corrected the veteran.

"Tam and me," said the defiant Billy, "reckon we'll lay for the Infant Samuel and rock him to sleep, yes, sir, and—there's Tam."

Tam was no more than a swift-moving cloud of dust on the long road. Presently the cloud thinned and revealed a small motor-car and Tam drew up his machine chick-a-chucking noisily.

"'Tis the best A could do," said Tam, "an' will ye be so kind, Mr. Buller, as to say nothin' that will hairt the patriotic feelin's o' ma wee friend, Billy——"

"The fellow that made that car is turning out two submarine chasers a day," said Billy, not without pride. "He's going to make thousands of one-man submarines——"

"I've heard that, but where will he get his crews?" asked the practical Mr. Buller; "you'll want pretty daring fellows for a job like that."

"What's the matter wi' the fellers who drive his cars?" asked Tam. "Mon, it wants nairve. Get in, Mr. Buller—that bit o' tin wi' the handle is the door. Hauld tight—A'm goin' to start."

You may imagine three enthusiastic Egyptologists taking long journeys to consult a fortunate fourth who had seen with his own eyes the scarab of Amen-Ra; or the pilgrimage of three astronomers to compare notes with one who has discovered in the spectrum of Nueva Aquilæ the lines of calcium; or the journeyings of zoologists to greet the traveler who, in the deeps of the Bongindanga forest, has had the good fortune to photograph an okapi. It requires an adaptable imagination to understand the object of the journey which three members of the Flying Corps were taking.

THESE three young men were great craftsmen, great enthusiasts and great scientists. They were slayers of men, but that was only incidental to the greater business of their days. The killing of a man merely marked the completeness of their achievement. If they could have tagged an enemy airplane with red chalk, and by such marking passed the machine and its occupants automatically from service, they would have been satisfied. They were on their way now to talk with a hero of twenty and a few odd months who could tell them ever so many things about another young gentleman they wanted to kill.

The hero lived in a big aerodrome behind the French lines (to the relief of Billy, who had rashly undertaken the duties of interpreter, he spoke excellent English), and when the three musketeers found him he was eating large slices of bread and cheese and jam and washing it down with immense drafts of *vin ordinaire*.

He was the French ace de Lisle, and he had a transparent little mustache and about twelve medals.

"*M'sieur*," said Billy valiantly, "*pardon si nous dérangez*——"

"*Dérangons*," murmured Buller; "we're plural."

"And singular too," laughed de Lisle. "Tam, Bill-ee Best and Buller, isn't it? Welcome, my aviators! What is happening on your part of the line? Bissing's circus was performing the last time I heard from you."

He seated them, energetically talking all the time.

"Weel, ye see, Mr. de Lisle," said Tam, "it's aboot the Infant Samuel we've come to see ye——"

"AH, THE *Bébé!* Good!" smiled de Lisle. "Yes, we know him and I have seen him. A cherub, by gar! An angel! He has been on the Champagne front for a year and a terrible fellow he has been, *parbleu!* I was taken prisoner a month ago and saw him—engine failed and down I went into the Boche lines. He came down after me and I saw him. At first I thought it was a little girl when I saw him jump from his machine and come across to me. I was amazed, dumfounded; it was incredible! Blue eyes, hair like spun gold—not cut short, Boche fashion, but curly; complexion like a peach and the smile of a beneficent cupid! And polite, m'sieurs! A veritable gentleman, Saxon, of course—age about seventeen and the pride of the German army. I have tried to kill him twice since then—I escaped, as you know, on the night of my capture and I am not allowed to cross the German lines any more." He shrugged his shoulders, desolated.

"He must be a graund little feller," said Tam. "I'd love to have a crack at him. What like's his machine?"

"Fokker improved," said de Lisle; "it turns very quickly and is a devil of a climber."

"What are his stunts?" asked Billy.

"All of them," replied de Lisle promptly. "He shoots up from below, and you want to be careful about getting on his tail—he has a trick of stalling and shooting backward. He'll never give you the sun—that's certain. I've never known a man who got between him and the sun. He shoots better to the left than to the right, and the only way you'll ever get him is to zoom up at him on his blindest side—that's the right, and my faith! that infant has very good sight on the blind side, too!"

For an hour the talk ran to and fro like the shuttle of a loom, leaping from Tam to de Lisle, from de Lisle to Billy, from Buller to Tam, and presently there was woven a good piece of education in the ways and wiles of the Infant Samuel.

They went back to their quarters that afternoon with important data common to all three, but with three views on the best method of employing their knowledge.

Buller, on early patrol duty, spent the greater part of the night planning his method of attack and went up confidently.

"Wish you were in this flight, Tam," he said at parting. "I feel I'm going to meet the Infant."

"Bring me back a lock o' that golden hair," said Tam gruesomely. "Billy is makin' a collection."

Buller's prophecy was fulfilled. He met the Infant over Citie St. Augustine, north of Lens, and attacked him from below. The Infant turned and windmilled, wing over wing, and Buller, pulling clear of the disorder, exposed himself for the fraction of a second. . . .

"Buller is down," said Blackie, coming into the mess for breakfast; "fell in our lines, poor chap."

No need to ask any further question. The "poor chap" was all the announcement that need be made.

Buller, with a puzzled smile frozen on his white face, was lying in a trench covered by an army blanket and the R. A. F. mechanics were already digging his grave.

"Pass the toast, Tam," said Billy gruffly. Tam knew just how he felt.

Later in the morning they learned that it was a veritable Infant kill. Witnesses there were in plenty and victims also. The pilot and observer of a stricken artillery bus on the Arras road had seen the fight—and had even felt its repercussion.

"They've given a circus to that Infant," telephoned the brigadier to the headquarters of the Umpty-fourth; "for the moment he's pursuing Richthoven's tactics."

Richthoven's tactics were familiar to every airman. The leader commands a dozen swift machines and the circus patrols in formation. The task of the eleven is rounding out any sky stragglers they meet to ring them round until escape is impossible. Then the leader on number twelve drops to deliver the *coup de grâce*. It is only possible over the German lines, which means that it is always possible because it is there where the Allied airmen are to be found.

The Umpty-fourth turned out in full strength.

"Tam," yelled Billy, as he flung himself into his quarters, "there's going to be a real dog fight—why, what's the matter?"

TAM was standing by the window, his face drawn and haggard.

"It's another letter, Billy," he said huskily; "ye can see it."

Billy took the half sheet of note-paper. There were only a few lines written in pencil:

> God bless you, my boy, and help you to bear whatever trial He sends you. I am happy in a sad way, believing whatever is, is best.
>
> V.

Billy handed the letter back without comment.

"A've asked for leave an' A'll be leavin' to-morrow forenoon," said Tam, as he folded the paper and put it in his breast pocket.

Billy had no words. His heart was aching for his comrade and he felt horribly inadequate and deficient.

They walked across the flying-ground in silence.

"So long, Tam," said Billy as he came to his machine, and Tam gripped his hand and passed on.

The fighting scouts went up one by one and maneuvered for formation. Soon they were heading for the northeast to avenge their dead. The artillery spotters saw them sail majestically to their goal, a grim and beautiful spectacle.

They were in action between Roulers and Lille—a short savage scrap with a flight of six German battle-planes—and there was a mighty rocketing and looping. The air pulsed with the incessant splutter of machine-gun fire. Eight machines fell

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"Tell her I was very happy—yes. I am young——but I have lived."

blazing to the earth and the squadrons reformed and continued eastward, for they had annihilated their enemies.

Tam swung his machine into position, saw Billy three hundred yards away on his right rear and waved his hand. Nothing happened until Blackie signaled "Return."

They were nearing Lille when the reenforced Archie barrage split them. Tam led his flight to the right, following the course of the Lys. It was above the ruins of Armentières that the Infant struck. Six enemy machines drove toward the flight and Tam, observing the fan-shaped formation and the central chaser at a lower level, knew that this was the opportunity he sought.

He came down with one wing up to blind his adversary and brought his gun into action. The Infant came round on a quick turn and let go a burst at the higher machine. Tam stalled the scout and fell back vertically, with his undercarriage exposed to his enemy, who again swooped round, this time in a wider circle, in the hope of reaching a vulnerable place.

Tam thought he had his man. Down went his nose and straight he drove to the enemy's flank. The maneuver which followed was one of lightning swiftness. The Infant stalled, but in stalling came round so that the belly of his big machine faced the onrush—then through the floor of the nacelle he fired two deadly bursts.

Tam was unhurt, but his controls were gone and he was spinning for a fall. Like a flash the Infant zoomed up to give the death-blow. And at that moment came

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AFTER PEACE—?

An open forum devoted to the problems of world reconstruction

THE end of the war has left us to create a world out of a chaos; it has left us, unprepared, to solve problems unforeseen, transcending all experience. The war was the greatest in history; the problems—of industry, trade, finance, social organization, domestic life, education, government and international relations—which it has left are the greatest in history as well. It has brought into play new forces, thrust into the light new conditions affecting profoundly the lives of all of us. To understand them and to meet them they need the fullest and most open-minded discussion.

A year ago *Everybody's* began in these pages such a discussion. From its open-forum platform men of all interests and connections have spoken, and from it in the coming months, when these problems will hold the world, many other men and women will speak, whose views are not only interesting, but will be of weight in one phase or another, of the work of reconstruction.

A National Trade-Mark

By William B. Colver, Chairman, Federal Trade Commission

THE idea of a national trade-mark makes two distinct appeals.

Viewed in one aspect it might become the symbol of a national spirit of commercial jingo; a thing of tinsel; a brag; a bluff; a ballyhoo.

This would not be a true reflection of modern American commercial and industrial ideals and practises. It would invite the capitalization and exploitation of the world-wide good-will for all things bearing the name of the United States; a good-will that has been earned by such a mobilization of money, credit and material resources, capped and glorified by a mobilization of youth and manly vigor, as the world has never seen.

To capitalize the nation's generous outpouring of blood and treasure, a sacrifice made freely in the service of ideals, and to devote the fruits of such a sacrifice to a harvest of merely temporary profits, would be a shocking anticlimax to the nation's supreme effort.

That is to say, that to adopt and sanction a national trade-mark to be affixed indiscriminately and at will to any bit of merchandise that might be exported from the United States, would offer an almost irresistible invitation to a microscopic minority to exploit and waste the new national good-will by the sale of inferior goods instead of substantially contributing to the national good-will by the fair merchandising of sound goods, delivered fully up to sample and terms of sale.

Viewed in the other aspect, a national trade-mark may well become the symbol of the pledged faith of the nation and of the conscientious manufacturer and the scrupulously honest trader. In such case, that mark will become the seal of national honor and will be the instrument for adding constantly to the good name and good fame of the United States all over the world.

In this latter view—as indeed in any other view—the national trade-mark would not be a device for the protection of the foreign customer. That would come about of course, but as a secondary result. Primarily the protection offered by such trade-mark would be to the maker of quality goods in this country and the vendor of such goods abroad.

Suppose as a condition, and in return for the privilege of using a national trade-mark, the exporter were required, on pain of having the use taken from him, to specify clearly of what grade and quality his article was intended to be. Suppose that a delivery not up to sample, or a delivery under misrepresentation of any sort, should be sufficient cause for deprivation of the use of the national trade-mark. Then the presence of the national trade-mark on an exported article would be the guarantee that it was exactly the article which was

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purported to be sold and that the terms and conditions of the sale were exactly as had been represented. Conversely, the absence of the national trade-mark would serve as a sign and a warning that such goods did not represent the best traditions of American manufacture, nor the circumstances of their sale represent that fair dealing with which alone the United States can maintain permanently that high and honorable position in world commerce which it deserves.

WHAT I have in mind is: that a concern purposing to affix the national trade-mark to an article should file fair and exact specifications (and when possible a sample) with the Bureau of Standards, and have that article officially designated with a specific name. Then any competitor, to use such trade-mark on an article named, would be required to make it *at least as good* as the one first described. The trade-mark would then become a guarantee of a minimum of excellence.

To the national trade-mark used under these conditions might well be added the private trade-mark, so that to the general guarantee and good-will might be added the further and private guarantee and good-will. The protection thus afforded by the national trade-mark would not run so much to the purchaser as to the seller.

The honest manufacturer and merchant would so be insured against unscrupulous competition. He could bid in foreign markets, knowing the minimum of quality against which he competed.

Also the solid American manufacturer, seeking to earn and hold a permanent place in a given foreign market, would be assured that, having earned confidence and good-will in that market, he need have no fear of seeing both swept away by a "dumping" sale or "scalping" sale of inferior goods or of goods delivered not up to sample, to the general injury of the name and fame of American goods.

Still further the banker would be assured that, in extending credit to finance a transaction in export, he would not be left to hold the bag or to soothe a dissatisfied or deceived foreign customer.

BUT more than this, the United States, having surrounded its own national trade-mark by such safeguards, would be warranted in requiring similar frankness in the matter of goods imported into this country by foreign manufacturers and merchants.

There can be no doubt but that our late enemies will seek to evade the commercial consequences of the world war by sending us their goods under such false pretense as "Made in Holland," or "Made in Switzerland." This to the detriment of the legitimate trade with us of those neutrals.

Also a commercial enemy, in the absence of some measure of protection as has been suggested, might make use of our national symbol, and ship as "Made in the United States," inferior or otherwise trade-disturbing wares into the world's markets to the hurt of the commercial reputation of this country.

And again as to imports, if we made our own national trade-mark a guarantee of minimum quality, we might, for example, well declare a masquerading of German goods under a Dutch mark or claim of origin to be unfair competition, and we could fairly require frank specifications as to the quality and real origin of goods imported in competition with domestic products.

Thus it would seem that the whole national trade-mark idea may be turned to the affirmative advantage of American industry, and that is another way of saying that it would be made to serve the wodest public interest.

IN THIS view the national trade-mark would not seem to be objectionable to those American manufacturers who, through long years of fair dealing in quality goods, have built up their own private trade-names and trade-marks. Instead of superseding such, or overshadowing them, the national trade-mark would establish a grade of quality upon which as a minimum, individual excellence could be added and, further, it would be the means of exacting similar reasonable frankness as to competing imports in our domestic market.

If, then, the national trade-mark shall be the symbol of the national commercial honor, and if it shall be the instrument for fair dealing abroad and fair foreign competition at home, and if this can be brought about without interference with individual enterprise and initiative, it would seem that it might well be expected to commend itself to the business world and to the general public.

A Wide-Awake Nation

By D. M. Reynolds, of the Council of National Defense

JUST after the United States declared war, the President in one of his addresses said; "It is not an army we must shape and train—it is a nation," and, because of the shaping and training carried on through the long months preceding the armistice, because a new life has come to this people, because a new and a broadening vision has been given us, we can go through this readjustment, this period of rebuilding, of reshaping methods, of changing ideas and ideals, unafraid of the final outcome.

As far back as the sixth of May, 1918, Grosvenor B. Clarkson, Director of the United States Council of National Defense, after correspondence with the President, laid before Chairman Baker a memo outlining in part the reconstruction duties which the Council faced.

This memo, which has in part become the basis of the Council's reconstruction activities, contains the following statement:

> It is elementary that after the war America will not be the same America. Already she has in many directions broken with her past and is being hourly transformed. The metamorphosis is going on as much in the thought of the country as it is in the structure; the same thing will be true in the period after the war. New conditions and relationships create new problems for nations as well as for individuals; and the change will be as great in the thought and ideals of the nation as it will be in its strictly material problems, whether these be military, commercial, or those having to do with labor. Let us grant that we shall gain military success. Let us then not fall into the danger-trap of allowing the material effects of such success to overshadow consideration of the higher values which give a nation its life. The civilized world to-day, as we know that world, may be said to be one great altar of sacrifice. . . . Out of the turmoil and the sacrifice will come discipline and orderly living and thinking; and, therefore, with sequential and irresistible logic will come demands for new conditions of living commensurate to the new ideals. Again, I repeat, here is the fundamental reconstruction to which the American Government should address itself, and only herein can be found the policy which shall be the groundwork of any enlightened organization for reconstruction. History records but few fruitful governmental agencies that did not have a firm and penetrating policy at the base. . . . I offer this thought not for the purpose of injecting idealism in a discussion where undue accent of it does not belong, but to emphasize anew that none of us can now see the end of the road and that therefore all plans for reconstruction should be builded so as to permit of flexibility of action and even of minor policy at any given time. The main thing now is to come to concrete thinking on and study of the entire problem.

The end has come and we face our new diplomatic position in the world, and our new industrial condition at home, new problems of labor, of capital, and of transportation both on land and sea. Had we faced changed conditions before, instead of after, the changes that have come within ourselves, we would fear the outcome and fear it rightly.

The Council of National Defense has had much opportunity to watch the change in the ideas and ideals of the different sections of the country as well as in individuals, for constantly through the defense system, representing as it has the "home folks" in Washington, and Washington "at home," have come the reflections of new growth in thought that have quickly been turned into new methods of action. Behind the Council of National Defense in Washington has stood the forty-eight state councils, the four thousand county councils, sixteen thousand woman's committees, and more than one hundred and sixty-four thousand community units, and through this unified system there grew up a united fighting force in the nation that throughout the war carried every problem of the Government, every action of a department down to the farthest school district between Portland, Maine and San Diego, and carried back to Washington the reaction of the people.

The result of our national war effort has been that the European conflagration has furnished the fire needed to burn out of the most of us that which otherwise well might have stood in the way of solving our present problems.

True, we stand on the threshold of a new world, in which there is much unrest, and some, forgetting that we are a new people, fear for what we ourselves may do; but it is unthinkable that we will revert to the *status quo ante*, that we would desire to do so, or that in the end sane counsel will not prevail.

(Continued on page 106)

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Over the Hills and Far Away

By Alfred Sinclair Clark

Decorations by C. B. Falls

BOYS who want to run away to sea worry their parents. They worry their sisters and their cousins and their aunts. But the boys to worry about are those who do not want to run away to sea.

The longing is a passion for adventure, a healthy, normal craving. If you interviewed the men who have done the really creative things in the world, you would find that they were the ones who had most wanted to be pirates and highwaymen. There are exceptions. Henry James once remarked that he had never hunted for hidden treasure. It was a confession that he had never been a boy.

If the boy is yours, you find some way to keep him at home; but you do not try to stamp out his desire for romance. Indeed, you can not stamp it out. Neither argument nor punishment can kill it. You can tell him time and again that he will be most happy if he grows up to be a second John D. Rockefeller or even a Woodrow Wilson. He may pretend to agree with you. It is only because he despairs of making you see the staring truth that these men did not know a tenth as much about living as Robinson Crusoe.

Your boy will grow up to be like you. He will take the 7:52 train in the morning and the 5:15 at night. In summer, he will take his family to a perfectly decorous place for a perfectly decorous vacation. He will try to excite his boy by pointing out how thrilling it is to own a factory. His boy will seem to agree with him, but in his restless mind will be dreams of a high surf beating upon an atoll or of a lone white man treading on and on into a wild valley of Kafiristan. He will see himself in these visions—crawling, spent but unhurt out of that angry surf, the only survivor of a great steamer pounding to pieces on a ledge, or adventuring toward pagan hillmen who will worship him as a god. His eyes are alight with wonder and his father fancies that the boy sees himself poring over figures in a dumpy ledger.

This desire for adventure, for wandering, is in the blood of mankind, from ancestors who roved far to find the Palm Beach of the Pleistocene period. Ordinarily we repress inclinations to go a-gipsying, but a little wind sets it aflame in most of us and a great wind makes it burn in the hearts of millions. It was that way with the war. Of a sudden the roads of adventure were opened wide and the sea-lanes beckoned.

"Greenmantle."

It accounts for the eagerness with which staid business men devour romances. The bank president is a boy again as he reads himself into the hero. He sees himself freed from routine, foot-loose on a twisting highway that brings him ever nearer to El Dorado or beating through gales to the land of Prester John.

The war ought to have given us scores of real yarns to supply this vicarious adventure. There were scores of yarns and some of them were very readable, but only one or two came up to expectations. The one that stands out above all others was published in 1916. Somehow or other it did not get into the best-selling class, so it may be new to you. It is called "Greenmantle" (Doran, $1.35), and John Buchan wrote it.

It is a modern "The Three Musketeers." Instead of the gallant *d'Artagnan* and his comrades, you read about *Richard Hannay*, *Ludowick Arbuthnot*, *John Scantlebury Blenkiron* and *Peter Pienaar*, four glorious adventurers who sift through embattled Germany to find out what sort of mad plot the Teutons are hatching in the Moslem world. *Hannay* is a valiant, resourceful Englishman. *Arbuthnot* is a Scot, who has fraternized with beggars and kings in all the remote corners of the earth. *Blenkiron* comes from Boston and Ohio, a fat millionaire who positively yearns for romance and gets it, a dyspeptic who plays solitaire while shells burst about him. "He would go through hell with a box of bismuth tablets and a pack of Patience cards," the British Secret Service affirms. *Pienaar* is an uneducated Boer, who finds Germans better hunting than the big game of the veldt.

The only knowledge they have of their mission is that the Mohammedan world is like parched tinder, awaiting the spark. Crafty men are nurturing the spark, but whether it is a prophet or a sacred relic no Englishman knows. Nor is the danger spot located except that it is in Europe but moving eastward. The only clues are three words of mere gibberish.

It's a promising start and you know that many things will happen before the wanderers reach Constantinople. About the best thing you can have in an adventure-tale is a chase, and soon you are roving with *Hannay* through a deep Bavarian forest, with a net of soldiers closing in upon you. Just as the game seems up, you get aboard some barges floating down the Danube and at last you foregather with all the hunted hunters beside the Golden Horn. Here you find out who *Greenmantle* is and you fall under the spell of *Hilda von Einem*.

"The Crescent Moon."

The spell is a real one. This *Hilda von Einem*, "with her fair cloud of hair, her long delicate face and her pale bright eyes," is evil incarnate. Like *Arbuthnot*, whom she drugs with her beauty and the madness of her dreams, she frightens you but you are hypnotized by her. Her abnormal ambitions take root in your soul.

Then you strike for Erzerum and the high hills, where the Russian guns are thundering and where Germany plans to pull off her big coup. And now pursuit follows close upon pursuit. You roll ahead in a stolen motor-car with wires above buzzing warnings to stop you; you scramble over the snow-covered roofs of Erzerum just ahead of the bobbing lanterns of your foes; you gallop out upon the road and find shelter in a little hollow on a little hill. It is there that *Hilda* plays her last card in vain; it is there that *Arbuthnot*

"Hira Singh."

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It's not the power it's the traction

The above illustration was suggested by a well known business man who was standing on the curb at the foot of a sharp incline leading to a bridge spanning a river.

The scene made such an impression upon him that he described it to us in detail and urged us to picture it in an ad so that all motorists might learn the lesson he got from it—***"to always put on Weed Tire Chains*** when the roads are wet and slippery."

Here's the Story—

"The bridge had just swung closed and the policeman had given the 'Go' signal. All the motor cars, motor trucks and wagons, a long line of them, started ahead, but right in front of me stood a big car—a beauty—which seemed to me to have as much power as a locomotive, but she didn't move a foot. *Stood like she was anchored*, and I judged the 'clutch was slipping' until I realized that all this time the rear wheels were 'spinning' on the cobble stones like a windmill.

"It surprised me to see a small-power delivery truck with a heavy load turn out and go by the big car and up the grade without any trouble. Then I noticed that the cars that were moving were equipped with Weed Chains while *the big car had nothing but slippery, bare tires.*

"Here was the driver of the big car, with all its tremendous power, standing still, wasting time and *wearing out his tires* spinning on a rough, uneven road. And when I thought of what those big 36x5 tires cost and how they were being ruined, *it taught me a lesson* I will never forget.

"In the past few years I have read over and over again how Weed Chains gave positive traction and *prevented slipping and skidding*, but I never saw it so vividly portrayed.

"If every motorist could see it in the same way, *not a single one would attempt to drive* on slippery streets or pavements without Weed Tire Chains."

We are glad to put our friend's story into print and hope the lesson will "strike home" to a lot of drivers who have been either careless or indifferent about using Weed Chains—one of the most important factors in sane motoring.

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shakes off the baleful spell and reveals himself to her. But the end seems near at hand, for your enemies have ringed you about. Then Erzerum flames like a mighty torch and through the broken Turkish lines pours the Cossack flood. You find a horse and join that mad ride, but far ahead you descry a figure in an emerald robe. It is the robe of *Greenmantle*, but *Arbuthnot* wears it and the prophet rides in the van of the wild horsemen who spur on through the shattered ranks of Islam.

Another tale of far wanderings, and a good tale, too, is "Hira Singh" (Bobbs-Merrill, $1.50), by Talbot Mundy. Here are so many adventurers that you know only a few by name and only three do you know well. They are Sikhs, warrior folk of northern India who are neither Christian nor Mohammedan, neither followers of Buddha nor of Brahma. They were eight hundred strong when they came to the battle-line in France, but only two hundred and fifty-three were alive when the Germans captured the squadron. Thinking that they would fight against the British, they were sent to Constantinople to be transferred to the Gallipoli trenches.

And it is here that the real story begins, a story based upon an actual happening of the war. These few scores of valiant men escaped to the Asiatic shore, rode inland and fought and rode again, through Asia Minor, Mesopotamia, Kurdistan and Persia. They traversed some of the very trails trodden centuries ago by Xenophon and his ten thousand Greeks, but these men sought the hills instead of the sea. And at last they came home, cantering down the Khyber Pass out of Afghanistan, one hundred and thirty-three lean, hard men where there had gone forth eight hundred.

Ranjoor Singh dominates the tale, a turbaned Bayard. Suspicion that he has been lured by German gold stirs the spirit of mutiny in his followers. They mutter; sometimes they act. With earnest serenity, he disdains the plotters, rules with an iron hand and slowly wins back their faith in him and their implicit trust.

For sheer romance, you must wander into Africa, along an oozy trail through a matted jungle, where the air is heavy with perfume, until you emerge into a clearing with a few pointed huts.

While you are in this mood, try Francis Brett Young's "The Crescent Moon" (Dutton, $1.75). It takes you straight into Africa, gives you a pleasant creepy feeling about the mysterious and cruel jungle, so dense and so dark yet bright with enormous flowers and gaudy birds, peopled with jabbering apes, softly sliding pythons and stealthy leopards. And in it, when the slender new moon hangs above the hills, you constantly hear the drums, pulsating on all sides, calling, calling, rousing to madness all who believe in Ashtoreth and Baal.

If you shrink from tragedy, "The Crescent Moon" will not appeal to you. Three of the four principal characters die violently. The German superman, *Godovius*, is a type rather than a real personage, but the three others are unusual and finely conceived. *James Burwarton*, a missionary with more zeal than tolerance, can not understand why his doctrines of humility and forgiveness find so little response in the minds of the pagan Walugru. Yet *James* appeals to you, little as you might like to have him for a neighbor. He is so staunch to what he believes. His sister *Eva*, a strangely beautiful figure of innocence and simplicity amidst primitive wickedness, knows more than *James*. Even wiser is *Hector M'Crae*, a hunted Scottish nomad, who wakened in *Eva's* heart a love that was almost unearthly in its purity.

"A Runaway Woman."

There are faults of structure about the plot, but they might be greater, and the book would still stand out among the year's romances because in it there beats so strongly the inscrutable heart of Africa. There is the resonance of real romance in the closing sentences:

> I looked up to the sky, to the south, with its strange spaces and unfamiliar stars. I saw Orion, the old hunter, stretched across the vault. The beating of the drum awakened some ancient adventurous spirit in my blood. I knew that this was the land above all others that men of European race have never conquered. It was a strange moment, full of a peculiar, half-bitter ecstasy. I gazed at the stars and murmured to myself: "This is Africa. This is Africa."

The wandering hero is familiar on the roads of fiction. But runaway heroines who fare forth like tramps are about as common as useful Hohenzollerns. Perhaps the war, awakening us all to the romantic possibilities of these days, may have induced Louis Dodge to experiment with "A Runaway Woman" (Scribner, $1.50). She was *Susan Herkimer*. She had lived with *Herkimer* in a mean street for two years. She did not like him and she hated the street. So she ran away. She wanted to "look out of a window and see something besides chimneys and housetops and backyards; where you could see grass growing, and trees, and maybe flowers, and plenty of ground." A man can do this and disturb no one except himself; a woman who tries it invites gossip.

"Java Head."

The chances were about one in a million that any one would understand her. But the roulette-wheel of Fate was kind to her and she found the one, asleep on a shelf of rock beside a stream. He, too, was running away from the city's grime, so the rest of the tale is *Coot Mann's* as well as *Susan's*. It isn't as exciting as the tales that are all tangled up with the war, but it is a good, straightforward romance of pleasant and unpleasant happenings in places where trees are as frequent as people on Broadway. You like *Susan* and you like *Coot*, and you hope that, if heroines are going to get into this habit of running away, they will all be as sensible about it and as fortunate as *Susan* was.

There is good stuff in all these tales: spies, stand-up fights, mad pursuits, something of the mystery of India and Africa, life in the open. But romance is not romance without the smell of the sea and a full-rigged ship.

These are in "Java Head" (Knopf, $1.50), by Joseph Hergesheimer. The scene is Salem of seventy years ago, the Salem of the merchant princes. Bronzed men who know Hongkong and Cape Horn and the Gold Coast pass in and out of Colonial doorways. Great ships packed with camphor and cassia, teas and ivory, all the precious things out of the Orient, slide up to the busy wharves. Not even the scent of the lilacs in the elm-shaded gardens is so characteristic of that bygone Salem as the fragrance of spices and the sea smells that are blown inland from Derby Street.

You must seek far in America to find a more romantic setting. Or a more romantic happening than the return of *Gerrit Ammidon* with his Manchu bride, brilliant in bright satins and silks, barbaric in her ornaments of copper, gold, precious stones, jade and ivory. But if Salem was romantic in appearance, it was not romantic in its attitude toward life. The old Puritan tradition gripped it. Salem could not understand *Taou Yuen*, and what Salem could not understand must be wrong. So tragedy stalks in, swiftly, melodramatically. Yet the story closes, months later, in a note of hope, with the topsails of the *Nautilus* sheeted home and the ship driving out to open sea, where the whipping winds will blow away the miasma of mistrusts that had settled about *Gerrit Ammidon* and his second bride.

There is romance a-plenty in the world, but most of us get it only from books. And in the morning we take the train for town to settle down to work again. Of course we have made the right choice. The roaming about after adventure is all nonsense. And yet is there, after all, no truth in those lines of Arthur Symons?

> Wanderers, you have the sunrise and the stars;
> And we, beneath our comfortable roofs,
> Lamplight, and daily fire upon the hearth,
> And four walls of a prison and sure food.
> But God has given you freedom, wanderers.

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A SIDE LINE OF PUTTEES

(*Continued from page 53*)

"No, no! Don't make another cut. Something will turn up. I have a hunch that it will."

Potter regarded her with a glint of surprise in his eyes. Then came the betraying flex of his straight, clean-chiseled lips.

"Oh," he said, "in that case, of course we will wait." She colored under his gaze, and he walked abruptly away.

That afternoon Mrs. Carter glanced up from a customer to whom she was showing a line of hose and saw coming into the shop a gray-haired man of about fifty. A friendly smile danced on his broad, good-humored face as he caught sight of the saleswoman.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Rugg!" she exclaimed in real pleasure.

He returned her salutation and said: "I'm in town for a few hours. Leave at six. Where's Potter?"

"In the stockroom. Will you go back, Mr. Rugg?"

"No, thanks; I'll wait here. Nothing in particular. Just want a look at him."

He strolled to the east window and loitered there, inspecting the cordovan display. It seemed to pain him somehow.

Timothy Rugg was from Atlanta, where he was known as an incurable optimist; also as the "Cotton King." The title had been awarded him by popular acclaim during the past summer when cotton slumped to twenty-four. Rugg jumped into the market, bought for a rise, pyramided to thirty-five, and in forty days cleaned up a cool half million. He believed fatefully in luck, if backed with pluck, and would take a chance where another man would quit cold.

Rugg made Potter's acquaintance at a breakfast in the Grand Hotel on a former visit to Jasonville. He developed a fancy for him on the spot. Later he happened into the shop when one J. J. Billinger, a manufacturer's agent, was attempting to bulldoze Potter into removing his bulletin-board. It was, Billinger claimed, a pernicious innovation—revolutionary—an offense to the trade. The manner in which Potter handled an awkward dilemma impressed Rugg, and his liking for the man became a fixed fact.

Potter came out of the stockroom as Mrs. Carter was ringing up her customer's purchase.

"MR. RUGG is here," she imparted. "He is going back at six."

Potter went down to him. Rugg wheeled around at his approach and held out his hand.

"So you are stuck with puttees, too!" he broke forth without prelude. "I read your window-card coming in."

"'Too!'" Potter smiled. "Does that imply anything, or doesn't it? Several of us are stuck with them in this town."

"Huh!" Rugg grunted. "Take a look at me, Potter. Any visible signs of lunacy about me? Or senility? No? Then call it plain damn-foolishness, for I am loaded up with ten thousand pairs of puttees, two-thirds cordovan, and not a market for 'em on the face of clay."

Potter scrutinized him rather carefully. The statement was, in fact, staggering.

"Am I to take you literally?" he queried.

"You bet you are. Ten thousand pairs at the uniform price of four dollars."

"Forty thousand dollars! Rugg, I'm dull to-day. Explain the joke, please."

"Explain—well, yes, there's a point I've overlooked. I hold 'em on five-per-cent. options—Columbus, Boston, Philadelphia. Sixty days; ranging from October fifteenth to twentieth." He made a grimace. "I'm the original Wise Boy from Wisetown. I foresaw the collapse of the war ahead of anybody else. Puttees for a gamble, I said to myself. They're all choked up with 'em, these manufacturers. They'll be glad to sell them for a song. But there's Mexico—eh, what's that?"

A queer exclamation had arrested him. It was from Potter—he was thinking of Painter.

"Nothing. Go on, Rugg," he urged. "What about Mexico?"

"They are all the time mixing it up down there. By hokey, I thought, I'll put this over while nobody is looking. Twenty dollars a pair. Well, I've a friend in the consul-general's office at Mexico City, and I wrote to him. But it seems that those everlasting little fire-eaters wear pants a yard wide at the bottom, and with silver sleigh-bells, or something, spattered over them. So there you are. Nothing doing."

"But," objected Potter, "if you found that out first——"

"I didn't. Haven't I said I'm the original Know-It-All?" Rugg cut his eye around at Mrs. Carter's amazed face and chuckled. "Take a good look at me, little lady. You don't see my kind every day. I know cotton, but puttees—ugh!"

Potter seized him by the elbow, shook it. "Do you mean, Rugg—seriously—that you bought the options first?"

"Why not? I thought I had uncovered a gold-mine?"

"Two thousand dollars. Why, it's a crime!"

Rugg's chuckle grew in volume. "Say, my boy, once in Atlanta I bet five thousand dollars that a white horse would turn the corner before a bay. And I won! It's not the money—it's the excitement. I like it, like to put things over, try my luck. This two thousand dollars doesn't worry me; it's the falling down that hurts. I'm sore all over with it. Know anything that will help?"

Potter pointed to his window. "I've sold six pairs in five days. That's the answer."

Rugg laughed outright. "No offense, my son. But, by hokey, when you have a boil on your neck it's a sort of comfort to meet up with another sufferer, even if his boil ain't so big as yours. How is business with you—shirts and such?"

"I'm not making my rent. Everything has stopped."

"Better have another iron in the fire. It pays. I've got several."

"Puttees for example." Potter's teeth showed in a fleeting grin. Rugg matched it.

"Oh, one of them gets cold now and then. That's the beauty of having several." He peeped at his watch. "Got to see a man before my train goes. Say"—his blue eyes twinkled—"if you run across any one pining for puttees in quantity, wire me. I'll whack up even with you on the sale. Good-by! Hope to stay longer next time."

Potter, returning from the door, came to a shocked stand. Mrs. Carter's head was bowed in her hands on the counter. Her shoulders rose and fell convulsively, and a choking sound issued from her. Potter viewed this spectacle with a strange spasm of dismay. He stepped hesitantly toward the young woman—and just then she raised her head.

"I can't help it. It's too funny!" she gasped, and fled into the stockroom.

"U-m-m," muttered Potter. After a year he was beginning to perceive a new side of this very capable clerk of his.

III

ON SUNDAY the Quality Shop's customary card in the *Herald* was displayed by a quarter page ad proclaiming "Peace-time Prices." The leader was a popular brand of shirts, marked down from four dollars to two dollars and ninety-nine cents. Potter's price for the same article was, and had been, two dollars and seventy-four cents.

"I knew Petersen would have to come to it," he mused. "Now for Ficklestein and Joyner. Profiteering as a vocation is about to get a black eye. I might as well scrap that bulletin-board."

Potter had maintained all along that the public would remember the man who had given it a square deal in the era of extortionate prices. He was to learn that the public has a grievously abbreviated memory for benefits conferred.

He was a trifle late in setting out for his store Monday morning. The Quality Shop was on his way, and through the open doors he glimpsed several customers being waited on. Petersen's ad had lured them in. When he arrived at his own store he found no one there but Mrs. Carter.

"Printer's ink. It has everything else backed off the board," he reflected grimly. "And I cut into my advertising appropriation like the mischief at the start."

As he greeted his clerk he saw elation pictured in her face. She extended a letter to him, saying: "It is from my cousin, Hugh Drayton. He was in the Army, a lieutenant, but he has gone back to Greensboro, Alabama, to study engineering. He wants me to send him eight pairs of cordovan puttees, if I can make him a special price."

"Am I to read the letter?" asked Potter.

"Certainly. I think—but I'll wait till you are through."

She was pitched to a key of excitement altogether foreign to her. In a remote way Potter felt the contagion of her buoyant spirits, but, grave and contained as ever, began to read. Before he had finished a customer straggled in. Mrs. Carter assumed her professional mask of quiet courtesy and went forward. Potter moved to his desk in the rear.

Twice he read Hugh Drayton's letter through. He laid it aside with a perplexed air, and waited till Mrs. Carter could elucidate the riddle. When, released at length from her customer she came to him, he said:

"Sit down, please, and tell me just what

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REMOVE CARBON THE EASY WAY=*OUT* THE EXHAUST

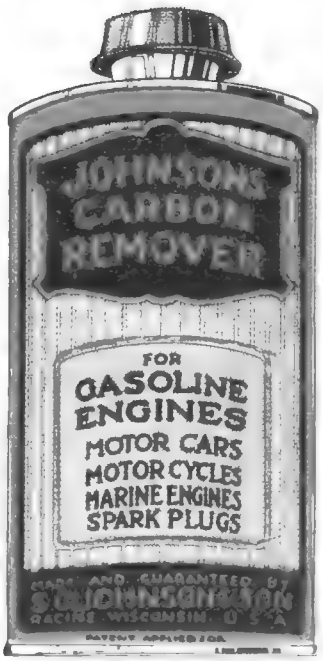
THE easiest, cleanest, safest and most satisfactory method of removing carbon deposits is with Johnson's Carbon Remover. It will save you from $3.00 to $5.00 over any other method without laying up your car and with much better results. After one application your car will run like it did the first five hundred miles—quietly and full of "pep"—and you will secure the maximum power and speed from the minimum amount of fuel.

Harmless—Easy—Efficient

Johnson's Carbon Remover is a harmless liquid to be poured or squirted into the cylinders. It contains no acids and does not affect lubrication or interfere with the oil in the crank case. Millions of cans have been used. Recommended by many of the leading car Mfrs. including the Packard and the Studebaker Companies.

JOHNSON'S CARBON REMOVER

A dose of Johnson's Carbon Remover—the engine laxative—will cure 80% of engine troubles. It will increase the power of your car—improve acceleration—stop that knock—quiet your motor—save your batteries—cut down your repair bills—and reduce your gas and oil consumption.



Use It Every 500 Miles

Don't wait until your motor is choked with carbon—remove it every week or two with Johnson's Carbon Remover. You can do it yourself in five minutes—no mechanical experience necessary.

The regular use of Johnson's Guaranteed Carbon Remover will automatically eliminate most valve trouble and keep your motor clean, sweet and at its highest efficiency.

"Use Johnson's Carbon Remover in your Champion Minute Spark Plug Cleaner."

For sale by Hardware, Accessory dealers and Garages. Send for our booklet on Keeping Cars Young—it's free.

S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. E. M. 6, Racine, Wis.
Established 1882

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is in your mind about this. We will send the puttees, of course, and at our window price——"

"No," she interrupted with a positiveness that made his brows contract, "we will sell them to Hugh at fourteen dollars and forty cents. I guarantee the account. Please listen, Mr. Potter. I have something to suggest. It will have to be worked out—the details. I can't manage that, but you can if you think it worth while."

For ten minutes Potter listened to her, only the thrust of a pointed question here and there indicating that his interest was sharpened to an edge. When she concluded he was still for a space. Then——

"I will try it out," he said, rising. "Rugg's option runs for thirty days yet. There is time, perhaps." His veiled smile fell upon her. "I reckon you can handle the rush here till lunch. I'll be back by then."

Potter sought a bookstore and bought a *World Almanac*. He carried it to his hotel and went up to his room. Here he poured over certain pages of the book, carefully checking items that later he copied off. With this list in his pocket he went down to the street and paid a visit to the Bradstreet Agency. He was there for some time, after which he dropped in at the Western Union and sent off twenty telegrams to as many different cities, one to each. They read alike:

If occasion arises will you handle a consignment of military puttees, express prepaid, at twenty per cent. net to you?

He returned to his hotel and gave himself up to the *Almanac* again. He set down on paper a column of figures and added it. The total astonished him. He added other columns, and was more than astonished; amazed was the word.

"Why," he confided to the water-pitcher at his hand, "if the thing can be done, Rugg's lot isn't a fleabite."

He hunched himself down in his chair and entered on a labored analysis of the project Mrs. Carter had presented to him. He was so immersed in it that he was actually startled when the iron tongue of the tower clock in the government building near by boomed out the noon hour. He got to his feet and put on his hat.

"If I can't make money in one way, I'll do it in another," he told himself. "And while I'm at it I'll curry Wilkins and that crowd till they squeal." His thought switched to a pleasant angle it seemed, for his eyes lightened. "She won't lose by this," he murmured. "In any event she shan't lose."

AT THE store four telegrams awaited him. In each the answer was "Yes." He read them to Mrs. Carter, explaining first what he had been about during the morning.

"Now go out to your lunch," he bade her, "and afterward drop in somewhere and write to your cousin. Explicitly, and special delivery. Give him this list of dealers—they are rated well. Tell him it's expense anyway, and a hundred a week if he succeeds. Tell him to wire his decision."

More telegrams came, and kept filtering in during the afternoon until thirteen were received. Seven remained unanswered.

"Possibly they will write," Potter remarked to the saleswoman. "But we have enough to warrant a trial. I'll send Rugg a letter to-night."

Friday passed uneventfully. Business was dull in the regular line. In puttees it was nil. But on Saturday morning a night telegram came to Mrs. Carter. It was from Hugh Drayton at Greensboro:

Good scheme. I'm on. Sold the eight one hour after receipt at agreed price. Leave for Birmingham to-night. Rush me there one dozen small to large for personal sales. Will take expenses out of that. Oh, girl!

Mrs. Carter colored faintly as she passed the dispatch to Potter. That "Oh, girl!" wasn't business.

"It looks promising," Potter observed briefly. He was moving off when he paused and inquired in a casual tone: "How old is your cousin?"

"Hugh? He's only a kid—twenty-one last July. I feel like a mother to him."

As Mrs. Carter was barely thirty the statement was noteworthy. Potter was unaware of it apparently.

"Seems a bright boy," he offered, and went on back to the stockroom to lay out the Birmingham shipment. Nothing had come from Rugg, and this bothered him. He could not account for his silence.

Along toward twelve, when several customers were in the store, another dispatch was brought in from Drayton. Mrs. Carter opened it. A beatific smile bloomed on her face.

"Good news?" grinned the man across the counter from her.

"Wonderful!" she declared. "Is there anything else to-day, sir?"

"I guess not. Just these collars, that's all for now."

Mrs. Carter before engaging her next customer, slipped over to Potter at the cash-register where he was making change.

"Hugh wants six dozen billed to Halsey & Howard, Greensboro. Going to be a landslide, he says."

She left the telegram with him, and made her sale. Potter read the message. Halsey & Howard was the concern he had wired on Thursday and received no response. Drayton, it appeared, had stirred them up.

When they had the store to themselves again Potter spoke to his clerk:

"We will have to get in some help. I want to send out that shipment to-night. Speed is the essence of this proposition. And if Drayton keeps up his gait we will need more stock before Rugg can get his moving."

"Yes. With what we've sold here and through Hugh we have only forty-six pairs left. But there is Anderson. If Mr. Painter has not——"

"He had sold one other pair at last report," cut in Potter. "I'll phone him to hold what he has. I wish you would step into the Elite Shoe Shop, and see if you can borrow a man for a couple of hours to help me pack."

She went on this errand. Potter roamed about the store, the little frowning knot between his eyes standing out prominently. An idea had occurred to him whereby he might replenish his stock of puttees in small measure while waiting to hear from Rugg. Should he take a chance on Drayton's ability to sell the goods? Results so far seemed to sanction it.

He arrived at a decision, and with it the frown cleared. He called up on the phone a centrally located hotel, and engaged a sample room for Monday in the name of Rufus Painter. This done he framed a three-line advertisement for the Sunday *Herald*—

Spot cash for officers' cordovan puttees in dozen lots. Call at room A, Bindle Hotel, Monday only, ten to three.

Potter ruminated on this for some moments. He concluded that it would do, for he said, as though in actual address to some one: "Black-face; triple-leaded; thirty of them scattered through the paper. That ought to catch your eye, Wilkins, and fetch you. It's only a dollar under your mark-down, and a quantity lot. It really ought to fetch you, Wilkins."

He used the telephone, and talked with Painter at Anderson.

IV

It did fetch Wilkins; also Lofton, Allen, and a man from Bowen's. Rufus returned to the store and told about it Monday after three. No customers were about. Painter was laughing all over.

"We had a regular house-cleaning," he crowed. "They came in on tiptoe, ready to run if I batted an eye. Thought I was a nut that had got away. But when they saw my roll it was all over. They begged me to take their cowhides along with the horsehides. I stalled about it, then made them an offer of four twenty-five, take it or leave it—and they gobbled it."

"How many all told?" Potter shot the question at him. He had hypothecated two one-thousand-dollar Liberty Bonds to meet this call for ready money.

"Eleven dozen cordovans, five dozen cowhides—one thousand three hundred and eleven dollars. They weren't stocked up as we thought. I stipulated cash on delivery, and, by George, they are there! You can move 'em in at once."

"To-night," decided Potter. "No use to advertise my hand right away."

Painter laughed again.

"Don't worry; it's already done, Mr. Potter. That fellow Petersen dropped in—plain curiosity to see what was going on—as I was paying off Wilkins, the last of the bunch. He remembered me from the Profit Store frame-up he tried to pull on us in Anderson."

"'You with Duncan Potter still?' he broke out.

"'Sure,' I says. You see everything was settled, and the goods mine.

"'And you're buying all this truck for him,' he goes on.

"'Right. Christmas presents for bare-legged Hottentots in Africa,' I told him.

Wilkins was staring at us.

"'Well, I be damned!' he yelps, and out he walks, with Petersen following. I reckon all the trade has got it by this, Mr. Potter. And the fun of it is, they think you've gone plumb crazy."

"Perhaps I have," said Potter soberly. He left his two employees talking together and returned to his desk.

With the cordovans Painter had brought up with him from Anderson he had on hand now one hundred and eighty-eight pairs, and, besides, sixty cowhides. With a cash outlay of $1,311 and a liability to the Little Company of $1,440, he was in the hole to the tune of $2,751 less the few dollars taken in for puttees over the counter. And he was taking this boy Drayton wholly on trust. Suppose they were only hot-air orders, these that he had been sending in?

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Potter reviewed the circumstances in a mood of ironical self-inquisition. Had he indeed gone crazy in these last days? He had subordinated his established business to a gamble with fate—made a side issue of it on the mere chance of retrieving a loss due not so much to bad judgment as to the unexpected termination of the war. He should have stomached his loss, and planned for the trade readjustments that were coming. But instead——

He glanced over at Mrs. Carter, and intercepted a glance directed at him. She knew he was worried, and she subtly set her wits to work to cheer him up. With herself confidence remained unabated.

Next morning she met him with a photograph and a letter in her hand. Painter had returned to Anderson, and they were alone.

"This is Hugh in his uniform," she remarked. "I thought you might care to see what he looks like. And this letter from him has just come. It will interest you."

She left him. Potter, a little surprised, studied the picture. The young fellow had wide-awake eyes, and a reliant poise of the head. But what impressed Potter was the firm mouth and stubborn chin. He was a fighter, this chap, one of the die-in-the-last-ditch kind. Somehow Potter felt better after seeing him, if it was only the shadow and not the substance of the man. He read the letter, and felt better still. As if to confirm him in his newly acquired optimism came a wire from Drayton. It was addressed to Duncan Potter, and not to Mrs. Carter as before. Drayton was sensing his responsibilities evidently.

Potter deliberated over the message, then reached for a telegraph-blank and wrote:

T. B. HENDERSON,
Birmingham, Alabama.
Order received from Hugh Drayton to ship you on consignment five dozen cordovan puttees to retail at seventeen dollars per pair, one dozen cowhides at ten dollars per pair. Answer if correct.

Potter did not let Mrs. Carter see this dispatch. It was intended simply to make assurance to himself in Drayton's case doubly sure.

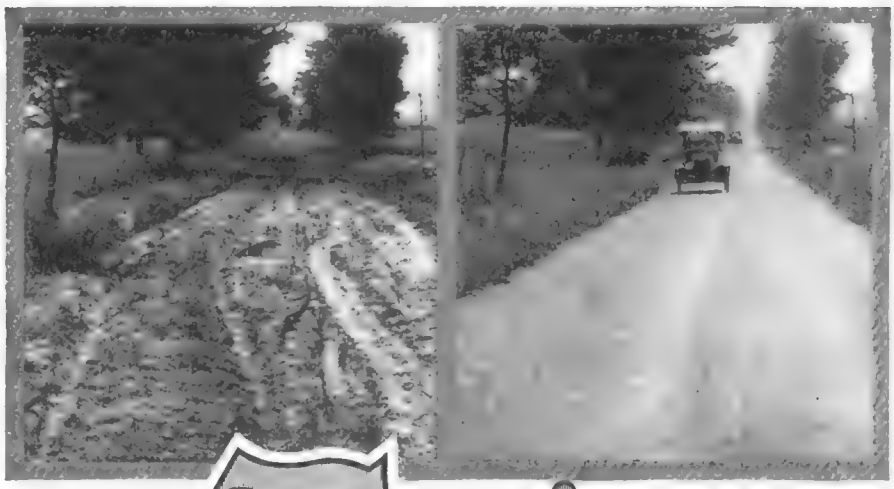
Late in the day a reply from Henderson was delivered:

O. K.—If shipment not made yet, make it seven dozen cordovans, two cowhides. They are crying for them.

Nine dozen ordered out, and only twenty dozen, all told, in hand. Potter put in a long-distance call for Rugg with instructions to locate him, if possible. In half an hour Atlanta reported. Mr. Rugg had left for Hyde Island on Thursday last. No one knew when he would be back.

Potter did something rare with him—he swore. Hyde Island was eighty miles off the southern Georgia coast. It was a rich man's select resort, with palatial club house, golf, tennis, trap-shooting, and other accessories to a gilded leisure. It was as isolated from all immediate intrusion as an atoll in the South Seas.

Potter shipped Henderson's goods and sat up that night trying to devise a way to procure puttees independently of Rugg. There were outfitters in Atlanta loaded with them, no doubt. Camp Gordon was at Atlanta. But to put over a credit deal—



Before

A typical view of West Michigan Pike, Van Buren County, Mich., before Tarvia was used.

Tarvia
Preserves Roads
Prevents Dust

After

A view of the same section of the same road after Tarvia was used. Note smooth, dustless, easy-traction surface.

THE "*Before*" photograph above shows a section of West Michigan Pike, Van Buren County, Michigan, as it looked in the summer of 1916.

But the taxpayers of Van Buren County realized that such roads as this not only hampered the development of the county and made travel difficult, but that in the long run they *cost the community more than good easy traction roads.*

The "*After*" picture shows the same road, photographed at exactly the same spot, after macadamizing and treating with "Tarvia-B."

West Michigan Pike is now a firm, mudless, dustless road, water-proof and automobile proof, over which full loads can be hauled to market with speed and economy.

And wisely, the taxpayers of Van Buren County, propose to *keep* this road new. Last year they gave it a second treatment with "Tarvia-B." Thus at very small expense they protected their original investment and now have a fine piece of highway that brings their markets at South Haven and Watervliet miles nearer to each other.

The satisfaction felt over the vast improvement effected by the use of Tarvia is officially expressed in the following letter from the engineer of the Van Buren County Road Commissioners, Paw Paw, Michigan:

"The Van Buren County Road Commission has been using 'Tarvia-B' for some years to maintain about 20 miles of macadam road and it has given the greatest satisfaction. We have entirely got rid of dust and ravelling and it is the opinion of many observers that the roads get better instead of worse.

"This year we had about two miles of macadam which was so bad that the State Highway Department advised covering it with gravel but instead we patched the holes with 'Tarvia-KP' (which by the way is something that is indispensable in our business) and treated the surface with 'Tarvia-B' and stone chips and today the road is in better shape than when new.

"We also have been trying out 'Tarvia-B' on a trunk line gravel road, the gravel testing about 75% stone. The results have been very good in spite of the heavy traffic. It produces a smooth, durable surface which will be better the second and third year than the first. We are now building a 30,000 gallon storage tank so that we can always have a supply on hand when we want it.

"Aside from treating the roads with 'Tarvia-B' there is no maintenance cost but a little attention to holes and drainage.

"Tarvia has solved our macadam road troubles for us.

"Dana P. Smith, *County Road Engineer.*"

The use of Tarvia will give any community or state all-the-year-round roads that are dustless in summer, mudless in spring and fall, frost-proof in winter, and that are easy to maintain at a low cost.

Illustrated booklet describing the various Tarvia treatments free on request.

New York, Boston, Cincinnati, New Orleans, Dallas, Bangor, Latrobe, Chicago, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Birmingham, Nashville, Washington, Bethlehem

The Barrett Company

Salt Lake City, Johnstown, Elizabeth, Seattle, Baltimore, Buffalo, Peoria, Youngstown, Lebanon, Atlanta, Toledo, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit, Kansas City, Duluth, Columbus, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Richmond

THE BARRETT COMPANY, LIMITED: Montreal, Halifax, N. S., Toronto, Sydney, N. S., Winnipeg, Vancouver, St. John, N. B.

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cash was out of the question—would take jockeying and time. No, it wouldn't do. He must call off Drayton with the next order, and make collections.

Figuring that he sold out stark clean through Drayton, his gross sales would total $5,132. From this must be deducted liabilities—including commissions to dealers, Drayton's salary and expenses, and a small overhead—amounting approximately to $3,900. A net profit in round numbers of $1,200. And in a week! It made his regular line look picayunish.

But the proverbial fly was present in the ointment. If twelve hundred dollars were so readily made, why not ten times twelve—twenty times, thirty, forty? Rugg had over eight hundred dozen puttees at his option; why in heaven must the man go off and bury himself when Fortune was trumpeting to him? Rugg was already rich, but, even so, here was a dangling plum that any son of Mammon would step out of his way to gather. Potter was entitled to a big juicy bite of it—and now this was to be denied him! A fly! It was an elephant in his ointment.

A Western Union boy was approaching the store Wednesday morning as Potter at the same time reached it.

"For me?" he asked.

"Yeh."

Potter signed for it and went in. It was from Halsey & Howard of Greensboro. They wanted more puttees—fourteen dozen on the first train out. "Don't fail," they pleaded. "It's a riot with us."

Potter handed the wire to Mrs. Carter.

"We are sold out," he said. "The show is over."

"And nothing heard from Mr. Rugg?"

"No. He is lost——"

The words died on his lips. The Cotton King stood in the doorway, rubicund and smiling.

"Here I am again," he announced jovially. "Got in from Hyde Island at daylight on Billy Winters's seventy-foot powerboat. Billy and some others are going up the river to-day. I'm going home. Thought I'd stop in first and inquire kindly how you are off for puttees." He chuckled enjoyably.

Potter had let him talk, for his own tongue lay palsied in his mouth. Utterance came to him now.

"Puttees! Rugg, I'm sold out at seventeen dollars the pair. Not only my initial stock, but twenty dozen more I bought in around town. Look at this!"

He plucked the telegram from Mrs. Carter's hand and shoved it at Rugg. The rotund, jocund man read it, and leaned heavily against a counter. For some reason the jollity had oozed out of his countenance and evaporated.

"Explain," he begged in a strangled voice. Potter spoke rapidly.

"Mrs. Carter has a cousin, Hugh Drayton, in the Allen University at Greensboro, Alabama, a late lieutenant in the reserves. He's a high fraternity man, a—a what?" He turned to Mrs. Carter.

"A Chi Chi," she said. "Greek-letter society."

"Well, he's that," Potter went on. "He returned to school in his uniform. You know what boys are, Rugg. Drayton's puttees caught them. He wrote to Mrs. Carter for eight pairs for some of his fellow Ki Ki's, and thought he could sell quite a few more. It gave her an idea, and she suggested that he make a round of college towns for us, and see other chapters of his fraternity, and in addition the college haberdashers.

"To cut it short, not only the Ki Ki's fell for them, but the student bodies generally. And Drayton has tackled only the little schools so far where they have no military training. Man, there are thirty thousand boys in Southern colleges, four hundred thousand in all the country! I got the figures from the *World Almanac*. If this college craze for puttees spreads—and Drayton in a letter to-day says it's horse sense to some he has known of—your ten thousand pairs are a joke—we could sell them twice over."

Rugg stared at Potter, at Mrs. Carter, and again at the telegram; he did not reply.

"What ails you?" demanded Potter, showing signs of impatience. "You've got to close those options, and get the goods started by express to Atlanta for a distributing point. I'll call Drayton off till then. At fifty-fifty—those are your own terms—there's a hundred thousand dollars, net, to be divided between us in this."

Rugg held up his hand for silence. It shook a little.

"Potter"—he swallowed painfully—"I don't own those options any more. I—I put them up as a booby-prize at bridge last night on the boat, and it went to Billy Winters."

Potter fell back a step. He could feel the blood tumbling from his heart to his toes. But he took a grip on himself, and found a low, hard laugh to meet this preposterous situation.

"Well, it's spilt milk, Rugg. I reckon we'll just have to forget it."

The Cotton King made a feeble gesture, as one who would ward off a blow. Mrs. Carter approached him.

"Think, Mr. Rugg! Surely your friend would not wish to take advantage of you if he knew the facts. See this Mr. Winters and tell him——"

"By hokey, I will!" shouted Rugg, making a miraculous recovery from despair. "Billy is ten times a millionaire. And he's a prince. I'll give him a percentage of my share, or—hah!—wait, I'll hunt him up. I left him at the Grand getting shaved."

He scuttled out of the door, nearly bowling over a customer who was entering. Mrs. Carter advanced to meet the man. Potter retreated to his desk, and wrote a telegram to Hugh Drayton calling him to Jasonville. He wished to see that hustler even if the game was over. The customer was gone when he finished. He walked down to where Mrs. Carter was standing looking musingly out at the street.

"I want to say," he began abruptly, "that on paper I've cleaned up twelve hundred dollars on this deal. When I collect, fifty per cent. of it goes to you——"

She gave a little cry, breaking in on him.

"Mr. Potter! It was only a suggestion. You worked it out."

"Please do not interrupt," he requested with cool composure. "It is not certain that Mr. Rugg will get those options, but if he does, and this larger deal goes through, a part of my profits shall be yours. We will determine the amount later. Thank you, Mrs. Carter. It was a well-thought-out plan."

Again she would have remonstrated, but a telegraph boy was slouching in. He brought a message from Drayton. Potter read it aloud—

"Ship six and a half dozen cordovan, one and a half cowhide to Bailey Brothers, Selma. Leaving for Bowden, Georgia!"

"And we can't do it," the saleswoman lamented.

Potter was supplying Drayton's address on the telegram he had prepared. He handed it to the messenger and hurried him away.

The telephone burred. Mrs. Carter answered. She exclaimed with delight, and called to Potter:

"It is Mr. Rugg."

Potter took the receiver.

"Well?" he said crisply.

A deep chuckle rumbled over the wire.

"You bet it's well, Potter. I told you Billy Winters was a prince——"

"Have you got the options? Yes or no!" Potter volleyed at him.

Rugg shouted back. "What the devil do you suppose I'm laughing at? Yes, I've got the options. I matched Billy for 'em—half my share or nothing—and I won, by hokey!"

Handkerchief-Waving

By Charles Wharton Stork

I CAN'T accost a stranger as I pass him on the street,
I mustn't take my hat off when I catch a maiden's eye.
But my heart may still be quickened to a gayer, gladder beat
By the handkerchiefs that flutter as the train goes by.

It's mostly girls and children or swarthy foreign men,
Half-blurred against the furrowed field or outlined on the sky;
They're folk I've never seen before and shall not see again
Whose handkerchiefs are waving as the train goes by.

Then a sort of throb runs through me in longing for the day
When words and thoughts of brotherhood may spread their wings and fly
From each man to his fellows in the same impulsive way
As the handkerchiefs that flutter as the train goes by!

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TAM *o the* SCOOTS

Continued from page 67

Billy Best, a roaring rocket of spurting flame. The Infant banked too late. Billy saw a hand go up in involuntary protest, and the big chaser fell.

Tam was half-way to earth by now, but working feverishly to right his elevator. He was still working when his Spad pancaked and crashed on all fours, flinging him into a plowed field.

"Hurt?" Billy was down and supporting him. "Gee, Tam, I thought you'd borrowed your last cigar!"

Tam relieved his face of a coating of Flanders and shook his head. "Did ye get him?" he asked shakily.

Billy pointed. The wreckage of an airplane lay in the next field—and as they made their way across the plow, half a dozen soldiers were lifting from the débris its tiny pilot.

Pathetically small he looked, a mere wisp of a boy with matted golden hair that cascaded over his forehead.

He opened his eyes and smiled up at the two.

"Hard luck—yes," he whispered in English, "Can I drink?"

Billy knelt by his side and lifted his shoulders from the ground and put the nozle of a water-bottle to his lips.

"What time is it?" he asked.

It was ten minutes past one and they told him.

"Will you please tell me who you are—oh, yes—Tam and Best, that is the American who used to ram machines; you will carry a message over the lines to the Roulers aerodrome, please. Also will you write a message for my—mother— You are very kind——"

He closed his eyes drowsily.

The blood patch was spreading across his gray tunic and Tam knew the end was near.

"Tell her I was very happy—yes? I am young—but I have lived."

His smile was the smile of a child; the powder-grimed hand that lay on his breast was as delicate as a woman's.

"Bismarckstrasse 97," he murmured and then, as though in his delirium he recalled the nickname the English had given him, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

And so saying he died.

They saw the body put on an ambulance before the car came to carry them home and neither spoke until the aerodrome was in sight.

"Billy," said Tam solemnly, "yon was a verra guid boy."

"You bet," said Billy, chewing vigorously and looking straight ahead.

"It's an awfu' waste, this war," said Tam.

Billy turned and looked at him.

"I tell you how I figure it out, Tam," he said a little incoherently, "something better is going to grow in the place of all the good things the war has burnt. It's a weeding-out, Tam—that's how I figure it. I guess that for every soul that goes out to God there's another soul blooming—this sounds slush and I wouldn't say it to anybody but you. These fellows who die don't really die—they just fade aside and make way for the men and women who will come along the path they died to open up. Do you see, Tam—that's how I figure it."

Tam gripped the boy's arm in his and squeezed it tight.

The car drove straight to the headquarter office and Blackie bounded out to meet them.

"Thank God you're back!" he said.

Now it was not usual for Blackie to express his thanks publicly for his blessings, and Tam looked at him with interest.

"Here," said Blackie and handed the scout a field-telegraph form.

It was addressed to Tam and read:

We have a darling boy, Tam—I am splendidly well. What shall we call him? VERA.

Tam turned his head and looked back down the long white road. An ambulance was coming briskly toward the hospital which lay beyond the aerodrome and he recognized it.

"We will call him Samuel," he said, and then the old bubbling spirit which was peculiarly his, broke through, "after Uncle Sam," he added.

Ora Pro Nobis

By Elizabeth J. Coatsworth

LORD, many are there who will call this night,
Seeking Thine aid in agonizing prayer
That burdens greater than their souls may bear,
Touched by Thy mercy may become more light.
The helpless lay weak hands upon Thy might,
The dying search the dark to find Thee there,
The sorrowing give their dead unto Thy care
The sinner suffers scarlet into white.

But, Lord, we too stretch out beseeching hands
Who lie, troubled by unimportant ills.
No crisis our nobility expands,
We wander blind and stumbling mid molehills,
We know no grandeur in our sense of loss
Who crouch beneath a lilliputian cross.

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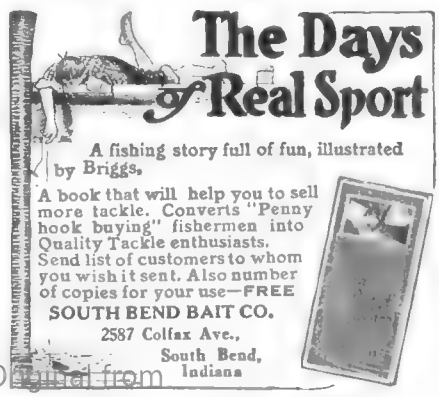

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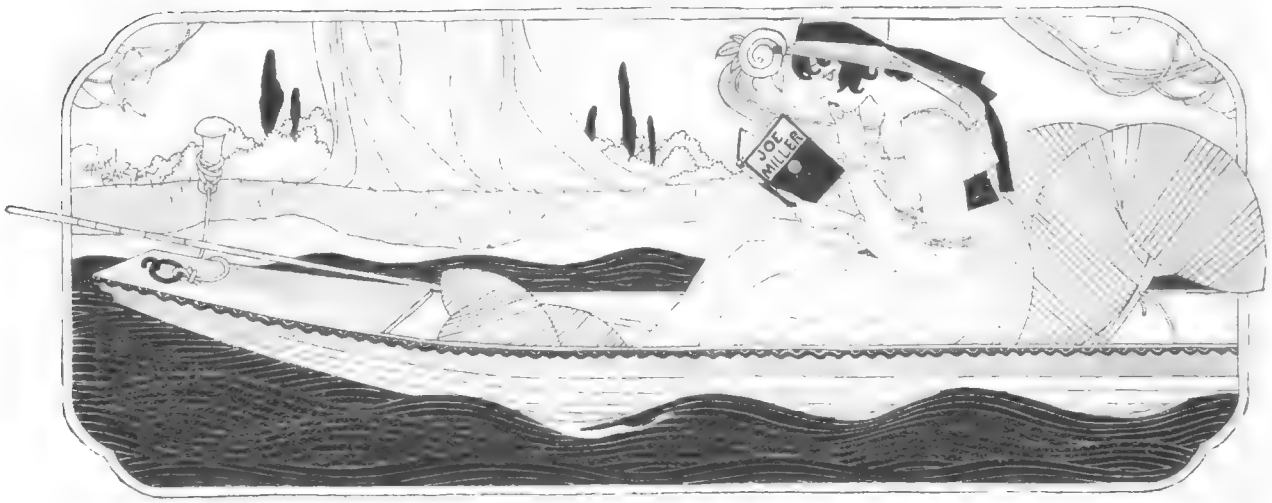

Under *the* Spreading Chestnut Tree

Drawings by Ralph Barton

EDITORS NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelop.

LEE FONG was brought before a local justice and fined for breaking the law. The judge had great difficulty in making the Oriental understand, as he feigned entire ignorance of English. Finally, in desperation, the judge said:

"Here, man, do you see? That is one dollar. Pay it—or go to jail."

The Chink still appeared to be unenlightened and the magistrate repeated the question.

"Allow me to talk to him, your Honor," burst forth the husky cop who had arrested him. "I'll make him understand."

The officer approached the prisoner and shouted in his ear: "Say, you with the teakettle face, can't you hear anything? You've got to pay a fine of two dollars."

"You're a liar!" shouted back the Chink, "It's only one dollar."

TWO Irishmen who had tried in vain to learn French arrived at their first billet on French soil and began exploring the little town.

Their attention was attracted by a child who was jabbering as fast as her tongue would allow.

The two Irishmen gazed with admiration, their mouths wide open, then Terry said: "Pat, will yer listen to the fluint way that foreigner kid talks the damned languige!"

DUNCAN was driving home from market in Perthshire, where the roads are perilous by reason of the many headlong brooks or "burnies," that run across them. He was sitting on the front seat of the gig with his wife behind him, her back to his.

Presently he met Donald, who hailed him:

"How are ye, Duncan?"

"A'm fine. How's yersel'?"

"Brawly. And the wife?"

"The wife's well. She's there behind me."

Donald eyed him curiously. "Na, na, man," he said at length, "she's no behind ye."

Duncan turned and meditated at the empty seat. "Aye, aye," he said deliberately; "that would be the splash."

"AH SAY, Mandy, ef yo' had yoh pick, which would yo' rather do—live, or die an' go to heaven?"

"Ah'd rather live."

"Why, Mandy, yo' scan'lous chile! Sunday-school hain't done yo' no good, whatsomever."

AN OFFICER of the A. E. F. relates the following:

"We had a bunch of negro troops on board and it was a terrible experience to them, as most of them had never been away from home before. They were very religious and used to pray all over the ship. One big buck held a prayer right outside my window thus: 'O Lord, if Thou doesn't do another thing on this trip, call this ocean to attention.'"

TWO sons of Erin were talking together.

"And so yer name is O'Hare," said one. "Are yez related to Patrick O'Hare?"

"Very dishtantly," said the other. "I was me mother's first child and Patrick was the thirteenth."

CYRIL MAUDE, the English actor, says he's shy, very shy, but he's not so shy as his friend Smith.

Coming down-town on a trolley-car the other day Smith happened to sit next a woman with an extremely long hatpin in her hat. Every time the car jerked, Smith got a dig.

As he was about to leave the car, he turned to the woman and said most apologetically, "Pardon me, madam, I'm so sorry it happened, but there's a drop of blood from my eye on your hatpin."

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The BRANDING-IRON

(*Continued from page 58*)

"She thinks, Betty thinks that I have been—that we have been—She thinks that of me? No wonder she hasn't been coming to see me!" She stopped, staring blindly at him, then, "You must tell her that it isn't true," she said pitifully and the quiver of her lips hurt him.

"Ah! But she doesn't want to believe that, my dear. She wants to believe the worst. It is her opportunity to escape me."

"Haven't you loved her? Have you hurt her?" asked Joan.

"God knows I have loved her. I have never hurt her—consciously. Even she can not think I have."

"Why must she blame me? Why do I have to be brought into this, Mr. Morena? Can't she go away from you? Why do the lawyers have to take it up? You are unhappy and I am so sorry. But you wouldn't want her to stay if—if she didn't love you?"

"I want her. I mean to keep her—break her." He turned his back to say this and went toward the window. Joan, fascinated, watched his fingers working into one another, tightening, crushing. "It's another man she wants," he said hoarsely, "and if I can prevent it, she shall not have him. I will force her to keep her vows to me, force her. If it kills her, I'll break this passion, this fancy. I'll have her back—" He wheeled round, showing a twitching face. "I'll prove her infidelity whether she's been unfaithful or not and then I'll take her back, after the world has given her one of its names——"

"You don't love her," said Joan, very white. "You want to brand her."

"By God," swore the Jew, "and I will brand her. I'll brand her!"

HE FUMBLED in his pocket and brought out the small envelop Woodward Kane had handed to him the day before. He stood turning the letter about in his hands as though some such meaningless occupation was a necessity to him. Joan's eyes falling upon the letter, widened and fixed.

"She has written to me," said Jasper. "She wants her liberty. She wants it in such a way that she will fly clear and I—yes, and you too, will be left in the mud. There's a man somewhere, of course. She thinks she has evidence, witnesses against me. I don't know what rubbish she has got together. But I'm going to fight her. I'm going to win. I'll save you if I can, Jane—if not, of course I am at your service for any amends——"

He stopped in his halting speech, for Joan had stood up and was moving across the room, her eyes fastened on the letter in his hands. She had the air of a sleep-walker.

She opened a drawer of her desk, took out an old tin box, once used for tobacco, and drew forth a small, gray envelop torn in two. Then she came back to him and said: "Let me see that letter," and he obeyed as though she had the right to ask.

She took his letter and hers and compared the two, the small gray squares lying unopened on her knee, and she spoke incomprehensibly.

"Betty is the tall child," she said and laughed with a catch in her breath. Jasper looked at the envelops. They were identical. Betty's gray note-paper crossed by Betty's angular upright hand, very bold, very black. The torn envelop was addressed to Prosper Gael. Jasper took it, opened each half, laid the parts together and read:

Jasper is dying. By the time you get this letter he will be dead. If you can forgive me for having failed in courage last year, come back. What I have been to you before I will be to you again, only this time we can love openly. Come back.

"Jane," Morena spoke brokenly, "what does it mean?"

"He built the cabin in Wyoming for her," said Joan, speaking as though Jasper had seen the cañon hiding-place and known its history, "and she didn't come. He brought me there on his sled. I was hurt—I was terribly hurt. He took care of me——"

"Prosper?" Jasper thrust in. His face was drawn with excitement.

"Yes. Prosper Gael. I was there with him for months. At first I wasn't strong enough to go away and then, after a while, I tried. But I was too lonely and sorrowful. In the spring I loved him—I thought I loved him. He wanted me. I was all alone in the world. I didn't know that he loved another woman. I thought she was dead—like Pierre. Prosper had clothes for her there. I suppose—I've thought it out since—that she was to leave as if for a short journey and then secretly go on that long one and she couldn't take any things with her. So he had beautiful stuffs for her—and a little suit to wear in the snow. That's how I came to call her the tall child, seeing that little suit, long and narrow. This letter came one morning, one awfully bright morning. He read it and went out and the next day he went away. Afterward I found the letter torn in two beside his desk on the floor. I took it and I've always kept it. 'The tall child!' He looked so terrible when I called her that. And she was your Betty all the time!"

"Yes," said Morena slowly. "She was my Betty all the time." He gave her a twisted smile and put the two papers carefully into an inside pocket. "I am going to keep this letter, Jane. Truly the ways of the Lord are past finding out."

Joan looked at him in growing uneasiness. Her mind, never quick to take in all the bearings and the consequences of her act, was beginning to work.

"What are you going to do with it, Mr. Morena? I don't want you to do Betty a hurt. She must have loved Prosper Gael. Perhaps she still loves him."

This odd appeal drew another difficult smile from Betty's husband. "Quite obviously she still loves him, Jane. She is divorcing me so that she can marry him."

"But Mr. Morena, I don't believe he will marry her now. He is tired of her. He is that kind of a lover. He gets tired. Now he would like to marry me. He told me so. Perhaps—if Betty knew that, she might come back to you, without your branding her."

Jasper was startled out of his vengeful stillness.

"Prosper Gael wants to marry you? He has told you so?"

"Yes." She was sad and humbled. "*Now* he wants to marry me and once he told me things about marrying. He said." Joan quoted slowly, her eyes half-closed in Prosper's manner, her voice a musical echo of his thin vibrant tone, "'It's man's most studied insult to woman.'"

"Yes. That's Prosper," murmured Jasper.

"I wouldn't marry him, Mr. Morena, even if I could, not if I were to be—burned for refusing him."

Jasper looked probingly at her, a new speculation in his eyes. She had begun to fit definitely into his plans. It seemed there might be a way to frustrate Betty and to keep a hold upon his valuable protégée. "Are you so sure of that, Jane?"

"Ah!" she answered, "you doubt it because I once thought I loved him? But you don't know all about me."

He stood silent, busy with his weaving. At last he looked at her rather blankly, impersonally. Joan was conscious of a frightened, lonely chill. She put out her hand uncertainly, a wrinkle appearing sharp and deep between her eyes.

"Mr. Morena, please—I haven't any one but you. I don't understand very well what this divorcing rightly means. Nor what they will do to me. Will you be thinking of me a little? I wouldn't ask it, for I know you are unhappy and bothered enough, but, you see——"

He did not notice the hand. "It will come out right, Jane. Don't worry," he said with absent gentleness. "Keep your mind on your work. I'll look out for your best interests. Be sure of that." He came near to her, his hat in his hand, ready to go. "Try to forget all about it, will you?"

"Oh, I can't do that. I feel sort of—burned. Betty thinking—that! But I'll do my work just the same, of course."

She sighed heavily and sat, the unnoticed hand clasped in its fellow.

When he had gone she called nervously for her maid. She had a hitherto unknown dread of being alone. But when Mathilde, chosen by Betty, came with her furtive step and treacherous eyes, Joan invented some duty for her. It occurred to her that Mathilde might be one of Betty's witnesses. For some time the girl's watchfulness and intrusions had been irritatingly noticeable. And Morena was Joan's only frequent and informal visitor.

"Mathilde thinks I am—*that*," Joan said to herself and afterward with a burst of weeping, "and of course that is what I am." Her past sin pressed upon her and she trembled, remembering Pierre's wistful, seeking face. If he should find her now, he would find her branded indeed. Now he could never believe that she had been indeed innocent of guilt in the matter of Holliwell. Her father had first put a mark upon her. Since then the world had only deepened his revenge.

There followed a sleepless, dry and aching night.

CHAPTER TEN

The Spider

"HULLO. Is this Mrs. Morena?" Betty held the receiver languidly. Her face had grown very thin and her eyes

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were patient. They were staring now absently through the front window of Woodward Kane's sitting-room at a day of driving April rain.

"Yes. This is Mrs. Morena."

The next speech changed her into a flushed and palpitating girl.

"Mr. Gael wishes to know, ma'am," the man-servant recited his lesson automatically, "if you have seen the exhibition of Foster's water-colors, Fifty-eighth Street and Fifth Avenue. He wants to know if you will be there this afternoon at five o'clock. Number 88 in the inner room is the picture he would especially like you to notice, madam."

Betty's hand and voice were trembling.

"No. I haven't seen it." She hesitated, looking at the downpour. "Tell him, please, that I will be there." Her voice trailed off doubtfully. The man at the other end clipped out a "Very well, madam," and hung up.

Betty was puzzled. Why had Prosper sent her this message, made this appointment by his servant? Perhaps because he was afraid that, in her exaggerated caution, she might refuse to meet him if she could explain to him the reason for her refusal, or gage the importance of his request. With a servant she could do neither, and the very uncertainty would force her to accept. It was a dreadful day. Nobody would be out, certainly not at the tea-hour, to look at Foster's pictures—an insignificant exhibition. Betty felt triumphant. At last, this far too acquiescent lover had rebelled against her decree of silence and separation.

At five o'clock she stepped out of her taxicab, made a run for shelter and found herself in the empty exhibition rooms. She checked her wrap and her umbrella, took a catalog from the little table, chatted for a moment with the man in charge, then moved about, looking carelessly at the pictures. Number 88 in the inner room! Her heart was beating violently, the hand in her muff was cold. She went slowly toward the inner room and saw at once, that under a small canvas at its far end, Prosper stood waiting for her.

He waited even after he had seen her smile and quickening step, and when he did come forward, it was with obvious reluctance. Betty's smile faded. His face was haggard and grim, unlike itself, his eyes lack-luster as she had never seen them. This was not the face of an impatient lover. It was—she would not name it, but she was conscious of an angry sickness.

HE TOOK her hand and forced a smile. "Betty, I thought you disapproved of this kind of thing. I think myself it's rather imprudent to arrange a meeting through your maid."

Betty jerked away her hand, drew a sharp breath. "What do you mean? I didn't arrange this meeting. It was you—your man."

They became simultaneously aware of a trap. It had sprung upon them. With the look of trapped things they stared at each other, and Betty instinctively looked back over her shoulder. There stood Jasper in the doorway of the room. He looked like the most casual of visitors to an art gallery; he carried a catalog in his hand. When he saw that he was seen he smiled easily and came over to them.

"You will have to forgive me," he murmured pleasantly; "you see, it was necessary to see you both together, and Betty is not willing to allow me an interview. I am sorry to have chosen a public place and to have used a trick to get you here, but I could not think of any other plan. This is really private enough. I have arranged this exhibition for Foster and it is closed to the public to-day. We got in by special permit—a fact you probably missed. And, after all, civilized people ought to be able to talk about anything without excitement."

Betty's eyes glared at him. "I will not stay. This is insufferable." But he put out his hand and something in his gesture compelled her. She sat down in the round plush seat in the middle of the room and looked up at the two men helplessly. Joan had once leaned in a doorway, silent and unconsulted, while two men, her father and Pierre, settled their property rights in her. Betty was, after all, in no better case. She listened, whiter and whiter, till at last she slowly raised her muff and pressed it against her twisted mouth.

MORENA stood with his hand resting on the high back of the circular seat almost directly above Betty's head. It seemed to hold her there like a bar. But it was at Prosper he looked. To Prosper he spoke. "My friend," he began, and the accentuation of the Hebraic quality of his voice had an instantaneous effect upon his two listeners. Both Prosper and Betty knew he was master of some intense agitation. They were conscious of an increasing rapidity of their pulses. "My friend, I thought that I knew you fairly well, as one man knows another, but I find that there have been certain limits to my knowledge. How extraordinary it is! This inner world of our own lives which we keep closely to ourselves. I have a friend, yes, a very good friend, a very dear friend—" the ironic insistence upon this word gave Prosper the shock of a repeated blow, "and, I fancy, in the ignorance of my conceit, that this friend's life is sufficiently open to my understanding. I see him leave college, I see him go out on various adventures. I share with him, by letters and confidences, the excitement of these adventures. I know with regret that he suffers from ill health and goes West, and there, with a great deal of sympathy, I imagine him living drearily enough in some small, health-giving Western town, writing his book, and later his play, which he has so generously allowed me to produce."

"What the devil are you after, Jasper?"

"But I do my friend an injustice," went on the manager undiverted; "his career is infinitely more romantic. He has built himself a little log house among the mountains, and he has decorated it, and laid in a supply of dainty and exquisite stuffs. I believe that there is even an outing-suit, small and narrow——"

"My God!" said Prosper, very low.

There was a silence. Jasper moved slightly and Prosper started, but the Jew stayed in his former place, only that he bent his head a little, half-closed his eyes, and marked time with the hand that was not buried in the plush above Betty's head. He recited in a heavy voice, and it was here that Betty raised her muff:

"'Jasper is dying. By the time you get this letter he will be dead. If you can forgive me for having failed in courage last year, come back. What I have been to you before I will be to you again, only this time we can love openly. Come back.'"

"I am going mad," said Prosper harshly, and indeed his face had a pinched, half crazy look.

The Jew waved his hand. "Oh no, no, no. It is only that you are making a discovery. Letters should be burned, my friend, not torn and thrown away, but burned." He stood up to his stateliest height and he made a curious and rather terrible gesture of breaking something between his two hands: "I have this letter, and I hold you and Betty—so!" he said softly. "So!"

Betty spoke. "I might have told you that I loved him, that I have loved him for years, Jasper. If you use this evidence, if you bring this counter-suit, it will bring about the same, the very same result. Prosper and I—" she broke off choking.

"Of course. Betty and I will be married at once, as soon as she gets her divorce, or you get yours." But Prosper's voice was hollow and strained.

"You will be married, Betty," went on Jasper as calmly as before, "you, branded in the eyes of the world as an unfaithful wife, will be married to a man who has ceased to love you?"

"That is not true!" said Betty.

"Look at his face, my dear. Look at it carefully. Now watch it closely. Prosper Gael, if I should tell you that with a little patience, a little skill, a little unselfishness, you could win a certain woman who once loved you—a certain Jane West, could you bring yourself to marry this discarded wife of mine?"

BETTY sprang up and caught Prosper's arm in her small hand.

"He is tired of you, Betty. He loves Jane West." Jasper laughed shortly, looking at the tableau they made: Prosper white, caught in the teeth of honor, his face set to hide its secret; Betty reading his eyes, his soul.

"I am entirely yours; in your hands," said Prosper Gael.

Betty shook his arm and let it go. "You are lying. You love that woman. Do you think I can't see?"

"It will be a very strange divorce suit," went on Jasper. "Your lawyers, Betty, will perhaps prove my infidelity, my lawyers will certainly prove yours and, when we find ourselves free, our—our lovers will then unite in holy matrimony—rather an original outcome."

"Will you go, Prosper?" asked Betty. It was a command.

He saw that, at that moment, his presence was intolerable to her.

"Of course, if you wish it. Jasper, you know where to find me, and, Betty—" he turned to her with a weary tenderness, "forgive me and make use of me, if you will, as you will."

He went out quickly, feeling himself a coward to leave her, knowing that he would be a coward to stay to watch the anguish of her broken heart and pride. For an instant he did hesitate and look back. They were standing together, calmly, man and wife. What could he do to help them, he that had broken their lives?

Betty turned to Jasper, still with the

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muff before her mouth, looking at him above it with her wide childlike, desperate eyes.

"What do you get out of this, Jasper? I will go to Woodward. I will never come back to you. Is it revenge?"

"If so," said Jasper evenly, "it isn't yet complete. Betty, you have been rash to pit yourself against me. You must have known that I would break you utterly. I will break you, my dear, and I will have you back. and I will be your master instead of your servant, and I will love you——"

"You must be mad. I'm afraid of you. Please let me go."

"In a moment, when you have learned what home you have to go to. This morning I had an interview with your brother in his office, and he wrote this letter that I have in my pocket and asked me to give it to you."

Betty laid down her muff, showing at last the pale and twisted mouth. Jasper watched her read her brother's letter, and his eyes were as patient and observant as the eyes of a skilful doctor who has given a dangerous but necessary draft.

Betty read the small, sharp, careful writing, very familiar to her:

I have instructed your maid to pack your things and to return at once to your husband's house. He is a much too merciful man. You have treated him shamelessly. I can find no excuse for you. My house is definitely closed to you. I will send you no money, allow you no support, countenance you in no way. This is final. You have only one course, to return humbly and with penitence to your husband, submit yourself to him, and learn to love and honor and obey him as he deserves. The evidence of your guilt is incontrovertible. I utterly disbelieve your story against him. It is part of your sin, and it is easily to be explained in the light of my present knowledge of your real character. Whether you return to Morena or not, I emphatically reassert that I will not see you or speak to you again. You are, to my mind, a woman of shameless life, such a woman as I should feel justified in turning out of my decent household.

WOODWARD KANE.

THE room turned giddily about Betty. She saw the whole roaring city turn about her and she knew that there was no home in it for her.

She could go to Prosper Gael, but at what horrible sacrifice of pride, and, if Jasper now refused to bring suit, could she ask this man who no longer loved her to keep her as his mistress?

What could she do? Where could she turn? How could she keep herself alive?

For the first time, life, stripped of everything but its hard and ugly bones, faced her nakedly.

She had always been sheltered, been dependent, been loved. Once before she had lost ccurage, and had failed to venture beyond the familiar shelter of custom and convention.

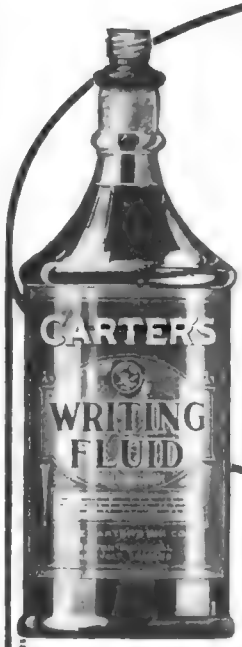
Now, she was again most horribly afraid. Anything was better than this feeling of being lost, alone.

She looked at Jasper. At that moment he was nothing but a protector, a means of life, and he knew it.

"Will you come home with me now?" he asked her bitterly.

Betty forced the twisted mouth to speech.

"What else is there for me to do?" she said.



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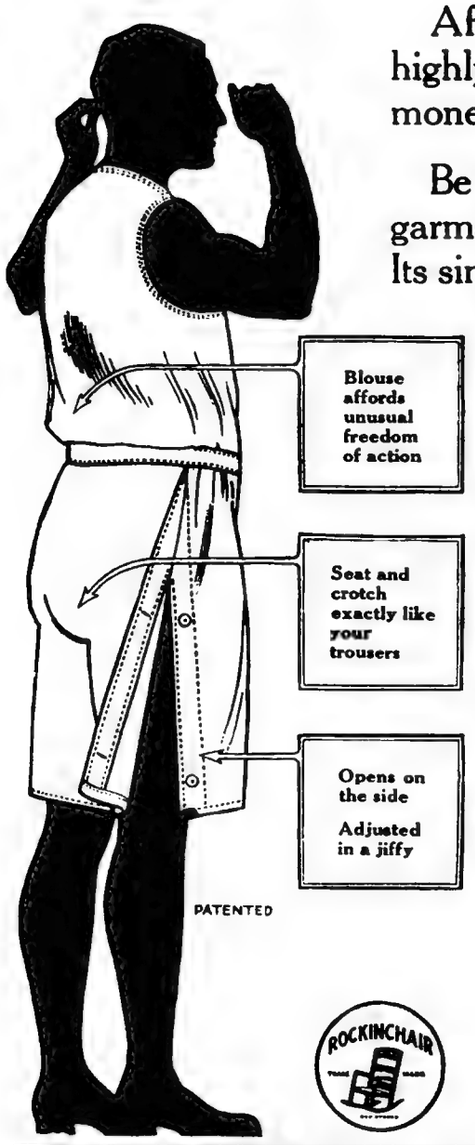

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CHAPTER ELEVEN
Pierre Finds His Way

"ROBERT YARNALL"—Buck Yarnall!

Morena turned the card over and over in his hand. A vivid picture of snow-capped mountains, the sound of a rushing river, the smell of sagebrush, all tinged with the forlorn wistfulness of forgotten hopes—possessed his memory. He had hoped so much that summer, only two years back, from the influence of the tingling air and the quiet hills upon the sick heart of his wife. What, he wondered now, had brought the Wyoming rancher east? It would be painful to see him, pleasant as their acquaintance had been; but he supposed courtesy demanded the effort.

Before going down he glanced at the card again and noticed some lines across the back:

"This is to introduce Pierre Landis of Wyoming. Please be of service to him."

So, after all, it wasn't Yarnall below and the effort would not be needed. "Pierre Landis from Wyoming." Jasper went down the stairs and on the way he remembered a letter received from Yarnall a long time before. He remembered it with an accession of alarm. "I've probably let hell loose for your protégée, Jane; given your address, and incidentally hers, to a fellow who wants her pretty badly. His name's Pierre Landis. You're a pretty good judge of white men. Size him up and do what's best for Jane."

For some time after receiving this letter, Jasper had expected the appearance of this Pierre Landis, then had forgotten him. The fellow who wanted Jane so badly had been a long while on his way to her. Remembering and wondering, the manager opened the crimson curtains and stepped into the presence of Pierre.

Even if he had had no foreknowledge, Jasper felt that, at sight of his visitor, his fancy would have jumped to Jane. It was the eyes. He had seen no others but hers like them for clarity; far-seeing, grave eyes that held a curious depth of light. Here was one of Jane's kindred, one of the clean, wild things.

Then came the gentle Western drawl: "I'm right sorry to trouble you, Mr. Morena."

Jasper took a brown hand that had the feel of iron. The man's face, on a level with Jasper's, was very brown and lean. It had a worn look, a trifle desperate, perhaps, in the lines of lip and the expression of the smoke-colored eyes. Jasper, sensitive to undercurrents, became aware that he stood in some fashion for a forlorn hope in the life of this Pierre. At the same time the manager remembered a confidence of Jane's. She had been "afraid of some one." She had been running away. There was one who mustn't find her, and to run away from him, that was the business of her life. Pierre Landis was this "one," the something wild and clean that had at last come searching even into this city. It was necessary that Jane's present protector should be very careful. There must be no running away this time and Pierre must be warned off. Jasper had plans of his own for his star player. For one thing, she must draw Prosper Gael completely out of Betty's life.

Jasper made his guest comfortable, sat

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opposite to him and lighted a cigaret. Although Pierre had accepted one, he did not smoke. He was far too disturbed.

"Buck Yarnall gave me a note to you, Mr. Morena. I got your address some years ago from him at Lazy-Y Ranch, Middle Fork, Wyoming. I've been getting my affairs into shape ever since, so that I could come east. I don't rightly know whether Yarnall would have wrote to you concerning me or no."

"Yes, he did write just a line, two years ago."

Pierre studied his own long, brown hands, turning the soft hat between them. When he lifted his eyes, they were intensely blue. It was as though blue fire had consumed the smoke.

"I have been takin' after a girl. She was called Jane on Yarnall's ranch and she was cook there for the outfit. Nobody knowed her story nor her name. She left the morning I came in and I didn't set eyes on her. You were taking her east to teach her to play-act for you. I don't know whether you done so or not, but I have come here to learn where she is so that I can find out if she is the woman I am looking for."

Morena smiled kindly. "You've come a long way, Mr. Landis, on an uncertainty."

"Yes, sir." Pierre did not smile. He was holding himself steady. "But I am used to uncertainty. There ain't no uncertainty that can keep me from seeking after the person I want." He paused, his eyes still fixed on Morena. "I want to see this Jane," Pierre ended gently.

"Nothing easier, Landis. I'll give you a ticket to 'The Leopardess.' She is acting the title part. She is my leading lady and a very extraordinary young actress. Of course, it's none of my business, but in a way I am Miss West's guardian——"

"Miss West?"

"Yes. That is Jane's name, Jane West. You think it is an assumed one?"

Pierre stood up. "I'm not thinkin' on this trip," he said; "I'm hopin'."

"I am sorry, but I am afraid you're on the wrong track. There may be a resemblance between Miss West and the person you want to find—again please forgive me—I am in the place of a guardian to her at present and I should like to know something of your business, enough of it, that is, to be sure that your sudden appearance, if you happen to be right in your surmise, won't frighten my leading lady out of her wits and send her off to Kalamazoo on the next train."

Pierre evidently resented the fashion of this speech. "I am sorry," he said with dignity, "not to be able to tell you anything. I will be careful not to frighten Miss West. I can see her first from a distance and then——"

"Certainly. Certainly."

Jasper rang and directed his man to get an envelope from an up-stairs table. When it came, he handed it to Pierre.

"That is a ticket for to-morrow night's performance. It's the best seat I can give you, though it is not very near the stage. However, you will certainly be able to recognize your—Jane, if she is your Jane."

Pierre pocketed the ticket. "Thank you," he murmured. His face was expressionless.

Jasper was making rapid plans. "Oh, by the way," he said hurriedly, "if you should stand near the stage exit to-night

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say at about twelve o'clock, you could see Miss West come out and get into her motor. That would give you a fairly close view. But even if you find you are mistaken, Landis, be sure to see 'The Leopardess.' It's well worth your while. You're going? Won't you dine with me to-night?"

"No, thank you. I wouldn't be carin' to, to-night. I—I reckon I've got this matter too much on my mind. Thank you very much, Mr. Morena. I must wish you good-by and thank you kindly."

"But you'll let me see you again? Where are you stopping? Yarnall's friends are mine."

Pierre gave him the address of a small down-town hotel, thanked him again and, standing in the hall, added, "If I'm wrong in the notion that brought me to New York, I'll be going back to my ranch, Mr. Morena. I'm going back to ranching on the old homestead. I've got it fixed up." He seemed to look through Jasper into an enormous distance.

Morena was almost uncannily aware of the long, long journey by which this man's spirit had trodden, of the desert he faced ahead of him if the search failed. Was it wrong to warn Jane? Ought this man to be given his chance? Surely here stood before him Jane's mate. Jasper wished that he knew more of the history back of Pierre and the girl. A man could do little but look out for his own interests, when he worked in the dark. Which would be the better man for Jane—this Jane so trained, so educated, so far removed, superficially, from the ungrammatical, bronzed, graceful visitor? In every worldly respect, doubtless, Prosper Gael. Only—there were Pierre's eyes and the soul looking out.

Jasper said good-by half absently.

AN HOUR later he went to call on Jane. He found her done up in an apron and a dust-cap cleaning house with astonishing spirit. She and the Bridget who had recently been substituted for Mathilde, were merry. Bridget was sitting on the sill, her upper half shut out, her round brick-colored face laughing through the pane she was polishing. Jane was up a ladder, dusting books.

She came down to greet Morena and he saw regretfully the sad change in her face and bearing which his arrival caused.

Bridget was sent to the kitchen. Jane made apologies and sitting on the ladder step she looked up at him with the look of some one who expects a blow.

"What is it now, Mr. Morena? Have the lawyers begun to——"

He had purposely kept her in the dark, purposely neglected her, left her to her loneliness, in the hope of furthering the purposes of Prosper Gael.

"I haven't come to discuss that, Jane. Soon I hope to have good news for you. But to-day I've come to give you a hint, a warning, in fact, to prepare you for what I am sure will be a shock."

"Yes?" She was flushed and breathing fast. Her fingers were busy with the feather-duster on her knee and her eyes were still waiting.

"I had a visitor this morning—Pierre Landis of Wyoming."

She rose, came to him and clutched his arm. "Pierre? Pierre?" She looked around her, wild as a captured bird. "Oh, I must go. I must go."

"Jane, my child," he put his arms about her, held her two hands in his. "You must do nothing of the kind. If you don't want this Pierre to find you, if you don't want him to come into your life, there's an easy, a very simple, way to put an end to his pursuit. Don't you know that?"

She stared up at him, quivering in his arms. "No. What is it? How can I? Oh, he mustn't see me. Never, never, never! I made that promise to myself."

"Jane, you say yourself that you are changed, that you are not the girl he wants to find."

She shook her head desolately enough. "Oh, no, I'm not."

"He isn't sure that Jane West is the woman he's looking for. He's following the faintest, the most doubtful of trails. He heard of you from Yarnall. The description of you and your sudden flight made him fairly sure that it must be you—" Jasper laughed. "I'm talking quite at random in a sense, because I haven't a notion, my dear, who you are nor what Pierre has been in your life. If you could tell me——"

She shook her head. "No," she said, "no."

"Very well. Then I'll have to go on talking at random. Jane at the Lazy-Y Ranch was a woman who had deliberately disguised herself. Jane West in New York is a different woman altogether, but, unless I'm very wrong, she is even more completely disguised from Pierre Landis. If you can convince Pierre that you *are* Jane West, not any other woman, certainly not the woman he once knew, aren't you pretty safely rid of him for always?"

She stood still now. He felt that her fingers were cold. "Yes. For always. I suppose so. But how can I do that, Mr. Morena?"

"Nothing easier. You're an actress, aren't you? I advised Pierre Landis to stand near the stage exit to-night and watch you get into your motor."

Again she clutched him. "Oh, no! Don't let him—do that!"

"Now if you will make an effort—look him in the eyes, refuse to show a single quiver of recognition, speak to some one in the most artificial tone you can manage, pass him by and drive away, why, wouldn't that convince him that you aren't his quarry—eh?"

She thought, then slowly drew herself away and stood, her head bent, her brows drawn sharply together. "Yes. I suppose so. I think I can do it. That is the best plan." She looked at him wildly again. "Then it will be over for always, won't it? He'll go away?"

"Yes, my poor child. He will go away. He told me so. Then will you try to forget him, to live your life for its own beautiful sake? I'd like to see you happy, Jane."

"Would you?" she smiled like a pitying mother. "Why, I've given up even dreaming of that. That isn't what keeps me going."

"What is it then, Jane?"

"Oh, a queer notion."

She laughed sadly. "A kind of kid's notion, I guess, that if you live along, some way, some time, you'll be able to make up for things you've done, and that perhaps there'll be another meeting-place—a kind of a round-up—where you'll be fit to forgive those you love and to be forgiven by them."

Jasper walked about. He was troubled. Some minutes later, he said doubtfully: "Then you'll carry through your purpose of not letting Pierre know you?"

"Yes. I've made up my mind to that. That's what I've got to do. He mustn't find me. We can't meet here in this life. That's certain. There are things that come between, things like bars. Thank you for warning me. Thank you for telling me what to do." She smiled faintly. "I think he will know me anyway," she said, "but I won't know him. Never, never."

THAT night, the theatre was late in emptying itself. Jane West had acted with especial brilliance and she was called out again and again. When she came to her dressing-room she was flushed and breathless. She did not change her costume, but drew her fur coat on over the green evening dress she had worn in the last scene. Then she stood before her mirror, looking herself over carefully, critically. Now that the paint was washed off, and the flush of excitement faded, she looked haggard and white. Her face was very thin, its beautiful bones—long sweep of jaw, wide brow, straight short nose—sharply accentuated. The round throat rising against the fur collar looked unnaturally white and long. She sat down before her dressing-table and deliberately painted her cheeks and lips. She even altered the outlines of her mouth, giving it a pursed and doll-like expression, so that her eyes appeared enormous and her nose a little pinched. Then she drew a lock of waved hair down across the middle of her forehead, pressed another at each side close to the corners of her eyes. This took from the unusual breadth of brow and gave her a much more ordinary look. A coat of powder heavily applied, more nearly produced the effect of a pink-and-white glassy-eyed doll-baby for which she was trying. Afterward she turned and smiled doubtfully at the astonished dresser.

"Good gracious, Miss West! You don't look like yourself at all!"

"Good!"

She said good-night and went rapidly down the drafty passage and the concrete stairs. Jasper was standing inside the outer door and applauded her.

"Well done. If it weren't for your pose and walk, my dear, I should hardly have known you myself."

Jane stood beside him, holding her furs close, breathing fast through the parted, painted lips.

"Is he here, do you know?"

"Yes. He's been waiting. I told him you might be late. Now, keep your head. Everything depends upon that. Can you do it?"

"Oh, yes. Is the car there? I won't have to stop?"

"Not an instant. But give him a good looking over so that he'll be sure, and don't change the expression of your eyes. Feel, make yourself feel *inside*, that he's a stranger. You know what I mean. Good night, my dear. Good luck. I'll call you up as soon as you get home—that is, after I've seen your pursuer safely back to his rooms." But this last sentence was addressed to himself.

"The Branding-Iron" will be concluded in the July number.

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WONDERS *of the* WAR

"Millionths and Millions"

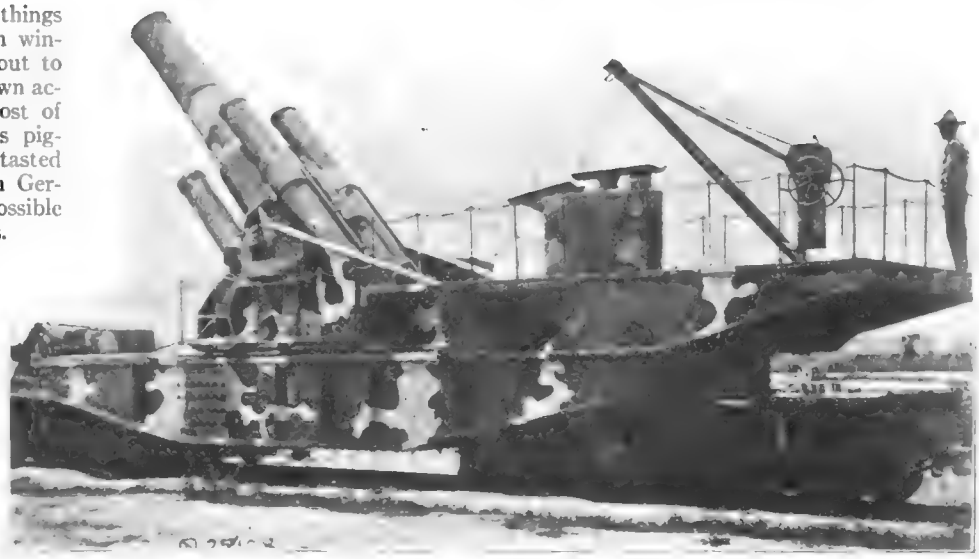
By
John H. Van Deventer
Editor of the "American Machinist"

CERTAIN little inanimate things that had a lion's share in winning the late war are about to start a new war on their own account against the high cost of living. These pugnacious pigmies are known as "gages," and tasted their power during the contest with Germany. They made modern war possible by providing mountains of munitions.

We depend either directly or indirectly upon the machine-shop to perfect and distribute the fruits of science and invention, whether for war or for peace purposes.

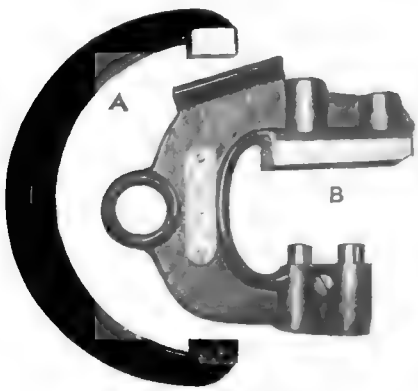
The war did a wonderful thing for machine-shops all over the world, and especially in America. It introduced thousands of them to a powerful microbe. Once this microbe takes hold, it never lets go. It keeps gnawing and gnawing until it trims all the unnecessary cost away from a job.

This microbe is called "Quantity Production," and the sharp teeth with which it bites off unnecessary expense are called "gages." Gages bring invisibly tiny distances into easy subjection and make it possible to juggle with the thousandth part of an inch. Without them there would have been no monster guns, or motor trucks, or airplanes, or mountains of ammunition.



One of the big things of the war, made possible by the little things called gages.

A modern gun with its carriage is a complicated piece of machinery. Its hundreds of parts must fit together with nicety. Some parts must fit tightly and others loosely in order to do their required work. A part that should fit loosely, if made too tight, will cause as much trouble as if a part were made loose that should be tight. Sometimes the quarter of the one-thousandth part of an inch measures the difference between tightness and looseness. These things are not left to the judgment of the men making the parts, but



Two types of gage.

are carefully specified by design and production engineers.

Specifying the size of a part doesn't finish matters, however. There is opportunity for differences of opinion when it comes to measurements finer than the eye can see. And if one is to produce these things at low cost, which means hundreds or thousands of parts each day, one hasn't much time to spend in measuring.

Let us go into the war-shop and watch the man who is grinding recoil-pins to their proper diameter. He doesn't know what size they are, and yet he is turning them out correct to the thousandth part of an inch. He has been given two gages like the one shown at A in the illustration. One of these is a trifle larger than the other. From time to time he tries the larger gage on his work. Pretty soon it slips over the diameter of the pin. That tells him that this diameter is *small* enough.

He tries the smaller of the two gages and finds that it will not slip over the diameter. That tells him that the pin is *large* enough. He knows then that the inspector who will test his work with similar "go" and "no-go" gages, will accept it, and that when it finds its place in the finished gun it will neither be too tight nor too loose. Perhaps the difference in size between his two gages is but the half of one-thousandth part of one inch. In other cases it may be ten or twenty times as much. No matter what this "tolerance" may be, when the larger gage goes on and the smaller one will not, the operator knows that his work is "within the limits" and is therefore finished. Having reached the good-enough point, he wastes no time striving for impossible perfection.

Among America's fifteen thousand machine-shops, less than one hundred and fifty were, before the war, thoroughly inoculated with gage microbes. During the past twenty months Uncle Sam has spent twenty-five millions of dollars in preaching the gospel of gaging to thousands of American shops. Practically all of our munitions were made to limit gages. More than a million and a half of limit gages were made just for our artillery-ammunition program. In the inspection division of the Ordnance Department alone more than twenty thousand people were trained in gaging.

But how does the toolmaker who makes these gages get them correct to such a tiny fraction of an inch? He does this by comparing these gages with precision blocks, which are accurate to within a few *millionths* of an inch. And on this hinges one of America's war romances.

Twenty years ago a Swedish toolmaker named Johansson made up his mind that the millionth of an inch was the coming thing—hunted during nine years for a practical way to get it, and got it. How? Nobody knows except Johansson, and he won't tell. For over nine years he kept everybody guessing. Our best shops imported his blocks and used them for checking their gages.

Then came the war, with its wonderful stimulation of American genius. With it came also the need of being independent of the Old World in the matter of gages.

The war took E. C. Peck away from his job of running a great factory in Cleveland and brought him to Washington to take charge of the limits of gaging of ordnance products. It brought William E. Hoke, of St. Louis, to the Bureau of Standards, with an idea of how to produce precision blocks. Colonel Peck and Major Hoke got together and in six months were turning out precision blocks accurate to the millionth part of an inch.

Fortunately for us, thousands of shops have been inoculated with these microbes during the war. As these microbes multiply and work during the coming years we shall see health and strength come once more to the purchasing power of our dollars. There will be bigger opportunities for all of us, when the millionths work for the millions.

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LEST WE FORGET

(*Continued from page 22*)

constructive criticism to us. Though there was little or no constructive criticism, yet we were hampered on all sides by red tape and foolish and obsolete regulations.

At a maneuver at Mauvages I had the opportunity to entertain a civilian attaché of the American Embassy at Paris. Not until I had placed before his eyes men with their feet bound in sacking and had left him alone with the mess sergeants and cooks and let him see the pots filled with meat and food bought by the personal money of our officers would he believe that such conditions could exist in the United States Army.

Another dreadful maneuver was one in which our battalion marched and maneuvered over forty-four kilometers of snow-covered roads during the two coldest days of the year burdened with full packs. We always maneuvered in full packs of about forty pounds weight. As an example of the antiquated tactics we were trained in, there were numerous maneuvers to practise the protection of mule trains. Yet, of course, in the war in which we were engaged automobile trucks had almost wholly displaced the animal transport in any unit larger than a division, and the protection of the transport system is naturally the work of the whole Army. No sensible general would ever place himself in the position of allowing his trains to go through hostile country without being positive that the country had been well cleaned up of all organized resistance.

DURING these maneuvers the infantry battalions were organized with three war-strength companies each. The authorized strength was a battalion of four companies; but, as I have already explained, one rifle company had to be taken away to form a machine-gun company. Hence we were left with three rifle companies per battalion. In November we were promised the new company to replace the machine gunners, but I suppose the United States had not sent the replacements overseas, and in the first division the new company existed only on paper in the tables of organization until some time in January.

The first brigade had a little better luck than we of the second brigade, and got to the trenches sooner than we did. To be sure, they did not receive their new companies in time to give them any drill or rifle practise. One young officer was worried about this and spoke to Major Griffith, the commander of the battalion, about it. Griffith did not believe in borrowing trouble or encouraging people to worry. "Know that they haven't shot a rifle?" he retorted. "Of course I do. But don't worry. We are going to the finest target range in the world—the front-line trenches."

And with this encouragement, and entirely undaunted, those heroic green men went under fire for the first time.

In the case of the second brigade we were forced to wait until our new company was formed and our new men assigned to us.

For the most part they came from the draft in the Western states, and though drafted in October they had not drilled at all, but had traveled continually until they reached us in January.

Their equipment was even worse than the shoddy equipment issued to our men. For with our troops, no matter how much they lacked shoes or how shoddy their uniforms were, every man had a well-kept, carefully oiled, serviceable rifle. But the rifles of our recruits were beyond description bad. They were old and pitted, many had no extractors, and many had no rear sights—evidently condemned rifles from some National Guard armory.

Few of our recruits had ever shot a rifle of any sort. And our older men were very rusty, due to the fact that the General Staff had to cut out some of the work scheduled for the winter. In their minds the maneuvers were the most important, and training in the use of modern weapons seemed of less moment to them. Hence the scheduled work in the rifle, auto rifle and grenade was neglected.

Fortunately for us, with the first brigade in the line, the General Staff allowed us to train our men on a rational and instructive schedule, which rebuilt the shattered morale of both officers and men, and got us back into fairly good physical shape.

In our regiment, Major McCloud, who had been with the British armies since the outbreak of the great war, was able to give us valuable information, and Colonel Smith, unlike many others of his rank, showed a desire to cooperate and give his majors a chance to work out the ideas they had obtained from the French and the British. We practised raids, occupations of the line, and open-order work as developed by the British at Cambrai and the retreat of the Germans to the Hindenburg line—not the open order employed by the Balkan States in their war with Turkey; for although the tactics of the Balkan War were important, yet at that time we had to go into the trenches. We reorganized our units by copying the British and French officers, and later found that we reached the same results, with less sacrifice, as the first brigade reached in the trenches—clear evidence that proper training in peace times would have avoided many unnecessary and rigorous hardships.

WE FOUND it easy to evade many of the rules of red tape invented by our Army in peace times. But so thoroughly ingrained on the minds of our staff was the old system that they were unable to tear themselves from methods which a few minutes' thought would have proved useless. For instance, we received an order that target ranges exactly according to regulation must be made, and the troops were to carry out their target practise exactly as prescribed in the old regulations.

I have already explained the paraphernalia required and the time necessary to build and shoot over the regulation rifle course. In France we had neither the time nor the material. Besides, in northern France it is well-nigh impossible to find a field of sufficient length to contain a regulation course and of sufficient breadth to erect more than five targets on a five-hundred-yard target range.

However, we complied with the orders by sending a detachment of men every day to a field to dig rifle-pits, and combined amusement to headquarters with instruction to ourselves by making the pit-digging as nearly as possible like digging trenches. For rifle practise, which we knew that we badly needed, far better than the General Staff, we set up tin cans in company formations, to look as nearly as possible like advancing Germans, and combined rifle practise and maneuver training against these cheap and easily erected targets.

WITH the first draft in January, the company commanders for the first time discovered the scandalous red tape involved in paying our men. As in every other branch of the United States Army, the pay system was made only for peace times, when it was necessary to find occupation for the officers and men. So wound up in red tape was it that, when war came, and men were killed and wounded and transported to all parts of the globe, it was impossible to straighten out the pay of the men without the company commanders laying themselves open to court martial by disobeying the regulations.

Fortunately for the men coming to the Twenty-sixth Infantry, the officers were more concerned over winning the war than they were over their own safety at a court martial and many a questionable method was used so that the men would get the pay owed them by the Government.

In the first quota of replacements I found a large number of men who had had no pay since their induction into the Army in October and they had been given none of the papers necessary for the drawing of their pay. In other cases their papers had been made out by men with good business experience, but who were utterly unprepared to grapple with the intricacies of army red tape, and did not realize that we poor line officers would be court-martialed when we were found to be paying the men from papers such as we did pay them from.

Indeed, not up to the time I write (February second) has the situation on this side of the water greatly improved. In Ward 32, the ward in which I get my treatment at the Army hospital, there lies a man who has had no pay for five months. Many in the ward have had none for at least three months. True, the Expeditionary Force found that since the outbreak of the war in 1914 the fighting armies had all had a system of pay books enabling a man to be paid at any place, no matter if he had been transferred or wounded. General Pershing finally ordered its adoption in the A. E. F., but for a long time the men who had risked their lives and had been crippled for the country were left unpaid by the Government.

But the main complaint during winter was the lack of shoes. I have already described the terrible maneuvers and the weary marches over snow and ice. Add to this the fact that a large number of these marches had to be undertaken by men with soleless shoes, by men whose feet had swelled several sizes larger than the shoes the Government had issued them.

When our division landed in France, the greater number of our men had been living

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the life of the ordinary civilized community. On getting into the Army a huge, cumbersome weight of forty pounds was placed on their backs and they were marched over the muddy roads and fields of northern France. Naturally their feet swelled several sizes, and then in the cold weather they wore, if possible, several pairs of heavy socks. In my own case, when I landed in France I wore a shoe size 6½ C. When I was taken into the hospital, March, 1918, I was wearing an 8½ EE. My foot had increased two sizes in length and three in width.

NATURALLY enough, the average layman did not understand these facts about the infantryman's feet, and before the war our Army had not been large enough nor active enough for the Quartermaster Department to realize them. Consequently the War Department, not understanding the sudden increase in the size of the feet, kept sending to France shoes which the Army could not use, and by November they ceased to supply us even with shoes too small and gave us none at all. From August to November I could get no shoes at all for my men. In December we were issued a few pairs far too small for us.

I find among my records that on November twenty-fifth we were sent on a maneuver during a pelting rain by some inspector, when we were supposed to rest, and when we had but one pair of worn-out shoes per man. That maneuver, and many which followed it, meant that a large majority of our men never had on a pair of dry shoes. On December fifteenth, I find I wrote home stating that we could still get no shoes. On January twenty-fifth, however, the General Staff of the A. E. F. had made such numerous complaints to Washington that they were finally able to provide us with the authorized quota of two pairs of boots per man. However, after that sudden beneficent issue, the quartermaster forgot about us entirely for another two months.

But in the meanwhile, encouraged by the fact that when the Government had been unable to buy us gloves I had been able to obtain some by writing to the United States, I had written home for two hundred and fifty pairs of shoes ranging in sizes from 7½ EE to 10 EE. These were obtained at the price of two dollars and fifty cents a pair, were excellent shoes and arrived in time to equip our soldiers for the Cantigny attack. They were paid for by my wife and my father and sent at their expense by the American Express Company. At the same time we were told that the Government could not get shoes and necessary supplies for the Army on account of lack of transportation. Lack of system and lack of intelligent men in the right place would be the real explanation.

To refute the deliberate lies put forth by those who wish to show what their efforts accomplished, I will list some of the supplies of our division when in the trenches nine months after we had declared war with Germany. It can be seen from General Pershing's report that the condition was but little improved in November, 1918, after we had been in the war one year and seven months. The articles I mention are only those that I actually saw. There are many others which I knew of but did not see.

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When berries come, mix Puffed Grains with them—always. Every fruit dish needs—like shortcake—some flaky, crusty blend. These flimsy, toasted bubbles add a flavory delight. Yet, like the sugar, they almost melt away.

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The most welcome dish at breakfast is some Puffed Grain, as you know. There is no other way to make a grain so enticing.

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Rarely do children get enough whole-grain food. Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice supply it.

They supply it with every food cell blasted, so digestion is easy and complete. For Puffed Grains are steam-exploded. Every granule is fitted to feed. While they seem like mere enticements they are scientific foods.

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Puffed Rice and Corn Puffs taste like bubbled nut meats. They make candy light and nutty. They form a flimsy, nut-like garnish for ice cream. Any Puffed Grain forms ideal toasted wafers for your soups.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice**
Corn Puffs
All Bubble Grains ***Each 15c, Except in Far West***

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Sole Makers (3079)

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SHOES: Mostly English and French, though a few American, especially among the smaller sizes. The English shoes, though of excellent quality, did not fit American feet, and were the cause of most of our foot trouble.

UNIFORMS: A great many British uniforms, actually equipped with buttons stamped with the royal insignia of the lion and the unicorn. Some of our men would not stand this and ripped the buttons off, but most of us were only too glad to get British uniforms, which were far superior to the thin, shoddy American uniforms.

CAPS: French. Manufactured in France. Those later manufactured in the United States were so ridiculous that even the General Staff made no endeavor to force them on us, but as soon as they arrived told us not to wear them.

HELMETS: American, of English model.

GAS-MASKS: English model, manufactured in England.

RIFLES AND PACK EQUIPMENT: Entirely American and very good. In most divisions, however, the British model Lee-Enfield rifle was employed. The Lee-Enfield was not quite as good as the American Springfield model.

RIFLE AMMUNITION: American.

AUTO RIFLES AND MACHINE GUNS: French.

AUTO-RIFLE AND MACHINE-GUN AMMUNITION: French.

GRENADES AND RIFLE GRENADES: French.

MORTARS AND MORTAR AMMUNITION: English.

SIGNAL EQUIPMENT: French, with instructions how to use them written in French.

FIELD-ARTILLERY: French.

AMMUNITION FOR FIELD-ARTILLERY: French.

RATION CARTS (TWO-WHEELED FOR FRONT-LINE WORK): French.

RATION AND AMMUNITION WAGONS: Partly American, but mostly French.

ARTILLERY HORSES: Condemned French horses.

MOTOR-TRUCKS: British and American, about equally divided, I believe.

AIRPLANES: French, and generally condemned French machines. Hence the death of Lufbery, our first American Ace; his machine burned up at Toul. The Chasse machines used by American aviators at the time easily caught fire and could not dive without great danger of the top plane becoming loosened from the bottom plane.

For this lack of American equipment the blame lies in the United States. Considering the inexperienced and incompetent men General Pershing very often had to work with, it is remarkable that he was able to gather together our borrowed equipment and enter the front lines at all. In the United States, those conducting the war never had to face facts. They dwelt in the realm of fancy. On the other side, Pershing was faced with the total annihilation of his forces and lasting disgrace to the United States and himself. The situation was such as to bring out the best in every decent man. I believe that even the small-minded politicians and staff officers in the United States would undoubtedly, if they had been fighting in Europe, have soon found out that mere lying statements about things which never existed gave no results in the fighting-line.

Shortly after entering the Toul sector, I was wounded and put out of active work in the front line for the rest of the war, due to the fact that I got a shell through a nerve in my arm and another through my knee-joint. Lying in the hospitals, I have had an opportunity to speak with others on the deficiencies and the unnecessary sacrifice of men that had occurred in the short time we were in the war. And I feel that it was all due to our short-sighted military policy.

Our Army before the war was too small and there was too little activity in it. The able officers came from a small class of men who had always had an unquenchable desire for military life, and were willing to sacrifice everything for even the shadowy substance of army life that the United States offered. The rest of the officers were largely made up of men who knew that they could not fail in the Army and who feared that their abilities were not such as to stand up to the fierce competition of modern civil life.

AFTER graduation from West Point the average officer was sent out to some little far-away post, built to help some congressman with his constituents, or sent to our out-of-the-way colonies; and the greater part of their time was spent in the jealous bickerings of a small community. Rarely if ever did an officer up to the grade of colonel see a thousand men together for a maneuver. So long as an officer kept quiet and did nothing he slowly rose in rank by the system of seniority. Energetic men were sandbagged by those at the top, who thought that all able men were trying to get their places away from them.

At the same time, fatuous old men of many years service in the Army, whom all knew to be failures, were retained, and only popular fury finally forced them out. They were never punished for their dangerous inefficiency. They were often promoted and given charge of important departments in the United States.

Officers trained in the schooling of our Regular Army hesitate to take any responsibility. They know that they can succeed by remaining quiet and by doing nothing. They might fail if they did something.

A great deal of the jealousy and bad blood now existing between the Reserve and National Guard officers and the officers of the Regular Army is due to the pernicious system of promoting Regular Army officers in time of war, regardless of their abilities, by seniority. By increasing enormously on paper the strength of the Regular Army, the higher ranks of the Army were immediately filled. This made promotion very difficult for any except those in the Regular Army. Of course that made but little difference to us junior officers in the line, where promotions came fast enough anyhow. But men of brains and ability, men who had been handling large matters all their lives, were needed to take charge of the gigantic task of keeping the Army supplied and running. The regiments and divisions needed active men, both physically and mentally fit. The old system of training officers in the Regular Army does not develop such men as well as the competition of ordinary civilian life.

Let me give an example of the evils of promotion by seniority alone in time of war. The officer in command of my company when we landed in France was a captain of long service in our Regular Army. After giving him ample try-out, our colonel found his efficiency compared unfavorably with that of the second lieutenants in his company. He was appointed Regimental Billeting Officer. This position is usually given to some green second lieutenant whose inexperience renders him less useful in the line.

However, the captain remained on his job and a few weeks later, by the rule of seniority, he, with all those in his West Point class, became automatically a major. Not long after that, for the same reason, he was made a lieutenant-colonel, though still no job except that of billeting officer could be found for him. When last I heard of him he was a full colonel, with the same position. With the rules, regulations and cohesion of the old army clique, the colonel could not get the man removed or demoted. The United States was paying this man the salary of a colonel when he could do only a green second lieutenant's work.

Units were commanded by men with the rank and pay of a grade lower than authorized. In other words, men with lower rank and pay did the work that should have been done by their superiors, simply because they were more competent. The pay was given to men of inferior intellect because they belonged to a certain class and the work and danger and responsibility fell on the shoulders of the others.

THE list and achievements of the higher officers who were in command at the declaration of the armistice show the steady improvement made through the sacrifice of men and material during battle. The dreadful blunders of the General Staff in the United States, and its comparatively small improvement, show how impossible under the present system is any definite improvement.

The legislation suggested by the Secretary of War in the past few months seems to be planned only for the purpose of perpetuating a bad system, and of keeping in power and in high command those who have obtained through the accidents of this war their high positions. Neither the Secretary of War nor the Chief of Staff, judging only from this bit of legislation, has learned the terrible lesson taught by this war.

A sufficient number of officers should be trained in peace times, step by step, gradually handling larger and larger bodies of the men of new classes as they come in, by a system of universal training, so that they learn from their own mistakes without causing continual suffering to a large body of men. This would do away with the terrible but under the present system unavoidable mistreatment our men suffered in this war, which was largely caused by giving the command of large bodies of men to those who had rarely before seen a peace-strength regiment and had had little training in organization.

The Army War College at Washington before the war taught tactics. What we now call the "G-1" (organization) branch of the General Staff was entirely neglected. We all know that the United States is rich enough and has enough factories to provide its soldiers with food, clothing and armament. But lack of a system and lack of trained men caused our Army to be many a long period with but little to wear, eat or fight with. And what we had was borrowed largely from the French and British, who certainly have less money and resources than we, and whose men are certainly no more intelligent than ours. But both these nations were organized for supplying and handling the immense bodies of men fighting for the country. Britain, with huge cost in blood and treasure, had built

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it up during the war, while the more far-sighted Frenchmen had prepared in the years of peace before the war.

Those of us who have come back crippled would feel rejoiced at our wounds if the United States has not only helped in winning a war for the right, but has also learned the value of adequate self-defense. And I feel sure that those now lying in the fields of France would rest easier if they knew that the nation does not intend again to sacrifice the untrained youth of some coming generation for the shortsighted selfishness of the present generation.

We are bound to have wars in the future, League of Nations or no League of Nations. By passing the draft act the Government admitted its right to demand universal service. Now it must see that the citizens who go to war are properly led and trained. It must take on itself the obligation of training those citizens for universal service.

It requires at least six months to train partially and to equip and organize men. We must take our young manhood for a short period each year, between the ages of sixteen and eighteen, when they are of the least economical value to the nation, and yet at a period when their health and physical stamina could be vastly improved by the Army training.

WE MUST come to a system of a General Staff organized on the basis introduced into the A. E. F. The General Staff must contain men taken directly from civilian life with equal vote and rank as those in the military life. For there are many branches of the Army which can be more efficiently handled by civilians. For instance, transportation can be handled better by a railroad operator than by a man trained only in the Army.

In training and choosing the younger officers who wish to embrace the Army as a profession, we must give them a far broader and more liberal education than that obtained at West Point. But with universal service, and given a chance to develop themselves and a chance for recognition of their abilities, we can attract a better class. Nor will they have a chance to get the narrow point of view that characterizes too many of the present-day Regular Army officers.

But the Army, thank Heaven, had in it a small number of men whose love of military life could not even be discouraged by our dreadful system, and whose abilities were not blunted by the terrible monotony and enforced inactivity of our peace-time armies. Civilian life can not show better men than such as General Wood. Nor could any one, cursed with our army system and training and hampered by the stupid inefficiency at Washington, have done much better than Generals Pershing, Mosely, Harbord, Bullard, Parker, Marshall, and many others, who faced the Germans with no tools save those borrowed from our allies, and no action from the Government at home and the General Staff except lies as to the numbers of non-existent guns, airplanes and equipment.

If the present generation does not set itself to prepare for future wars, it will be responsible for the lives lost in future wars in exactly the same way that the generation before us is responsible for the enormous waste of blood and treasure.

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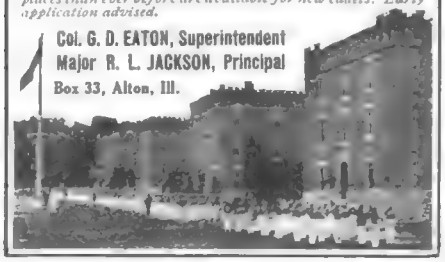

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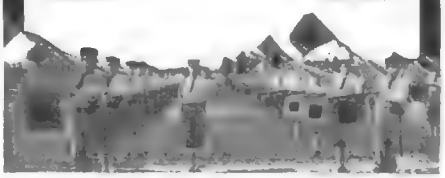

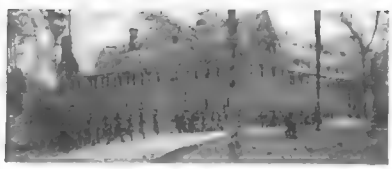

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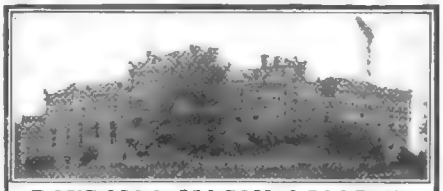

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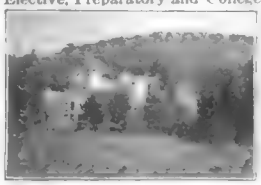

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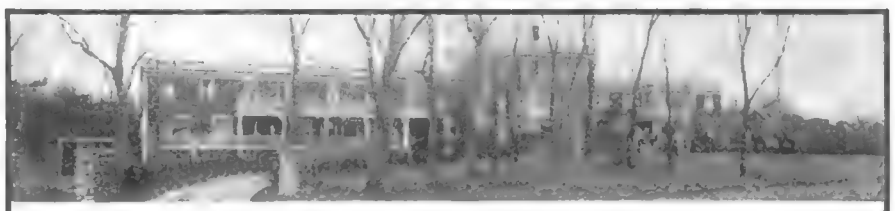

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FRANCE AFTER THE WAR

(Continued from page 31)

and point it out to the staff officers who accompanied him; a few days later, whatever had been chosen was sent to Germany, carefully packed by skilled men who had been specially detailed for the work. All the materials and the machines that could be set up in Germany were taken away. The proportion of what was left untouched in the works—because it could not compete with the German plants—is so small that it may be overlooked; the rest has been smashed or sent to the foundry. The destruction is absolute and scientific.

A special board, composed of industrial magnates, of lawyers, of bankers, sitting at Metz, devised the whole scheme and carried it out. Needless to say, the German requisition orders were a hypocritical parody on justice; one might even say they were rather humorous. Unfortunately, the poor people who were the victims could not appreciate that type of ghastly humor.

In my home they took away, among other things, an eighteenth-century table with brass ornaments and ebony settings, and calmly handed over a requisition order upon which the article was simply put down as "one table; value ten francs."

In the same way they would take a valuable piece of machinery from a factory and tell the owner that, since they meant to use it as scrap-iron, only scrap-iron prices could be paid for it. The requisition notes were never cashed, but kept—as a rule, by the municipal authorities—till the day of reckoning came. But when they retreated, the Germans did their best to destroy those notes. Eye-witnesses saw the Mairie at Lille go alight at all four corners at the same time. The enemy believed the notes to be stored there. But four years of occupation had made the people wiser, and the only papers kept in the Mairie were duplicates. The originals had been carefully hidden elsewhere. In other cities the people were not so fortunate. At Douai, the cupboard which had contained the requisition notes was bare when the civilians returned after the departure of the Germans.

The mines also have been destroyed in the most savage way. The output of those in the Nord department was seven million tons in 1912. That of the Pas-de-Calais mines was twenty-one million tons in the same year. It had been doubled within the last twenty years and increased by seven per cent. within the last twelve months. All the superstructure has been deliberately destroyed at the pitheads; the engines and the lifts, the caldrons and the pumps are one mass of ruins. Near Lens, the Germans turned a little river into the pits. The French official report says: "In the Pas-de-Calais centers, at Lens and Liévin, the Germans destroyed, without any military necessity, all the outside superstructure, the works, the machinery, that had been spared by the shell fire. The boilers have been burst or removed, the mining cities destroyed, the mines flooded."

Here we beg to point out one among many results of the German method. One can not consider their destruction apart from the social results they are bound to have on our countrymen. Those mines were not merely a source of benefit to French industry. They meant daily bread for a laboring population of seventy-two thousand workers in the Pas-de-Calais and thirty-three thousand workers in the northern district. In the opinion of our experts, it will take two years before the less damaged mines can produce anything and five years to bring back most of the pits into something like working order. Economic war will not be over for those miners when the final act of the Peace Congress is signed. They will still suffer from it in years to come. We agree with President Wilson when he said: "No economic war after the war." But it is only just to state that the Germans have already made it and taken an advantage over us.

SUCH are the facts we have to face. The war has taken place on our territory, and not only was it fought on the actual firing-line but all over the invaded regions. Our stocks have been stolen, our factories dismantled; one-third of all French industry will have to be reconstructed entirely. The very soil has been upturned. The gravel, the clay, the subsoil and the loam have been mixed in such a way that the earth will not be fertile for years to come. On the other hand, our losses in men have been heavier than those of any other associated nation. Yet we will be fair.

War has forcibly taught us that egoism does not lead to any satisfactory result, and that we must think about other nations as well as about ourselves. We know we may rely upon our friends of yesterday to help us to-morrow. But we ask for justice, because we consider we are entitled to it. There is no doubt that should the world after the Peace Congress come back to its pre-war status we should be terribly handicapped by Germany. That we can not admit of. Before the economic race begins afresh we simply say, to put it colloquially, "Give us a chance." Money is *not* what we want. The stolen machinery, of course, we can partly get back. But this is not sufficient. The German works have not been touched by the war. We must devise a scheme that will give us a "fair start." Every man who has seen a race knows that the competitors must be on the same line when the starter fires his pistol. We do not wish a condition after peace that would give us the advantage of a "scratch" over Germany. Any such situation could not be the basis of a fair world in years to come, which is the very end which we have been fighting for. It is our earnest belief that this end can be achieved. It can be achieved without crushing any particular nation, without letting might overpower right. It can be achieved through the cooperation of the associated nations.

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H. S. V. U. S.

FOR BETTER CITIZENSHIP

Summer Events

THE third annual National High-School Volunteer Tournament and Competitive Review will be held in connection with the third National High-School Volunteer Summer Camp at some time during the two weeks beginning July sixth. The third annual H. S. V. U. S. Training-Camp will be held for eight weeks during the summer under the direction of Captain F. L. Beals, who is in charge of the High-School Volunteer work in Chicago. The camp, to be called Camp Roosevelt, opens July sixth, at Muskegon, on the shores of Lake Michigan. Those high-school representatives desiring to take part in the tournament are invited to assemble at the camp on July sixth to register as members of the camp and remain for a period of two weeks, though they may register for the entire eight weeks if they desire to do so. The total expense involved in this to the student will be one dollar a day for subsistence. The camp will be under the supervision of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, and the War Department will furnish all the equipment necessary.

The competitions in which those attending the tournament will engage, will consist of company, squad and individual competitive drills, war-game competition, competition in semaphore and in wall-scaling. They will be under military discipline during the entire time they are in camp, and when not actively engaged in competition or preparing for it they will be undergoing training.

Twenty-one Army officers will be on duty as assistants, with twenty-one sergeants of the Army also. All the paraphernalia necessary to make a successful camp will be at hand—Lake Michigan for swimming; Y. M. C. A. secretaries in charge of athletics, and the Y. M. C. A. huts and hostess house; and the interest of other organizations. In addition to the Army officers and sergeants who will be on duty in the camp, some of the teachers of physical education in the Chicago public schools will be on duty.

We plan also to give an opportunity for small boys from ten to thirteen, inclusive, limited to two hundred in number. They will have a director in charge of them; a physician on duty with them all the time; a master at woodcraft and a scout master, as well as a matron, who will be a practical nurse.

All high schools or other institutions having cadet corps associated with the H. S. V. U. S. or otherwise are invited to participate in the tournament and attend the camp. For full information regarding the camp and tournament they should write to Chicago Headquarters, Camp Roosevelt, 21 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE High-School Volunteers of the United States is a national organization of boys and girls in high schools and other institutions, and in communities, aiming to promote better citizenship by a uniform national plan of specific training, competitions, games, and in other ways.

A High-School-Volunteer Corps may be organized by any group of boys or girls of fourteen to eighteen, in any school, institution or community where the necessary equipment and an instructor or leader can be obtained. The equipment needed, the method of organizing the corps, its regulations, and plan of military activities for the first year are given in detail in the Official Handbook and Cadet Manual of the H. S. V. U. S., by Majors E. Z. Steever and J. L. Frink, published as a regular text-book by the J. B. Lippincott Company of Philadelphia. The Constitution of the H. S. V. U. S., membership applications, and additional instructions may be obtained from Headquarters, gratis. Literature covering the community and civic activities of the corps is in preparation.

Individual members of independent corps may be enrolled as unattached members of the H. S. V. U. S. Application for unattached members may be obtained from Headquarters. Entire independent corps may become regularly associated with the H. S. V. U. S. when sixty per cent. of their members join the H. S. V. U. S.

Headquarters furnishes each individual member, regular and unattached, a certificate of membership and button insignia, and each associated corps is given a regimental designation.

For full information, write Headquarters, High-School Volunteers of the United States, Butterick Building, New York City.

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The DOUGHBOY and the Y

(*Continued from page 48*)

"You open up," said he, "or I'll smash in this window and wreck the place. I'm an officer."

They admitted him very peevishly. They said they had no cigarets and no chocolates and no anything else. They had just reached town themselves and had camped in the first place they could find. No, they had not explained these things to the men outside in the rain. Why should they explain? The sign was on the door. The men might read for themselves that at two o'clock the next day they might buy some cigarets, if there were any cigarets.

"It never occurred to you," said the officer, "that you need not have put up that sign until you got your cigarets? Nor that all you have accomplished is to make every one of these lads swear at the Y a little harder than he did before?"

The secretaries saw the point and were sorry, but that bit of penitence came too late. Every one heard of their lack of tact, and no one except the soldiers immediately concerned heard that thereafter the same pair kept open house as long as they could keep awake. I have heard fifty stories of men who have been turned out into the rain by hard-hearted Y secretaries who refused to let them sleep in the canteen—the canteen being filled with thousands of dollars' worth of goods, perhaps—but I have never heard a story of the other Y men who made men welcome to their own blankets.

Somehow, one never *hears* stories of this sort. They are not sufficiently picturesque. They lack punch. The Thirty-fifth Division laughed at the story of "Pop" Childs raiding a Y warehouse, and loading five trucks without other authority than Pop's conviction that the men at the front needed cigarets and candy. But the Thirty-fifth Division did not know—what I did know from personal observation—that time after time Pop gave away clothes and blankets and went cold himself.

The Y to the Rescue

TWO American officers reached Trieste one day without bedrolls, although they had been specifically ordered to equip themselves with blankets for a trip into Austria. The commanding officer lost his temper. He said they were not fit to hold commissions, because they neither had sense enough to realize what conditions were in Austria nor discipline enough to obey orders. He proposed to court-martial them. But just as the papers were being drawn the two officers panted into their superior's presence:

"We've found—" puff, puff—"our bedrolls," said they.

Perhaps the colonel suspected, but he said nothing. I knew the truth, for I had watched the two Y men give the blankets to the delinquents. The Y men slept in their overcoats until they found bedding elsewhere—and a "bora" was blowing at Trieste that week. I might cite plenty of cases of that sort, but they would all be from my own knowledge. No one tells such stories.

Apart from the shortcomings of the occasional individual in the Y's personnel, soldier conversation usually runs to the defects of the Y's canteen service. In this matter my sympathy is wholly with the soldier. Lacking any information on conditions, he must inevitably have felt precisely as he did feel. The Y did not provide him with the things he craved, and yet the Y used up a great deal of space in the papers he read telling of the manner in which it was meeting the army's wants. The Y made him pay ten cents for cigarets he could buy in the army commissary stores for six cents. He did not know there was an explanation, if not a justification. He knew that he had purchased at the Y canteen cigarets which had been sent to the army as gifts. He thought the Y had "put one over."

When the United States entered the war the Y wanted to do its bit. Naturally it wanted to do the sort of bit it had been doing in peace. Every one knows what that was. But after it had been accepted by the War Department as one of the aids to the doughboys' happiness it began to be acted upon by the same set of circumstances that molded every other phase of the American effort. The war had been under way for three years and the United States had not made even the slightest preparation. Its chiefs had apparently not even thought of what should be done if the country were forced into war.

"You must take the canteen," said General Pershing to the Y.

The Y and the Canteen

THE situation was a simple one. In peace time the American Army had little to do besides fill out blank forms, of which pastime it is a past master. Now and then the buildings of a prairie post were painted, or some misguided Tagalog had to be run down for yelling at night in a Filipino swamp. Even under such conditions the canteen was regarded as an army nuisance, although its profits added materially to the company funds. When the United States made up its mind overnight to go to war, the army chiefs decided to rid themselves, if they could, of the canteen incubus. Every trained soldier was needed on the job of training other soldiers. So the canteen was conferred upon the Y.

The Y could only assent. From having been a non-aggressive, sweet-tempered, comfortable sort of an organization, in which physical and soul culture ran hand in hand, it suddenly found itself spilled into a cold and horribly active world. The Y training had been a highly specialized one, and it had something more than made good in its field. But it knew nothing of running a grocery or hiring chauffeurs or operating factories. Yet these and other things were only the first of the things demanded of it—and demanded most impatiently by an army that did not want to wait.

The Y has possibly become the greatest grocery-store in the world. In December it sold to the boys in France alone more than four million dollars' worth of stuff. It would have sold more except that it could not get the tonnage across the sea. Because it could not get ship space for chocolates it has operated forty-six French factories for this sweet. It has sent fifteen million dollars home to the folks that the boys have saved out of their pay-envelopes. Or if they didn't save it——

"Is there a store in this place?" a boy once asked me.

"Not a sign of one. You can't buy a stamp here. What is it you want?"

"Oh, nothin'," said the boy. "Only I just won nine hundred francs shooting craps and I want to buy something. If I can't find any way to blow this dough, I'm going down to the Y and let 'em send it home to the old woman."

Everything began to happen to the Y. It went into the world-transportation business, complicated with real estate, insurance and law. It had been giving lectures on Dewey at Manila with side lines of Gunga Dins and entertainers who made shadow rabbits back of a white cloth. Before it caught its breath it was running vaudeville straight from Broadway, together with drama and the movies. It led yellow-haired soprano soloists into the wilds of France and found itself unable to answer when the yellow-haired ones asked passionately why the favorite pupils of Professor Piccolini had been wished on towns that had never seen a bathtub since Julius Cæsar died. It began to have new experiences.

"I'm so glad to meet you," said a secretary to the "Shock Troop" trio, who put on a hokum show full of pep and jazz. "And what is the nature of your lecture?"

"It's a new sort of a lecture," said the leader of the Shock Troop. "We all talk at once."

Most of the complaints made against the Y in those early days were that it did not get the comforts to the men that had been promised. "Look at all that money the people gave you," was the way the reproach began. But here is the hard-rock fact on that:

The United States Army's Quartermaster Department estimated that the Y should be allotted two hundred and eight tons of ship space for each unit of twenty-five thousand men each month. That was the Q. M's own estimate, mind you. But the Y was never allotted more than one hundred tons per month for each twenty-five thousand men during those first few months, and it never got the one hundred tons.

Nowadays the Y has no transportation troubles. When hostilities ceased, the army was able to take back the canteen and the Y could devote all its energies to its special problems. The ships that once were crammed with men on the way to France now go over half empty, too, and there is room for the comforts the Y still imports.

Transportation Troubles

AFTER the comforts got to the French side of the water the Y's troubles began. Then the problem of land transportation became most pressing. The Y imported, begged, borrowed and would no doubt have stolen trucks if any had been stealable. It never did have enough. When the armistice was signed, six hundred autos of various sorts were still standing on the docks in New York, where they had been standing for months. Whenever the army got in a transportation hole, it commandeered the Y's trucks. When the Fifth British Army was smashed in March, Great Britain took

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one hundred and fifty small trucks which were awaiting shipment to France on British piers. Once the Y found where it could buy a whole factory full of trucks in France. It reported this to the Joint Purchasing Board, with a request that permission to buy be granted.

"What?" said the army. "When we need trucks ourselves? We'll take those trucks and the Y can wait."

There was great complaint in the early days that the Y canteen prices were higher than those in the army commissary. They were, and the fact is a charge against the lack of imagination and foresight in the War Department as well as in the Y. But chiefly in the Y. It will be difficult for the Y to square itself with the doughboy over those canteen prices. The soldier goes straight to the roots of a matter.

"What if you did lose money?" he asked the Y. "The money was given you to lose, wasn't it?"

Under the law, the army stores must sell to soldiers at factory prices, no matter in what part of the world the sale is made. The Y wanted to make its canteen service self-sustaining. It planned to give away a certain amount of goods in its welfare department, but the canteens must pay their way. An auditing firm was put on the job. It went over the accounts of every secretary. If the secretary did not turn in every franc he was charged with, that secretary was pursued by bills. No one could criticize the method, if the Y had been a business undertaking. But it told the American people that it planned to mix a wide generosity with its commerce.

In the frantic effort to get something—anything—for the men in France, the Y paid any price whatever for ship space. Almost one-third of its tonnage in those days cost two hundred dollars a ton. Naturally enough, when the Y got through paying the actual cost of laying down its salable articles in France it could not compete with the army stores, which did not have to consider freight or labor costs. And the Y feared to mark its goods down, regardless, to meet its competitor. It had its customers penned. They must buy from the Y or go without, for there were few army stores.

"We were afraid the canteen service would bankrupt us," the Y officials said.

One man—E. C. Carter—had faith in the American people. The people had given millions to the Y in order that the Y might serve the soldiers. He believed the people would give more millions if more millions were needed. But he was overruled. The trustees of the vast capital would not abate a penny. The canteen service must be made self-sustaining. Sometimes it could not be. Sometimes a secretary who saw further and deeper than his chiefs gave goods away without sanction.

"Such gifts were charged to the Welfare Department," a Y chief said. "That was philanthropy. But in the business end we were compelled to keep up our prices."

From the very beginning there was a rule that no payment should be exacted from men "at the front." But there a difference of opinion developed as to what "the front" might be. The men who might be the beneficiaries insisted that "the front" was that area of which the battle-line was the extreme forward edge, and inside of which area one was

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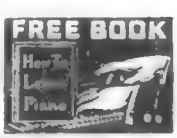

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at any moment in danger of being gassed or bombed or shelled. Some of the Y secretaries interpreted the term to mean that torn fringe of the army which was in physical contact with the enemy. Y men were usually more helpful at a slight distance from the contact line. Fifty tired men could be served at a slight distance in the rear to one who could be helped at the extreme front. But the doughboy felt that supplies should be free along a deep "front."

Unfortunately, the auditing department seems not to have been taken into the Y's full confidence. Therefore the auditors pursued secretaries who were nominally short in their accounts with letters demanding prompt payment. Sometimes secretaries thereupon became businesslike and stopped giving away goods, no matter how great the need. Sometimes they acted on the theory that the hanging might as well be for a full-size mutton. By and by the bills stopped coming. The auditors had given it up, or the amounts due had been charged off. I have been unable to find out what portion of the large sum given away through the Y's welfare department really consists of these debts owed by secretaries.

The Y's Business Methods

IT WAS in the first days of the war that the Y sold gift cigarets. There can be no doubt that the Y's part was an entirely honest one. A careful investigation has proven that the cigarets which had been shipped to the Quartermaster's Department in France to be given to the soldiers were turned over by the Q. M. G. to the Y. The packages had not been plainly marked as gifts. Some had not been marked at all. The Y accepted and paid for the cigarets in perfectly good faith. When the facts were uncovered, the Q. M. G., also in good faith, refunded these payments to the Y. No one lost except the donors of the cigarets and the soldiers who were to have received them as gifts.

This was unbusinesslike on some one's part, but it is difficult to make a case against the Y, it seems to me. Yet the Y was impressive by reason of its lack of business system. It was not to be wondered at. An enormous business was being conducted under forced draft by men whose chief qualifications for commercial activity were that they were devoted and earnest. Some very excellent business men were enlisted, but they were often fitted in the wrong notch. I have known of Y secretaries who were in positions of real responsibility whose knowledge of business previous to the war was probably confined to the fact that groceries are often carried home in baskets. On the other hand, I found a wholesale merchant marooned in a Y warehouse. One of the most practical hotel men of the West began his Y life as a cook at the station at Ippecourt. It was quite by accident that a friend discovered him and had him placed in charge of a chain of Y hotels.

There were times when the Y was so unbusinesslike that it was funny. One day a truck backed up to the doors of the Hotel Wagram in Paris. Seven large boxes were unloaded while a Y man stood by. The seventh burst and a stream of franc pieces rolled across the pavement. Another Y man at hand took an interest in the incident, and it eventually developed that Y man Number One had carried one hundred and ten thousand francs from his canteen and brought them to Paris for safekeeping. He was an obvious kleptomaniac, for he had also taken phonograph needles and candles and soap. But what do you think of a little up-country grocery store from which twenty thousand dollars can be taken and never missed?

There were not many peculations; I believe—only three convictions. When it is considered that the Y had over seven thousand employees in France when the armistice was signed, and that even the most assiduous churchgoing is not an invariable insurance against dishonesty, the marvel must be that there were so few. For certainly money was the cheapest thing visible in many Y canteens. It was kept in soap boxes on or under the counter. One man lost a sack containing sixteen thousand francs and did not find it for two days. Yet he did not worry. I have seen a Y secretary hand a perfectly unknown army chauffeur a sack containing twenty thousand francs and tell him to deliver it to the Y in the next town.

"Hey, Tommy," a Y secretary said in my hearing, hailing a passing soldier, "watch the shop a minute. I've a lot of money here and I must go down-town."

Tommy agreed, of course, but being of a curious disposition asked the Y man how much money he had on hand. The secretary did not know. He thought there were twelve or fifteen thousand francs in the pine box under the counter.

Unfortunately the Y's good-naturedly unbusinesslike methods continually made trouble for it. There was a time when it held remittances for two months before sending them to the folks at home. You can guess at what the boys said.

Individual Initiative

THE Y depended too largely on the initiative of the individual. The men often complained that the Y did not get cigarets and chocolates to them when they were in the front line. Now, I personally know that some of the divisions had plenty of cigarets and other goods when they were engaged in actual fighting. I also know that other divisions that fought just as hard had none of these things. In each case it was up to the secretary, and there was no supervision from behind. If the secretary wanted to dodge, he could dodge and get away with it.

"Will you take this stuff up to that battery?" a Y secretary asked a soldier in my hearing. "I don't want to go up there."

"Why not?" asked the foot-slogger.

"I'm busy," said the Y man.

That battery was being heavily shelled at the moment. No one could have blamed the Y man for keeping out of the danger area. After a time the shell shower would end, and he could go up in safety. But the soldier who took the comforts to the battery naturally took with it a fine contempt for the Y man. Later on the Y man put in a claim for the money for which the soldier should have sold the goods.

"I'm no pedler," the soldier said. "When I carry stuff up to a bunch under fire I give it away."

That statement may be interpreted to mean that some Y men lacked courage. Of course they did. They lacked courage in precisely the proportion that men of other units lacked it. The Y man was not supervised. He could hide if he wanted to hide and run away if he felt like it. As a broad general rule, the Y secretaries in the field worked as near the front as it was possible for them to work and get supplies. Some of them "hopped over" with the men of their units. Eleven were killed and 127 wounded or shell-shocked, and 172 decorated or cited for bravery.

"There are three wounded men on the field," a Y man was told near Soissons. "We can hear 'em yelling from the advanced post. But we can't get near them. Anyhow, they may be Germans."

The Y man—I have forgotten his name, but he was decorated for it—jumped into his little old Ford car and started for the wounded men. An officer told him to halt and he did not halt. Three doughboys climbed over the tailgate of the car as it bumped over the stubble. They brought the three wounded men out. But I have only heard that story once, and then from a man who had read the citations. The Y man himself would not talk to me about it.

The most unfair criticism of the Y is in comparing it with other organizations. The Red Cross is assigned to the hospitals and railway stations and the Y is forbidden to operate there—yet many of the soldiers seem not to know that. The Knights of Columbus is a comparatively small organization which is operated on a "nothing-for-sale — everything-given-away" plan. If the Y with its small army of secretaries attempted the same thing, it would be bankrupted overnight, and its myriad allied activities would be ended. The Salvation Army operates comparatively few huts in France, but each worker has been hand-picked. Its work has been perfection, but it is no more to be compared with the Y than a diamond is to be likened to an arc light. For one man who sees a Salvation Army worker hundreds enter the Y's huts.

No better proof that the Y has made good in France can be found than the recent action of the French Government. When it was first proposed that the Y. M. C. A. establish a connection with the French army, the request was refused. France is anti-clerical nowadays, as every one knows. Finally one general was found who would venture to experiment with one hut. He wanted more huts. Then he wanted his army equipped with huts. General Joffre investigated personally, and in the end the Y was given permission to establish the *Foyer du Soldat*, which is to be seen everywhere in the French army. And now the French Government has voluntarily suggested that the Y create a *Foyer du Soldat* in every French village.

But these things do not convince the dougboy critic. He is not apt to know of them. He forgets the Y secretaries who have worked at the counter day and night and only remembers the secretary who refused to sell him cigarets because he had won his money shooting craps. He thinks of the dapper secretaries he has seen in the safe streets of the big towns in the rear and forgets the muddy little men who have crawled up to the front trenches night after night with pails of hot chocolate.

Or maybe he has not forgotten them after all. Perhaps this fashion of criticism is only a fashion of the day. Perhaps some time in the future he will see all of the Y, and not merely the Y's imperfections.

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MISTER HUNE

(*Continued from page 42*)

in the right way at the right time. Everybody took their troubles to him and he adopted the troubles and brought 'em out the way they should go. When we were all on the fuzzy, frazzly edges of nerves in the big rush last spring, he was the one to patch up quarrels and make the air sweet again. How? I don't know. It was his genius; a genius of the heart. The Chief found him out—the Chief finds everything out—and made him a sort of official arbitrator and trouble-smoother; about the nervousest job going. And he went limping through it all with a face that always smiled at the world—until you caught it off guard, and then it was a face of torment. You see, Harvey had been living in hell all the time he was playing the angel. He was dying on his feet of creeping paralysis. His doctor told us, after he'd gone, that he was never free from agony, that every step he took was a desperate and heroic adventure, which might be his last. Oh, yes; he's gone. He played out. One of the incompetents that Senator Smeed tells the newspapers about. He's dying at home now. We shortened his life a few months. Now, in the Cashdown Chain, I don't suppose Harvey would have lasted a week. There's his picture on the wall."

When Mr. Winters turned away from the photograph, the impromptu historian had left the room. He followed thoughtfully, so thoughtfully, that, emerging from the building into a drizzle of rain, he never even noted the circumstance until he reached the Allingham quite soaked. After changing and lunching, he ordered a taxi to take him back to "Food."

COMING out of the building at two P.M., Valencia Terhune became aware of high debate near the door between an impassioned taximan, who propounded the affirmative of the question, and Mr. Brickley Winters who, with the aid of a quarter, supported the negative. The Seraph's happy dream had come true! Mr. Winters, at the imminent risk of being obliterated from the earth—for the jehu was a huge creature—was blandly and, to do him justice, unflinchingly upholding the supposed "legal rate." Before Valencia could intervene, another arbitrator appeared in the form of a broad and square khaki-clad figure of obvious athleticism, which projected a pugilistic jaw beneath the nose of the indignant taximan, and firmly counseled "three paces to the rear," advice instantly taken.

"Major," said the newcomer, saluting smartly (and quite inexcusably) the mufti-clad Mr. Winters, "say the word. Will I napoo 'um?"

"Well, Wallis!" One of the pleasantest smiles that ever broke like sunlight over a bleak facial landscape illumined the countenance of Mr. Brickley Winters. "Glad to see you, my boy." He gripped the private's huge hand, then looked at the chauffeur. "No; just shoo him," he said.

"Shoo!" directed the soldier, and the unhappy and defrauded jehu, clutching desperately the inadequate coin, scrambled to his perch like a squirrel.

"How's the bullet, sir?" Valencia heard the private inquire of Mr. Winters, and

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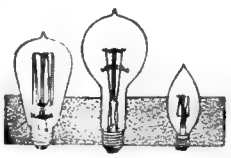

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that gentleman reply in a voice which she could hardly bring herself to believe was his:

"Gone. But I still creak a bit. I tell you, Wallis, I never hated anything in my life like having to quit the boys and come home before the job was over . . . What? . . . Yes, of course, I'll be around to see them. To-morrow."

Valencia turned blindly to cross the street. She was gropingly preoccupied with the changeling personality of Mr. Brickley Winters, statistician. She had seen that hard face touched to emotion at the call of mighty music, and now suddenly humanized by a smile of the warmest, simplest friendship for an underling who quite obviously adored him.

"Here!" said Valencia to herself warningly. "This thing has got a soul. I'll have to be careful."

In which consideration she forgot a more immediate care. The taximan, who, still lost in embittered contemplation of his wrongs, was equally unconscious of the outer world, bore down on her. There was a shout, the blare of a horn, and Valencia reeled back from the impact, stumbled against the curb, and fell. In a brief flash of light she saw the agonized face of Brickley Winters bending above her, and assured him that she was all right. Then came a hideous stab of pain, and merciful blackness.

III

ADD two years of overwork and worry to a fractured shoulder and a couple of displaced ribs and the result is a protracted vacation. Recuperating in the country house of friends, after her discharge from the hospital, Valencia Terhune fell to fretting so grievously over the affairs of "Food," which had resolutely withheld all official information from her, that her disgusted doctor finally sent her back on the theory that work wouldn't be any worse for her than worry. And now, behold an impromptu reception committee of the "Food" staff, half-laughing, half-crying over the unexpectedly returned Post-Commandant, herself radiantly laughing and crying by turns. When at length the tumult had subsided and news was the next order, the Seraph pointed portentously to the inner office door.

"Who do you think we've got in there?"

"From the solemnity of your expression and the wreckage of your grammar I judge it must be some one very important. Let me see—the Kaiser?"

"Much bigger game. My late fare."

"Your fare?"

"A quarter a ride. The Honorable Prickly Splinters."

"Otherwise known," put in Sally Brent, "as the Humanized Fossil."

"What on earth is he doing there?"

"Working."

The Acting Chief of that Division looked troubled. "Who took him on?"

"Nobody," returned her assistant. "He did it all by his little self. Came rolling up here majestically in his big car, specially imported from Philadelphia, the day after you were hurt, marched in and announced confidently that he was the only living person besides yourself competent to handle the Fair Trade mix-up, and he'd like a desk and a typewriter at once, if you please. His car has been standing out there all day every day since. You can see it now."

"And you let him get away with it?" demanded the Commandant, slangily but forcefully.

"Couldn't help it. He just grabbed the job. He's a terror."

"He's a sport," declared the Seraph. "When he found out about my little twenty-five-cent josh, he blew me to a flossy feed at the Allingham. Said it was the best joke that'd been sprung on him since college—I'll bet it was the first—and he liked it."

"You should have been here the day Senator Smeed called on him," contributed Sally.

"Senator Smeed? I don't like that," frowned Valencia.

"Neither did Prickly; nor the Senator. Our little red-pep inside finished up by calling the old boy—wait a minute; I wrote it down in case of need; here it is—'an encysted mentality committed to the practise of a crass and decrepit materialism.' Some statistical lenk-witch, what!"

"The poor dear," said Sally Brent, "is working himself to a fraz. He looks ten years older and a hundred years younger—if you know what I mean."

"I don't," laughed Valencia, turning toward the inner door. "But I'm going to find out."

"Oh, Lady Val," interposed the Seraph confusedly. "I—I want awfully to get you to myself for an hour to-day. Come on," he pleaded with unaccustomed shyness. "It's—it's really very important."

"Sally, have you been letting our infant get into trouble while I was away?" demanded the Acting Chief suspiciously, adding, "Very well, Seraph; you may take me to luncheon."

She opened the inner door and walked into the den of Mr. Brickley Winters.

"Sit down," said that gentleman impersonally, without turning his head. "Please take this letter: 'The Fair Trade Chain—'"

"Good morning, Mr. Winters."

He turned, rose slowly to his feet, letting a mass of papers slip unheeded to the floor, and stood staring at her.

"Miss Terhune!" he said. "Are you—er—quite recovered?"

"Quite, thank you. And in charge again. Therefore I have to ask an explanation of what you are doing here."

"Closing up the Fair Trade Chain controversy. In fact, I may state that it is closed. They withdraw the objectionable schedule."

"LEAVING the field clear for the Cashdown Chain to operate in."

"One thing at a time," said he.

"When we first discussed this matter, Mr. Winters, you were insistent on the point of honor for your competitors. Do you consider it honorable to use this office in order to coerce them in the interests of the Cashdown Chain?"

"I have been acting," he returned stiffly, "in the interests of the Government as represented by the Food Administration."

"And if the Cashdown, which you represent, profits by——"

"I beg your pardon. I no longer represent the Cashdown Chain. I have resigned."

"Resigned!" It was her turn now to stare, with wide, perplexed eyes into which presently crept a flicker of malice. "What of your bounden duty to your fellow stockholders, the widows and orphans?"

"Damn the widows and orphans!" said the statistician in precise and measured tones.

"Heavens!" cried Valencia. "You've been associating with the Seraph and other corrupting influences."

"They are all rich widows and trusteed orphans," he explained, somewhat abashed. "I—I beg your pardon for swearing."

"Don't. It's quite refreshing—from you. But will you please explain to me in terms suited to my limited and confused comprehension why you have given up all these weeks to a work with which you have no sympathy?"

"FOR three reasons," he replied categorically. "First, I am thoroughly equipped to handle the Fair Trade matter."

"Admitted."

"Second, I desired to make such amends as I could for certain errors in my former attitude. I—I have revised some of my impressions of—of this department, after our last talk."

Was it telepathy, or did Valencia's eyes follow some unintentional shift of his? She half turned and saw on the wall facing his desk her photo of Harvey Lusk.

"Who put that there?"

"I."

"For what purpose?"

"As a reminder."

"I've got your second reason," she said in an odd voice. "What is your third?"

"You," stated Mr. Brickley Winters, formally.

"*Me?*"

"You."

"If this were a personal matter," began the Post-Commandant, "instead of official——"

"It is both."

"—you might at least have called at the hospital to ask whether I was alive or dead."

"I did. Every day. My time for calling was eight A.M. on my way to this office and nine P.M. on my way back: hardly suitable hours to disturb a patient with personal inquiries. Furthermore, it had not occurred to me that a visit to you in—er—your room would—er—be permitted."

"My dear man! A hospital isn't a jail. One sees one's friends."

"Friends!" As he repeated the word, there came into his tired and lined face a light which went far to explain to Valencia Sally Brent's paradox about his age. "Do you really think—er—consider——"

"I should be very ungrateful and unappreciative if I didn't," she put in, with a little gesture indicating the work before him. With a reversion to a more official tone, she added, "Mr. Winters, you are here as part of this division, are you not?"

"Unofficially, and on suffrance."

"Suppose you meet me here after luncheon, and we will go over the Fair Trade matter in detail."

Acquiescing, he took his hat and stick and followed her into the outer office, where she was immediately pounced upon by the waiting Seraph.

"Didn't fire him, did you, Lady Val?" inquired that sprightly youth in a whisper as the statistician made his exit; then, without waiting for her answer, went on eagerly, "Take a run out into the country

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with me, will you? I've got something I awfully want to tell you. My car—" He stopped at the front doorway and stared about in dismay. "Where in blazes *is* my car! I'll bet that infernal gas lieutenant has pinched it to take the 'Food' vamp to lunch in!" Which was exactly what had happened. The Seraph's friends had a happy, casual, but sometimes disconcerting, habit of borrowing any of his possessions which they at the moment thought they needed more than he did.

Ranging, wide and eager, his eye fell upon the figure of Mr. Brickley Winters, huddled in a brown study over the wheel of his own specially imported car. "Come on," said the Seraph confidently to his companion. "I've got a happy hunch." He approached the car and tapped the lost-to-the-world owner on the arm. "My man," he said briskly, "are you engaged?"

"Eh? What?" said the startled dreamer.

He straightened up, blinking. The ghost of a tremor troubled the corner of his firm mouth as he remembered. "No, sir," he said.

"Get in, Lady Val," directed the Seraph. "I told you he was a sport," he whispered, aside. Then, to the chauffeur: "Chevy Chase Road. The fifth house beyond the club."

THE car sped away. Once the austere driver, looking around for directions, perceived that his passengers were sitting quite unnecessarily close together, that the Seraph was talking with extreme earnestness, and that there was a joyous excitement in his companion's face—and he felt suddenly very old and tired and listless. At their destination the Seraph, jumping out, paused to hand the man at the wheel one silver quarter of a dollar.

"Driver," said he, "what was the first thing you ever said to me?"

Mr. Brickley Winters searched an aching memory. "I think it was, 'Are you engaged?'"

"Right! Well, I am," crowed the Seraph exultantly, and sped after Valencia.

She turned to call back to the car, "Wait, please," as she vanished into the house.

For a long and wretched half-hour Mr. Brickley Winters waited. When Valencia reappeared, she was alone. After a swift glance at her Jehu's face, she took the seat beside him. The car weaved and wabbled out and along the broad highway.

"You are driving very badly," observed Valencia, "considering the high rate at which you are paid."

His response to this might have been regarded as a commentary; it certainly was not an answer: "May one offer congratulations?"

"One has already done so," she returned demurely. "It was for that purpose that one went into the house."

"The Seraph has just told me," he pursued lifelessly. "I trust that you will be very happy."

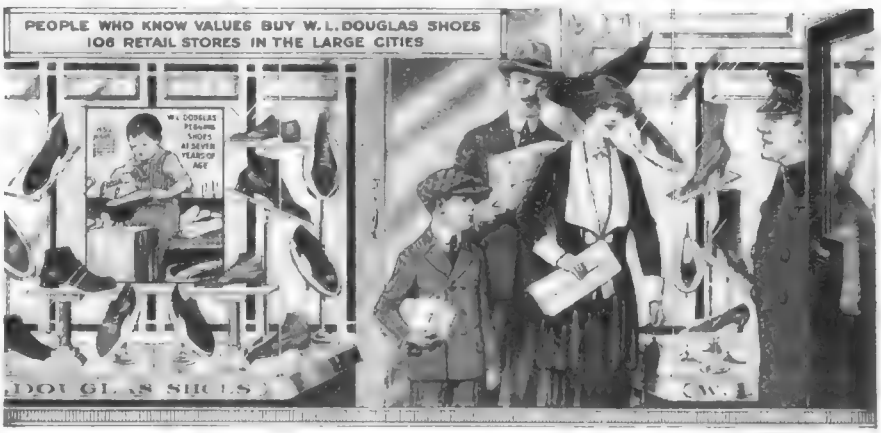
"I trust I shall," she agreed calmly. "What is more to the purpose, I trust the Seraph will. And I think he will. She's a dear."

"Who's a dear?" queried the bewildered Mr. Winters.

"His fiancée. He brought me out here to see and approve her. I do, heartily."

"Then—then it wasn't you, at all!"

"Me? The Seraph? Why, he's only a child."



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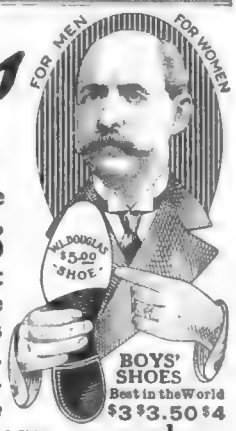

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"You aren't much more, yourself!"

She stole a look at his dolorous face, and pity—perhaps not wholly undiluted with other emotions—inspired her to a lie of quite sacrificial proportions. "I'm thirty" she stated, recklessly casting four precious years into the discard. "*Please* keep the car in the road, Mr. Winters."

"Thirty!" he breathed, saving the life of a lamp-post by a scant inch. "You? It isn't possible."

"Well, practically. If you insist on being stat—absolutely exact——"

"Valencia!"

"I'm not Valencia," she asserted perversely. "I'm Miss Terhune, the Acting Chief of your Division, to be treated with due official respect; and business is business, and sentiment has no place in it, and what's the Constitution between friends—I mean, woman's place is in the home, and——"

"I've got a home," stated Mr. Brickley Winters, brashly and with conviction.

"—and figures can not lie," pursued his companion a little breathlessly, "to one who is their conscientious adherent, and—Oh, please don't look so hopelessly, helplessly lost. Can't you understand anything but st-t-t——"

"I'm going to try mighty hard to, Valen—Miss Terhune, I mean."

"I don't know that I like that much, now that I've got it," she remarked dreamily. "Well?"

"Don't you think that in time you could come to regard me as just a human being and not as a—a——"

She honestly strove to come to his aid as he broke and stumbled in his unaccustomed emotion: "As a stastis—a statit—"

"A statistician," he supplied. "Could you?"

Suddenly she slipped a hand under his which gripped the wheel. "I'll have to," she whispered sweetly and shyly. "I—I can't even pronounce the other."

From an Office Window

By Amy Landon Gurlitz

AND one sees spars and sails and ships,
And wild sea horses flecked with foam;
The moon rides high, a white gull dips;
Against the wind a sloop beats home.

One sees the distant plains, and one
Young larches, flowers, garden walls,
The Southern Cross, the Polar Star;
The open road another calls.

One sees the lights of London-Town,
One sees the ancient hills of Rome,
The streets of Cairo—old Madrid—
And one the ordered ways of home.

Old age looks back into the past,
While youth sees only what's before,
The lover sees his sweetheart's smile,
His young wife waiting at the door.

The roofs and pavements fade away,
The factory smoke, the furnace fire,
Outside the window each one sees
Only the Land of Heart's Desire.

NADINE
FACE POWDER
IN GREEN BOXES ONLY

Makes the Complexion Beautiful
SOFT AND VELVETY. Money back if not entirely pleased.

Nadine is pure and harmless. Adheres until washed off. Prevents sunburn and return of discolorations. A million delighted users prove its value. Popular tints: Flesh, Pink, Brunette, White. 50c. by toilet counters or mail. Dept. E. M.

National Toilet Company, Paris, Tenn., U. S. A.

YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE BEAUTIFUL
EYEBROWS and LASHES

They add wonderfully to one's beauty, charm and attractiveness. A little

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applied nightly, will nourish, stimulate and promote growth of eyebrows and lashes, making them long, thick and lustrous. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. *Two Sizes, 50c and $1.00.* Send price and we will mail you "LASH-BROW-INE" and Maybell Beauty Booklet, "*The Woman Beautiful*," prepaid, under plain cover. Thousands have been delighted by the results obtained by its use; why not you? For sale by all dealers. Remit by coin, currency, U. S. stamps or money order. *Satisfaction assured or price refunded. Avoid disappointment with imitations; Get the full name correct—"LASH-BROW-INE."*

MAYBELL LABORATORIES, 4305-19 Grand Blvd., CHICAGO

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POETRY *of the* WAR

To an Indifferent Desdemona

By Franklin P. Adams

LADY, beautiful and black-eyed,
Frequent were my dreams in France—
Dreams of how, if I came back, I'd
Be your Soldier of Romance;
Your adoring eyes would glisten
At my modest tale and rough,
And you'd tremble as you'd listen
To my stuff.

When the German shells were shrieking—
Which is what they used to do—
All that kept my knees from creaking
Was my visioning of you.
You would marvel at my courage;
"Hero!" you would breathe in thrall
As I'd say, in mild demurrage,
"Not at all."

"O my brave and modest hero!"
You would sigh. "Intrepid youth!" . . .
As Infinity to Zero
Is the vision to the truth.
O my beautiful, my sloe-eyed,
Ended is my Perfect Day—
You who didn't even know I'd
Been away!

The Ruined Cities

By Grace Hazard Conkling

THEY are not gone, those fair French towns,
They shall evade oblivion's spell,
Put on their towers again like crowns
And stand triumphant where they fell.
Though now no streets, not one, remain—
Where once a hundred streets were wide,
The feet of men shall find again
Those broken ways of love and pride.
The hands of men like a caress
Shall touch them, stone on tragic stone,
Remembering their ancientness,
Eager to give them back their own.
They are not dead, they only sleep,
Exiled to dreams without a bell
To call them home; but men will keep
Their silvery shapes in mind and tell
The builders how to fashion them
In gray of pearl or gray dove's wing,
And where they curved to their bright hem
Of fields or river. Everything
They were—their slender uprightness,
Their candid strength and pure design—
Survives! They shall not do with less
Than their full dower of lovely line,
Naked the stone or wrought like lace;
And even now some artist knows
By heart the lost cathedral's grace,
Restores in thought its ruined Rose
And lifts his dream above the plain!
They shall return, forget their trance
Of death-like slumber, live again,
Cities of a victorious France.

From Toul to Metz

(On November 19, 1918, the French Army entered Metz in triumph after an absence of almost forty years)

By Allen Crafton

THE great dream road to Metz is opened wide!
North from the brown
And ancient gateway, hazardless I ride.
The sun throws down
A vaporous light upon the countryside
Beyond the town.

At first I count the crouching kilo-posts
That seem to guard
At even intervals, like stunted ghosts,
The traffic-scarred,
Gray highway of a thousand hopeful boasts
To Dieulouard.

In Dieulouard the soldiers form a mass
Tumultuous;
The army trucks (save ambulances) pass
Through veils of dust;
The guns, left idle on the beaten grass,
Begin to rust.

I hasten on. Now Pont-à-Mousson lies
A haggard heap
Of stone-roofed caves about me; past my eyes
Maimed shadows leap;
The shattered church is helpless to arise
For wounds too deep.

I leave the wreck. A patriarchal hill
Serenely sits
Enthroned in color by the blue Moselle.
Its parapets
Screen well the long gray guns that sleep, but still
Point out to Metz.

The frontier mark is passed. From lethargy
Of numbing pain
A peasant populace exultingly
Clasps life again.
Release is radiant in the Calvary
Of quaint Lorraine.

Release is radiant in the new-lit eyes,
And in the glance
Of mingled fear and hope, in long-lost cries
And children's dance,
For there above a German sign-post flies
A flag of France!

Hic Jacet

By Alice L. Bunner

Richard Mansfield
Richard Mansfield 2d

NO SORROW here, only the last great peace,
And weary souls might envy the surcease
From all life's woes; but for that widowed heart,
Who from a bankrupt past kept back no part
But gave mankind the son, who was her all.
For her your prayers, for her your tears must fall.
Her lonely life, the doubt that must arise
If any good be worth such sacrifice;
Yet so might Mary as she faced the Cross
Mourn for a sacrifice that seemed all loss.

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AFTER PEACE—?

(*Continued from page 69*)

The best brains and brawn in American life have thrown themselves into the melting-pot of war, and have not come out as they went in.

Is the Baruch, the Hurley, the Hoover, or the Schwab of to-day the same man that we knew before August 1, 1914? Has Gompers or Walsh the same outlook? Is there no change in the attitude of the employer or the employee? We all have been going to the finishing-school presided over by Miss Necessity. The curriculum has been thoroughly catholic, and our self-examinations have been both rigid and extensive.

For example, we face a shipping problem. A few years ago what farmer would have given a moment's consideration to the advantages of a subsidy system? Now he is considering that question, while on the other hand the shipping-man himself is wondering whether or not a subsidy really is the proper way to keep our flag on the ocean.

A few years ago the shipping world was united against the Seaman's Act. Now it is not one bit sure that it is against it all. Your ship-operator is studying the question, and, on the other hand, the labor leader is wondering if it would not be possible to make a few changes in the act which, without taking away any of its benefits, would relieve the ship-owner of unnecessary restriction. A few years ago a Government-controlled marine was the dream of the few and the nightmare of the many—now both sides are sharpening their pencils and trying to figure out the problem.

WE HAVE the labor problem. One day last winter an officer of the Committee of Public Information objected emphatically to the making public of a certain official statement of fact issued by the Shipping Board and dealing with the principles underlying the shipyard strikes. He was called before Harvey O'Higgins, the Committee's associate chairman. "Possibly," said O'Higgins, "you are the greatest newspaper man in Washington, and possibly you should have the power to censor all labor news, but in my opinion this question of labor should be given public consideration, for it is bigger than the Committee, bigger than the man in the White House, and bigger than the war itself, for in the end it is one of the governing factors in all wars." The statement was printed, and within a little while, through action by the President, by Hurley, and by Samuel Gompers, backed by united opinion, the shipyards' strikes were once and for all put aside "for the duration."

The same public opinion backed the draft, backed the creation of the Employment Service, backed the eighteen-to-forty-five registration, backed the Liberty Loans, the Red Cross drives, and the decisions of the War Labor and the War Industries Boards. It is now backing to the very limit the problems of readjustment and the reemployment of our soldiers and sailors.

WE ARE a free people, thinking as we please, doing as we please, living as we please under our own laws. So long as our own opinions coincide with our laws those laws are enforced, but when we change our own view-point it is not long before our laws reflect that change. Prohibition, suffrage, conciliation—who now can stop them? Child labor, the exploitation of women in industry, illiteracy—how long will they now be tolerated?

We have other problems of readjustments, but the Hurleys, the Davisons, the Gomperses, the Vanderlips, the labor leaders, the manufacturers, the lawyers and the lawmakers have all been rubbing shoulders in Washington and learning the national problems first-hand. In the states the same thing has taken place. In California, Moore sits on the State Council of Defense with McCarthy, and throughout the country leaders in all walks of life have laid aside their differences and learned to respect and even to defer to opponents of other days. This is also true in the counties, in the cities and on down to the smallest community.

The plans of the Council of National Defense for a permanent system of decentralization of community organizations to take over for local benefit, at the proper time, the field machinery of the Council, have been very fully outlined by Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior and Chairman of the Field Division of the Council, in a memorandum to the state, county and community organizations, in which he said:

> In reorganizing the community councils of defense on a peace basis it should be plainly pointed out to the various local units that they will become the final residuum of the great defense system built up during the war, and will operate largely on the basis of the old New England town meeting, and that in just as far as they carry on their work on a nonpartisan, nonsectarian and wholly American basis will their efforts be successful, but that if any form of partisanship is allowed to creep into their organizations, they can only be weakened thereby and the success of their efforts endangered.
>
> The first and greatest task of an organized community is to study its community problems as a whole and then to see that each problem is adequately taken care of by some particular agency, or by the creation of a new agency, or through direct action by the community.
>
> It is not the intention of Washington to instruct councils as to their duties; but as a matter of suggestion bear in mind always the central fact, that the permanent, nonpartisan community council is the best means at hand for preserving in the national interest the superb cooperation and unity which has been one of the great assets of the war to America.

The Council's program for caring for returning soldiers and for all similar work is based entirely upon developing a mutual understanding, a mutual effort, and a mutual aid to the solution of all of those vexing problems with which we are faced in our readjustment period. But where day after day representatives of capital, of labor, and the neutral mass of our people sit upon local community boards, on which, in the past, they have acted as conciliators, as arbitrators, as investigators and judges, where each, through patriotism, has learned to look upon the other side of the shield, and when looking he has learned—there is a beginning, but not the end of the "shaping and the training of this nation."

Pay Your Teachers

By Philander P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education

EDUCATION of the right kind has always been a matter of very great importance for the individual, for society, and for the State, and in recent decades the more progressive countries have provided the means for some degree of education for all or most of their children, but nowhere has public education been supported in more than a half-hearted way. In the United States we have boasted much of our schools and colleges, but we have paid teachers in elementary schools more poorly than any other class of public servants, more poorly than skilled, and even more poorly than unskilled, laborers, and high-school and college teachers more poorly than men and women of the other professions requiring any high degree of preparation. The average annual salary of teachers in the United States in 1916 was five hundred and seventy-six dollars. Many thousands received less than two hundred dollars for the school year and many less than is paid the sheriff or jailer in rural communities for feeding prisoners two meals a day in the county jail, and the jailers have the further advantage of not having to pay for house rent, fuel, light, attendance of physicians, etc., and they are seldom asked for contributions to the missionary fund.

Not only have we paid shamefully low salaries, just as low as would hire any kind of teacher, but we have been content in too many cases with the kind of teachers these low salaries would buy—content, even if we have grumbled. Half the teachers in the United States have had little or no professional instruction and training, and too many of them less general education than is necessary as a foundation for professional preparation. As a result of the lack of professional education and professional preparation, scores of thousands leave the schools for occupations in which they can make more money. As a result more than half the teachers do not remain in school long enough to acquire the skill that comes from experience.

In the world to come after the war, education will count as never before. All the world will be close together, and competition, even if it should be chiefly the competition of cooperation, will be fiercer than we have ever known. There will be little place for uneducated peoples or individuals. It is easy to see, even now, how the

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standards of the past will no longer suffice. Our indefinite courses of study and slipshod methods will be wholly inadequate. They can be made better only by teachers educated and trained for their work and devoted to it as a profession for life, but we may not expect such teachers for all the schools at the prices now paid. Though the average of salaries has increased somewhat since 1916, this increase has been only a small percentage of the increase in the cost of living and in wages paid for other forms of service. Compared with these the pay of teachers is much less now than it was in 1916. Tens of thousands of them, among these many of the best, are leaving the schoolrooms for clerical positions or for work in industrial plants, and their places are being filled by those of less preparation and less experience.

There is only one remedy—Better Pay. In this country we measure values by money. Right or wrong, this is true. We have formed the habit of paying for things as we value them, and of selling even our labor and time in the dearest market.

If we would meet the demands of education in the world to come after the war, we must be prepared to pay our teachers on an average of at least twice as much as we pay them now. This means that levies and appropriations for schools must be at least seventy-five per cent. more than they are now. It would be better still if we made them a full hundred per cent. larger than at present. Within reasonable limits the larger the investment in education the larger will be not only the total return but also the percentage of profit on the investment.

President Eliot once said that the cost of education of a boy or girl from birth to twenty-one years of age should be not less than the cost of food, clothing and shelter. Measured by this standard our expenditures for education are almost inconsiderable.

The teacher makes the school, and, like any other creator, makes it in his own image and likeness. In a very real sense the teacher is the school, and the school will never do better and seldom worse than the teacher. A poor teacher is dear at any price. A good teacher is cheap at any price. Let us demand as teachers in our schools men and women of good native ability, well educated and well trained. Then let us pay them enough to keep them until they have gained the power and skill that can come only from long and successful experience.

The burdens of the war are large and we shall be taxed to meet the continued expenses of the war far beyond our dreams of taxation, but this must not be allowed to become an excuse for not increasing the pay of teachers and the efficiency of the schools and levying the taxes necessary for this. On the contrary, it should be seen as one of the reasons for doing whatever may be necessary to make our schools fully efficient in every way. Boys and girls educated in them must, by their knowledge and skill, make the money necessary to pay the interest and the principal of our war debts.

In every state and city of the United States the people should see to it that their representatives in state legislatures and city councils make full and adequate provision for their schools, and levy taxes sufficient to pay the teachers a living wage—enough to insure that the best will be kept in the schools.

Land and Liberty

By Samuel Danziger

IF WE are to believe Mr. Stephen C. Mason, President of the National Association of Manufacturers, then President Wilson was mistaken when he predicted that the men in the trenches will not return to the economic serfdom that prevailed before the war. Mr. Mason predicts that the return of the fighting men will make the supply of labor exceed demand and "once more wages will drop to a normal and reasonable level."

There is no disputing that there is grave danger that Mr. Mason is right, although one must have queer ideas of reason and justice who would speak of a rate of wages as "reasonable" that left to the great body of those who received them but a bare living. Unless something is done to open more jobs to the returning soldiers, there will once more be an army of unemployed, and the struggle for permission to earn one's living must depress wages to the former level. But why should not something be done to increase jobs? There was in fact no excuse for the old economic serfdom. Its existence consituted an indictment of the statesmanship that prevailed. Its reestablishment will be criminal. In a country with natural resources so extensive that the present population could not make use of all if it would, why should the creators of wealth be condemned to poverty? "When there are in any country," said Thomas Jefferson, "uncultivated lands and unemployed poor, it is clear that the laws of property have been so far extended as to violate natural right. The earth was given to man to labor and live upon." Jefferson was an authority on democracy. He would not consider a war won to make the world safe for democracy which ended without making impossible a situation where there are "uncultivated lands and unemployed poor."

It must be said that some of our statesmen recognize this situation. We have still some Jeffersonians left. Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane would make farmers of the returning soldiers, putting them upon the desert and swamp lands that still remain in possession of the Federal government. He would first irrigate or drain these lands and then sell them to the soldiers on the instalment plan. Secretary of Labor William B. Wilson recommends a much better plan. He would not sell the lands. He would have title remain in the hands of the Government and thus prevent the extension of property into violation of natural rights. He sees what his colleague, Secretary Lane, seems to have overlooked: that the states settled unde the Homestead Act have become hotbeds of landlordism. Less than thirty years ago Oklahoma was almost an unsettled wilderness. It became overnight a commonwealth of independent small proprietors. Five years elapsed before these owners could legally part with their titles. What has happened since then? Oklahoma shares to-day with Texas the doubtful distinction of having the greatest percentage of tenant farmers in the United States. In its investigation of conditions the Commission on Industrial Relations found there examples of rack-renting that could never have been excelled in Ireland. Secretary Wilson would avoid a repetition of such a disaster. He would lease the lands to the settlers, shutting out the possibility of speculation through provisions for periodical revaluations that would take for public use the entire rental value of the bare land, but leave the settler in absolute ownership of all improvements. He would have these improvements exempt from taxation by either state or Federal governments. Thus the settlers would be encouraged to make the most complete use possible of their holdings. They would have no opportunity to appropriate wealth produced by others without adequate return. But they would be assured the entire product of their own labor.

While the United States has delayed adoption of Secretary Wilson's suggestion, the Australian state of Queensland has enacted legislation along that line.

Even Secretary Wilson's suggestion is far from complete or ideal. It would not open up the best unused land, but only what still remains of the public domain. It would open opportunities for farmers only, or for those who wish to become such. That would, to be sure, relieve the pressure in the cities by encouraging an exodus into the country. But it would still leave in the hands of private monopolists the valuable unused or inadequately used city lots, mining lands, rights of way, sites of docks and wharves and other natural resources. Complete and ideal reform would force the holders of these to make the best possible use of them or let others who may desire do so. That is the way to make return to economic serfdom forever impossible. Upon its adoption or rejection depends the failure or fulfilment of Mr. Mason's prophecy.

And let it be said that disaster can not be averted, as Mr. Mason suggests, through personal economy and thrift. As long as but comparatively few individuals practise these virtues, it is possible for these exceptional ones to save themselves. But let the practise become general and then it will make possible working for lower wages, and with more men than jobs, wages must fall to a lower level than would be the case if most men insisted on living extravagantly.

Mr. Mason presents as another reason for reduction of wages competition for foreign markets. If one did necessitate the other, it would be far better to let the foreign markets go. But where has Mr. Mason been all these years that he does not know that American goods have been sold in neutral markets in successful competition with the products of lower-wage countries?

The warning that Mr. Mason sounds should not go unheeded. He has shown how, in one important respect, we may fail to make the world a decent place to live in.

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Other cake and liquid shoe cleaners are gray when first applied, so that you cannot tell whether your shoes are completely covered until after you have allowed them to dry. Then very often you must go over them again in order to dress the places not properly covered on the first application. But Kelly's cake cleaner is White Right Off, so that you can know at once just how much of the shoes you have dressed.

You can afford to pay thirty-five cents for it. It will last enough longer than cheaper articles, be so much more convenient and give so much greater satisfaction that you will never use any other white canvas cleaner once you have bought a package of WHITE-RIGHTOFF.

Sold at the best shoe dealers and shoe-shine parlors.

GEO. J. KELLY CO.

510 Washington Street **Lynn, Mass., U. S. A.**

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The CRUSADE

(*Continued from page 63*)

liquor. He dared not refuse openly, but quibbled. He offered to sign an agreement to make only "legal sales," reserving the right to decide for himself what constituted "legal sales." All the evidence is that Dunn was advised as to what course to pursue by his favorite prescription-counter drinkers.

Dunn was not a particularly bad man, but he became stubborn and he was backed by the men who believed that "woman's place is the home." The saloon men, who were at the point of yielding to the moral pressure, stiffened their defense when Dunn refused to sign the agreement, and took the stand that they would go out of business when Dunn agreed to quit selling liquor. Their stand, of course, was a mere quibble, but it served to unite the saloon forces and their sympathizers. The fight centered upon Dunn's drug-store.

Our modern suffragettes perhaps imagine that they are doing some new things, but there is nothing, from picketing to peaceable boycotting, that these Hillsboro women did not invent and try out. Dunn's place was one of the favorite drinking-places of the "aristocrats" who considered themselves too good to patronize the common saloons. These men did not dare oppose the movement openly, especially as many of them had wives and daughters in the crusade, but they gave Dunn their moral support and promised him their financial support, most of them failing to make good finally. The best legal talent in the village and state was summoned to aid Dunn.

After the fight centered upon Dunn's store, the women marched daily to that place and held prayer-meetings on the sidewalk and sang about persons whose sins were scarlet, but who might yet be saved, and about sinners losing all their guilty stains.

Dunn obtained a temporary injunction restraining the women from singing and praying or exhorting on the sidewalk. Being law-abiding women they obeyed the injunction, but during the night they and the men who were backing them in the crusade, erected a tabernacle of planks and canvas in the street at the edge of the sidewalk directly in front of the drug-store door and in the morning they marched up the street, entered the tabernacle and gave Mr. Dunn an enjoyable morning. Dunn at once applied to the courts and secured a temporary injunction restraining the women from "using for praying, singing, exhorting or for any other purpose a certain plank-and-canvas structure erected on High Street in front of the drug-store of W. H. H. Dunn."

That night the structure was torn down and removed, and the women peaceably picketed both front and back doors. Dunn brought suit for damages and the case proved to be the one on which the entire crusade hinged. Dunn had pledged himself to make only "legal sales," and while waiting for the case to be heard the women gathered evidence and indicted him in eight cases of illegal sales.

The first saloon to surrender was the bar in the Ellicott House, the hotel owner sympathizing with the movement, but complaining bitterly that his trade suffered. The second surrender was more striking. There was a man named Joe Lance, who kept one of the worst places then in the village, a basement saloon called "The Lava Bed." It had been overlooked in the first two days of the crusade, then one of the women discovered it and the band descended into it, knelt in the sawdust on the floor and prayed. Lance gave his promise to them to close the place and asked what he should do to earn a living for his family. The women agreed to finance him in a new business, established him in the fish business and the entire patronage of the workers was turned to him.

With these two defections the saloon men began to weaken. On December twenty-seventh, three drug-stores, two hotels and one saloon had capitulated and

THE STATE OF OHIO, HIGHLAND COUNTY, ss.

To William Scott, Mrs. William Scott, John A. Smith, Jane Smith, Mrs. P. Anna Evans, Caroline Miller, William Trimble, Martha Trimble, Charlotte D Sams, W. O. Collins; Catharine Collins, John M. Boyd, Mrs. John M. Boyd, Reese Griffith, Mrs. Reece Griffith, Jonah Langley, Mrs. Jonah Langley, William Hoyt, Mrs. William Hoyt, Wash. Doggett, Mrs. Wash. Doggett, W. P. Bernard, Mary Bernard, James H. Thompson, Eliza J. Thompson, Stacey Foraker, Mrs. Stacey Foraker, Mrs. Nancy Van Pelt, William Barry, Sarah Barry, Emily Dill, J. J. Brown, Ella Brown, James Brown, Mrs. James Brown, Richard Evans, Elizabeth Evans, T. S. Cowden, Mrs. T. S. Cowden, W. J. McSurely, Mrs. W. J. McSurely, J. J. McDowell, Sarah McDowell, Philip Jeans, Sarah Jeans, James Patterson, Ellen Patterson, Samuel Clayton, Asa Haynes, Mrs. Asa Haynes, Jonathan Van Pelt, J. M. Heistand, Mrs. J. M. Heistand, Mrs. Van Dokkum, John H. Jolly, Anna Jolly, Marshall Nelson, Samuel Amen, Mrs. Samuel Amen, E. Carson, Mrs. E. Carson, J. L. Boardman, Mrs. J. L. Boardman, George Glascock, Mrs. George Glascock, Lewis Ambrose, Mrs. Lewis Ambrose, Danl. Murphy, Mrs. Daniel Murphy, Thomas Miller, Mrs. E. Miller, Hugh Swearingen, Mrs. Hugh Swearingen, E. Grand-Girard, Mrs. E. Grand-Girard; H. Foraker, Mrs. H. Foraker, George Stevens, Mrs. George Stevens, Jacob Sayler, Mrs. Jacob Sayler, J. S. Ervin, Mrs. J. S. Ervin, W. H. Glenn, Mrs. W. H. Glenn, J. F. Nelson, Mrs. J. F. Nelson, Benj. Conard, Mrs. Benj. Conard, A. G. Matthews, Mrs. Margarett Matthews, J. K. Pickering, Mrs. J. K. Pickering, Hardin Rhodes, Mrs. Hardin Rhodes. Burch Foraker, Mrs. Burch Foraker, Lewis McKibben, Mrs. Lewis McKibben, Josiah Stevenson, Mrs. Josiah Stevenson, S. W. Creed, Mrs. Mary Creed, R. L. Seibert, Mrs. R. L. Seibert. Joseph Glascock, Mrs. Joseph Glascock, J. S. Black, Sarah Black, Thomas Barry, Mrs. L. Barry, Samuel Hibben, Margaret Hibben, H. S. Fullerton, Mrs. H. S. Fullerton, Thomas Rogers, Mrs. Thomas Rogers, Margaret Van Winkle, John West, Mrs. John West, Mary Fenner, H. S. Scarborough, Emma Scarborough, T. G. Hoggard, Mrs. T. G. Hoggard, W. G. Richards; J. C. Norton, Mrs J. C. Norton, J. Merkle, C. B. Miller, O. J. Eckley, E. L. Ferris, Lalla Ferris, N. B. Gardner, John Matthews, J. M. Barrere, T S. Patton, B. J. Harris, J. C. Gregg, Dr. Speea, Warren Johnson, Isaac Bennett, Samuel Wilson, N. T. Ayres, P Harsha, F. F. Kibler, Maria Stuart, Rachel Conard, Sallie Stevenson, Maggie Bowles, Clara Rhoades, Anna C. Wilson, Jennie Harris, Emma Grand-Girard, Libbie Kirby, Mollie Van Winkle, Emily Grand-Girard Ella Dill, Laura Rockhold, Alice Speece, Kate Trimble, Alice Boardman, Fielding Shepherd, R. R. Allen, Flora Ellifritz, Rev J. H. Ely, Jennie Stockton, Patrick Weaver, L. Detwiler, Amos Evans

To the Sheriff of Highland County, Ohio, Greeting:

You are hereby notified and warned that David Johnson and W. H. H. Dunn, plaintiffs, have this day obtained an order of temporary injunction and a restraining order in an action pending in the Court of Common Pleas, for the said County of Highland, wherein they are plaintiffs, and you, the above named persons, are defendants, and have given an undertaking according to law. This is therefore to command you, the said above named defendants, each and all of you, from using for praying, singing, exhorting, or any other purpose, a certain plank and canvas structure or shanty, erected on High street, in Hillsborough, Ohio, in front of the drug store of said W. H. H. Dunn; and it is further ordered that you, said defendants, are ordered to remove the said structure or shanty forthwith, and each and every part of the same, whether plank or canvas, and you are each and all hereby restrained and enjoined from re-erecting or replacing the said structure, or any similar structure, in said locality or upon said street, to the annoyance of the said W. H. H. Dunn: and it is further ordered that you, the said defendants, each and all of you, are hereby enjoined and restrained from singing, praying, exhorting, or making a noise and disturbance in front of said drug store of said W. H. H. Dunn, or on the side walk, or on the steps thereof, or in the vicinity thereof, to his annoyance, or from trespassing in or upon his said premises, or in any manner interrupting his said business, and this you will in no wise omit under the penalty of the law.

Witness my hand and the seal of said Court at Hillsborough, this 31st day of January, 1874

SEAL

J. K. PICKERING, Clerk.

A true copy. C. H. Poke *Sheriff*

Facsimile of the original injunction brought by Dunn against the crusaders.

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three other saloons had made overtures, seeking to sell out.

On that day the word came to Hillsboro that the women of New Vienna, Greenfield, Wilmington and a dozen other towns and villages in four counties had risen and joined the movement and that a saloon man at New Vienna had attacked the women workers and had been manhandled by a crowd.

Within a week the movement had spread, gained great headway in Springfield, Dayton, and other larger towns, and had reached Cincinnati and Pittsburg. In one day there was a call from eleven different cities for the women of Hillsboro to come to them and help.

By that time it had begun to dawn upon the minds of the crusaders that the crusade was a thing larger than they had imagined. It swept away thousands of saloons and gained almost everywhere, but its success in Hillsboro was delayed by the suit brought by Dunn, who was secretly backed by some of the politicians and by a number of the influential men of the town. Until that suit was heard there was nothing but moral pressure to depend upon; no law by which closing could be forced and the officers both of the city and county, if not openly hostile, refused aid to the women. In spite of that, the saloons were closing, the owners being unable to face the aroused public opinion.

After almost three weeks of daily marching and praying, only Dunn of the drug-store and three saloons, those of Ward, Bales and Uhrig, held out.

Among the leaders developed during the early days of the crusade was Mrs. Henry Foraker, one of whose sons, Joseph B. Foraker, afterward was governor of and senator from Ohio. Mrs. Foraker was a serious, almost solemn-looking, woman and as quiet and home-loving a woman as ever knitted away a long winter evening by the fireside. Prior to the crusade she had been a church member, but not a very active worker.

One snowy morning the women marched up the street and started for Jake Uhrig's place. Jake saw them coming, locked the doors and pulled down the blinds.

The women halted in front of the place and hesitated. It seemed useless to pray before a closed saloon, but Mrs. Foraker, carrying a rug, marched up the steps, placed the rug on the top step and, kneeling upon it, placed her lips close to the door and prayed through the keyhole.

The spectacle was so ludicrous that, in spite of themselves, some of the crusaders laughed, and as they marched away, one asked: "Why did you do it? It looked so queer."

"Well," said Mrs. Foraker calmly, "when a man locks his door on a woman's prayers, he is apt to have his ear at the keyhole to hear what she has to say about it."

Evidently Jake had his ear at the keyhole because before night he offered to go out of business if he would be insured against loss.

The women agreed to buy his stock and fixtures. The next night the whisky, gin and wines were piled in the wide public square and burned, while the crusaders ranged around the fire and sang. The glassware and movable stuff was purchased, decorated and sent all over the world as souvenirs of the crusade. Jake's silver-mounted cognac bottles are in Lady

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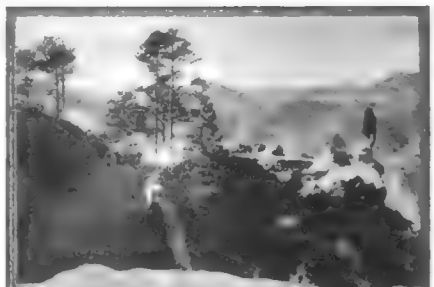
"I've Come to Stay" has just been published by The Century Co., New York City, and is sold by all bookstores for $1.25.



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Henry Somerset's home in England and Frances Willard used Jake's bung-starter as a gavel at meetings of the W. C. T. U.

The surrender of Uhrig broke the resistance of the saloon men. The crusaders, suspecting all was not well, had picketed the back doors of the Ward-Bales places, and the men gave up.

Finally, after long delay, Dunn's suit was heard, May 17, 1875. The crusaders met at the church and marched, two by two, singing, into the court-house. In the prayer-meeting, Mrs. Foraker had prayed that the "tongues of the ungodly should be confused." A great array of legal talent had been sent to aid Dunn, and the senior lawyer was near-sighted. During his argument he was forced several times to find his glasses and he had placed them in their case upon the table, when Mrs. Thompson's little dog, Busy Bee, spied them, crept forward, seized the case in his mouth and bore it away.

The lawyer reached for his glasses to read some authority, grew confused, stammered and finished weakly, whereupon Mrs. Foraker leaned over and said to Mrs. Thompson: "Eliza, I'm afraid I prayed a little mite too hard."

Dunn proved that, because of the crusade, he had lost the sale of a gallon of coal-oil and a box of pills, and the women were found guilty of technical trespass. The decision failed to satisfy either side and the case was carried to a higher court, but before it could be heard, Dunn was bankrupt and the case never was decided. In fact, during the entire crusade in hundreds of towns and villages only one decision on the straight question of the right of the women to pray and sing ever was given and that was in their favor.

With the saloons driven out, the Hillsboro crusade, as such, ended. The women formed a permanent organization, established headquarters and prepared to defend the ground they had won. Their movement resulted in the formation of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at a convention held in Cleveland in 1874, to which the leaders of the crusade in every town were summoned.

Moral force had closed the Hillsboro saloons, but within a short time politics entered into the situation. The Dow law, which was hailed as a great temperance victory, established local option and the Wets saw their chance. They were beaten in their first test, but with the political machinery in action they voted the saloons back upon the village.

In my boyhood, Hillsboro was the hardest drinking town I ever have seen, and Saturday nights and Stock Sale days brought scenes worse than Cripple Creek in the first gold rush. The town was thronged with drunken men.

The experience taught the people a new lesson. The temperance workers in Hillsboro, as in the whole country, discovered finally that they could not make the United States dry by prayer and persuasion, and in 1892, they went into politics, united behind the Anti-Saloon League, and won. On the day the United States banishes booze forever they are planning a celebration in the quaint, peaceful town down among the Ohio River hills. A score of the surviving crusaders will march and sing "Give to the Winds Thy Fears." But there will not be one of the liquor-sellers among those present. They are all dead.

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A TRAILING DESTROYER

(*Continued from page 30*)

dismayed him. He tried to summon it to him; but instead of feeling it come, he was rehearsing to himself the excuse he would make to his superiors in his report—Surely they would not blame him under these conditions. He imagined relating it all to Genevra. She would not blame him; he could see her, as she listened, shuddering only for him. Her fingers—he could feel them suddenly touching his face as they had the other night. No; she would not ask more.

Then who would?

A blunt, bluff bow was pushing through the sea from the southwest—a steamer high forward, low in the middle, with funnel and deck-house high at the stern. A lake boat! The *Cummings!* Wild, gaudy whorls of camouflage bedaubed her; but Nathan knew her—knew the sturdy, stubborn set of her blunt cutwater running into the waves, knew the jerky lift of her laden hull and the slow descent again, knew the pattern of the streams of spray dashing over her as she met the seas. The *Glamorgan* might be her sea name with registry at New York; but her soul was the *Cummings* of Manistee! And the thing which was gone in Nathan—the thing which, the moment before, he had tried to summon back and could not feel—returned to him; and he knew, if he did not take those men from the *Fosdick*, there were two people to whom he could never explain.

But the *Cummings* was not there merely to ask explanations. The *Cummings*, having seen the failure of the *Ewen*, was steering for the *Fosdick* now; and her steam-whistle—Nathan could not hear it, but he could see the steam—was blowing the old lake signal to say that she was coming up.

Nathan seized the shoulder of the messenger on the bridge beside him, and ordered him to the radio operator:

"Tell the *Cummings*—I mean the *Glamorgan*—to keep away and maintain speed. I am going to take the men from the *Fosdick*."

And so he did it.

HALF an hour later he was taking the people off the *Cummings*, too; for it proved that U-139 had submerged to wait for the slow lake freighter. The German had to show some of himself to get off his torpedo, and he came up on the far side of the *Cummings* from the *Ewen*. Instantly he dove; but the *Ewen* had seen enough and passed the *Cummings* at full speed; close to the position where the U-boat had showed, the *Ewen* began dropping its depth charges. It spent them all and then, turning back, Nathan put his boat beside the sinking *Cummings*. He took off four men; then a woman leaped; more men abandoned the old ship.

Nathan remained on duty upon the bridge. "Take the girl," he ordered, "to my quarters." Many times, in the past months, when the officers turned over their cabins and the wardroom to women from torpedoed ships, a girl had occupied his quarters.

It was wonderful how calming a sensation it was when that which he had dreaded for so many months at last had happened. Alice and her father were aboard his ship.

He had not spoken to her yet; he had seen her only from the bridge. Fright seized him that he again only mistakenly had recognized her as he had done so many times.

But now was no time for him to go below. The lookouts overhead were reporting something stirring on the surface two miles or more away. It bobbed up, disappeared, bobbed up again.

"Submarine!" the lookouts shouted.

"We got her, I guess, sir," Jim said to Nathan, smiling. "She had to blow her tanks and come up."

A depth charge evidently had detonated close enough to the U-boat to damage her and force her to fight on the surface.

She could bring to bear her two sixes and the two four-inch guns; she was firing from her broadside while the *Ewen* replied with three—her forward four and a number two to the left, number four to the stern. The *Ewen* was circling.

The *Ewen's* decks—rolling and pitching—offered the maddest of platforms for guns. Jim's position upon the bridge near Nathan had become his battle-station. He was commanding, now, number one gun. His talker stood beside him at the voice-tube going to Logan at the forward gun.

"Up one hundred!" Jim was correcting the fire, commanding more elevation as the shots from his gun fell short. "And fire when you're on," his talker exhorted.

Young Wendell was off the left, with his talker beside him. "Down fifty; down fifty." His gun was firing over. Abaft, another ensign was correcting the number four gun.

Nathan looked down quite calmly at the sudden fountains of spray close beside the *Ewen* where the German shells were striking the sea. A shell struck and tore through below. A "dud," thank God, for it did not explode. But now another struck and burst.

Fear—fear for himself had fled. In its place rose anxiety and tenderness such as he had never known before. He thought of injury to the girl below and rage at the enemy possessed him.

"Up—fifty, fifty!" he heard Jim's voice quickly cry to his talker.

"Hit!" some one bawled in triumph from aloft; and the crew of number three gun, straining and slewing under the drench of water slopping over their painted piece, gave a cheer.

"What have you got, number three?" Nathan called to Wendell.

"Thirty-six hundred, fifty-five, sir," the boy reported the range and deflection which had earned the hit.

"Thirty-six hundred," Jim's talker relayed the word to number one, "fifty-five, and fire when you're *on*."

Quickly number one gun corrected its aim; and the firing pointer of number three got his gun "on" again and fired. Number four gun likewise was corrected. But the German gunners also were firing when "on." A shell struck the *Ewen's* bow and burst; number one gun reared up, toppled and fell back; the men who had worked it

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were strewn on the deck. But number three and number four were firing. Some one bawled out "hit" again. Nathan gazed at the U-boat, which was sending up white clouds of smoke; suddenly the vessel seemed to bend, lift up and—it disappeared.

"Cease firing," Wendell formally commanded his talker.

Nathan turned to Jim. "We'll try to pick up any survivors," he said. But they found none.

Nathan went below where men—and a girl—were seeing to the crew which had served number one gun. To the men, he gave routine orders, scarcely conscious of what he said. The girl was Alice.

He went to aid her. "You must let me," he said stupidly.

"I'm used to it, sir," Alice's voice replied. "I've been to France—four months I was at the front. I was on my way back—Nathan."

"All right," he said dully. "All right." He could not tell how long she had known that she was upon his ship.

He had had no chance to speak to her alone, but he had seen her hands and her fingers were without rings. But that might mean nothing. Perhaps Red Cross regulations forbade even wedding-rings.

She was working in the wardroom which had become the sick-bay. He looked in again to see her bending over the man from the *Stanhope;* her slender, capable little hands touched the man's face with a tenderness he had never seen before. She glanced up and saw Nathan and, as he met her blue eyes, he went weak within. Was she already another man's?

She said she had been to France, and it was plain that she had undergone some great experience. His little Charlevoix girl had become a woman. His? How could he say "his"?

It was several hours later, when everything had been done for the wounded, and the wreckage cleared away, before he was able to find her alone.

"You're married, Alice?" he asked.

"Married?" she repeated, trembling a little. "To whom?"

"Why—why, to Grant, of course."

"Oh—oh, Nathan, there isn't any Grant. There never has been any. I only said there was."

"What? Why, Alice, why?"

"To free you—fully; that was all."

"Alice!" he cried; and when she looked up at him, her eyes sweet and shy in her fright as they had been when she was a little girl, he almost forgot all caution.

"What?" she whispered.

"God's been good to us," he said, seizing her hand and crushing it to his lips.

Some one came by as some one had to come wherever they were upon a thousand-ton destroyer, and he had to go to the captain's room to relate history to Walter Gregg, who was quite in his head again.

Then Nathan, by all right and reason, should have turned in. But he did not. Instead, he stood out the watch on the bridge, gazing away over the foam-specked seas to Plymouth where he was bound again, and as he stood, he day-dreamed happily—day-dreamed as a boy of seventeen used to, about the wonderful chance for service in the Navy and the riches of two thousand a year and the adequacy of it for the happiness of two who loved.

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"And I, myself, see that absolutely all the rubbish is kept cleared out of the basement in the high school," a woman will explain proudly.

"And in our schools we have fire drills," a third will say in tones of patient explanation.

Of course they will say these things, say them because they do not think. *They and you* should not assume that all that is humanly possible has been done to guard against a catastrophe until you have taken the trouble to find out what constitutes adequate up-to-date fire equipment.

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The United States Government insisted on war industries being so protected.

Stirred as they now are with the value and sacredness of human life, men and women of this country are saying and will say insistently:

"Let our little ones, the helpless and the sick, enjoy the benefits of this greatest fire safeguard. Yes, all of them, the orphans, the insane, the old and infirm, the prisoners, over whom we have constituted ourselves guardians, must have it to protect their lives."

Read "Fire Tragedies and Their Remedy"

Any individual, trustee or official will find in "Fire Tragedies and Their Remedy," the unvarnished truth and a path of imperative social service. Write for it today. Address General Fire Extinguisher Company, 299 West Exchange Street, Providence, R.I.

GRINNELL

AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM

When the fire starts the water starts

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PAINTED FOR LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

NOT only with the Marines, but with the entire Navy, among officers and men alike, Fatimas seem to have a decided preference.

Reports from our salesmen, for example, show that aboard our various naval vessels, over 80% of the cigarettes sold at the Officers' Mess are Fatimas.

This preference is due not alone to Fatimas' pleasing taste, but also we believe, to the fact that even if a man occasionally smokes more often than usual, Fatimas leave him feeling as he should feel.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

FATIMA

A Sensible Cigarette

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THINK what it means to clean *every* part of *every* tooth. Then remember that there isn't a *single* exposed part of a *single* tooth that the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush can't reach with its scientifically devised tufted bristles and curved handle. Always sold in the Yellow Box. Adult's, youth's, and child's sizes.

Pro-phy-lac-tic
REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
Pro-phy-lac-tic
"A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS"
MEDIUM
Florence Mfg. Co.
THE WORLD'S STANDARD TOOTH BRUSH.
2 3 4 5 6
MARKED WITH ONE SYMBOLS
IN U.S. PAT OFF. DRIES
THE BRISTLES FIT THE TEETH AND CLEAN BETWEEN THE TEETH WHERE DECAY STARTS
CLEAN TOOTH NEVER
LONG TUFT CLEANS THE BACK TEETH AND INNER SURFACES OF ALL THE TEETH
"A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS"
FLORENCE, MASS

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Pro-phy-lac-tic Hand and Nail Brush (No. 400)

This worthy bathroom mate of the Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush costs a dollar, because it will outlast many ordinary hand brushes. Its bristles are strong and even, and are set through an aluminum plate which is riveted with eight rivets to a strong hardwood back. Cleans the most delicate skin without scratching. If your dealer does not happen to have this brush in stock, mail us one dollar and we will send it to you postpaid. Money back if it is not all we claim for it. *Sold by all dealers in Canada at $1.25.*

Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor Hair and Military Brushes

Retailing for only 50c to $2.50 each, these are the best hair-brush values ever offered. Made in several styles and finishes. The bristles have wonderful penetrating qualities, because they are extra choice and stiff, set in straight up-and-down tufts. They are *permanently* fastened through a pure, non-tarnishable aluminum face into a special, durable composition. These brushes are easily cleaned and kept clean. See that the name, Pro-phy-lac-tic Pen-e-tra-tor, is on the handle. Always sold in a Yellow Box. Send for our free book, which describes all styles and finishes.

FLORENCE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Florence, Mass.

Canadian Address: **425 Coristine Building**
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